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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Beginning AMONG THOSE PRESENT by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
A Beautiful New MAXFIELD PARRISH Painting—WHITE BIRCH

Little P. A. B. Widener, III, and his sister Ella are the children of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. B. Widener of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, of Newport and Santa Barbara—famous for their interest in sport and the breeding of race horses

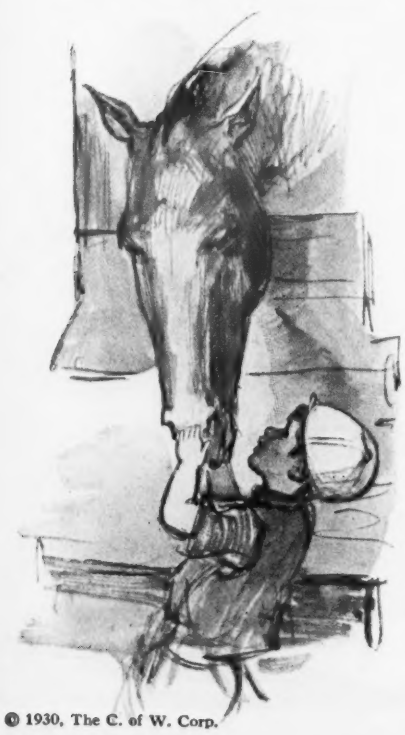
Healthy and merry in their story book world — the children of

MR. and MRS. P. A. B. WIDENER II

Protected by a modern care all mothers can give

A FIVE year old boy—with brown hair and melting brown eyes—dressed in a rose linen tunic blouse, and diminutive rose "pants." That's Peter A. B. Widener, III.

A baby, as exquisite and lovely as a French doll, living in a delectable peach and blue nursery. That's Peter's little two year old sister Ella.



Charmed lives they lead—this little pair. Their parents' estate is a dream place. Palatial Italian house . . . far stretching lawns with clipped hedges and lovely vistas . . . jetting series of fountains . . . greenhouses . . . polo fields . . . kennels . . . race track.

With the children, health laws are scrupulously observed. The dictates of famed child specialists are unfailingly enforced, especially in that all important matter of diet. For both children a special point was emphasized early in their lives. That was the habit of eating a *hot, cooked* cereal.

A particular cereal advised by child specialists

And the cereal specified by the Wideners' physician and approved by the children's trained nurses was that universal favorite—Cream of Wheat.

"We follow the pediatrician's advice in giving both children Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Widener. "Ella eats it twice a day, and Peter always has his hot cereal breakfast. Cream of Wheat has certainly played its part in the children's good health."

Mothers of thousands of other little boys and girls share this same conviction. Their judgment is reinforced by the verdict of 221 members of leading medical societies in four great cities—Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto. In a recent investigation all of these noted specialists went on record as approving Cream of Wheat.

They value its rich energy content—its quick digestibility. For, with all the harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is more easily digested than any other type of cereal in common use.

To give your children the very best possible preparation for their day, start them off in the morning, regularly, with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 796,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. B-46
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

Each child is a regular and enthusiastic consumer of the children's own hot cereal—Cream of Wheat

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CREAM OF WHEAT

DATED COFFEE....
enjoyed by these celebrities at home

NEVER before have you had such a guarantee of fresh, full-strength flavor in your coffee!

For Chase & Sanborn's is the only coffee delivered by the same method which insures freshness in perishable fresh foods!

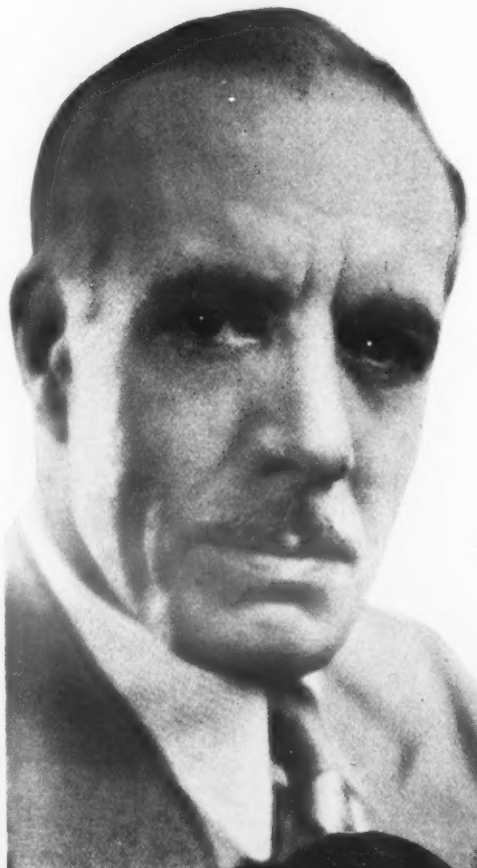
The same fleet of "Standard Brands Incorporated, Daily Delivery" motor trucks which carry Fleischmann's Yeast fresh to your grocer bring him also two deliveries a week of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Fresh from the roasting ovens! The date plainly stamped on the face of each package! You will never find one that is more than ten days old, for they are taken back and replaced by fresh.

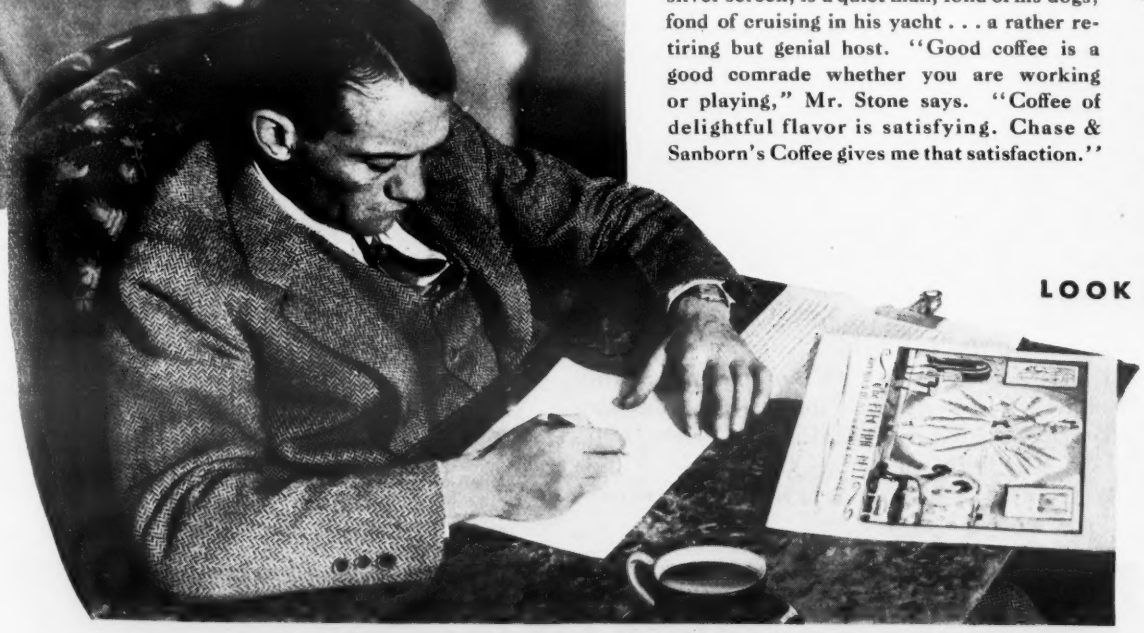
For sixty-five years in many sections of the country, coffee lovers have preferred Chase & Sanborn's mellow blend.

Once you taste this fine coffee . . . as it comes to you always fresh, full strength, at the peak of its flavor . . . you will be unwilling ever again to risk disappointment with undated coffees. Ask your grocer today for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—*dated.*

GEORGE GERSHWIN, famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music, is vividly abreast of his time, a staunch believer in its cultural integrity. His enthusiasm embraces every forward-looking accomplishment from the development of radio to as personal a benefit as fresher, better tasting coffee. "I appreciate good coffee," he admits, "—coffee with a fresh, vigorous, nutty flavor. Chase & Sanborn's is like that; it's especially good."



LEWIS STONE, distinguished star of the silver screen, is a quiet man, fond of his dogs, fond of cruising in his yacht . . . a rather retiring but genial host. "Good coffee is a good comrade whether you are working or playing," Mr. Stone says. "Coffee of delightful flavor is satisfying. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee gives me that satisfaction."



JOHN HELD, JR. . . . portraitist of the American "flapper" . . . a brilliant host to gayly clever people. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee brings the exhilaration of its fresh flavor to the gatherings at his three interesting homes, whether in his ultra modern New York apartment, his home at Palm Beach, or his very famous farm. "I rate Chase & Sanborn's Coffee 'up and up,'" he says. "It has the verve, the fragrance, found only in good coffee freshly roasted."

LOOK FOR THE *date* **ON THE CAN**

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee-DATED

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The southern apple dish and the Virginia hot bread I learned how to make.

From Johnny Cake Road to Accomac -- good cooking all the way

I've been loitering down through the Chesapeake Bay country which is as chock full of history as a cherry pie is full of cherries, looking for interesting Crisco recipes for you. And I found marvelous recipes, with the flavor of by-gone days, quaintly phrased, calling for "yeast powder" instead of baking powder and speaking familiarly of "saleratus."

And I found marvelous cooks who know about Crisco and the wonderful delicacy foods have when they're cooked with it. In many an old family cook book I saw tucked away the page of cookie recipes I gave you last year in this same magazine.

I met a woman in Baltimore who said, "Even Baltimore oysters are *proud* to be fried in such a good fat. Just drain them, season, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and use plenty of Crisco in your skillet. And they're marvelous—all crunchy and crispy."

On to Washington over a stretch of the old Johnny Cake road where teams of oxen still wind their way through Ellicott City, where stands a 200-year-old flour mill, now converted into a modern doughnut-machine factory. Which reminds me that Crisco's the best fat I know to fry doughnuts in, too. They never absorb the fat and stay fresh flavored and sweet for weeks.

Then to Annapolis where the loveliest woman showed me her great-grandmother's hand-written cook book with a recipe for Brown Betty entitled and misspelled in the most ladylike hand, "a fine recipe for a *frugel* housewife." It called for unsalted butter! Not so frugal now!

I have given you this recipe, too, for Crisco costs so little in comparison that you can afford to be lavish with it. Yet it tastes for all the world just like freshly churned sweet butter.

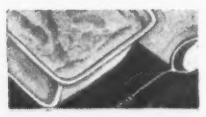
Finally across the bay to Accomac Court House, Virginia, and out to a white-pillared house, where, from the colored cook, I got a recipe for real Virginia spoon bread. I was told that this cook, who hovers over her shiny kitchen stove like a pianist over his Steinway, is famous for miles around.

This Virginia spoon bread isn't like *ordinary* corn bread. It is light and rich, and full of flavor —don't hide its own deliciousness with jelly or syrup.

But you must make the spoon bread with Crisco. This fine cook told me she likes the delicate flavor Crisco gives to foods. She knows, too, that Crisco stays fresh, fluffy and snowy white even without ice box help.

I have a cook book, "12 Dozen Time Saving Recipes," that you'll find interesting. You may have it by writing me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XJ-30, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



SPOON BREAD

4 eggs 2 cups milk
1 cup white corn meal
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons melted Crisco
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt

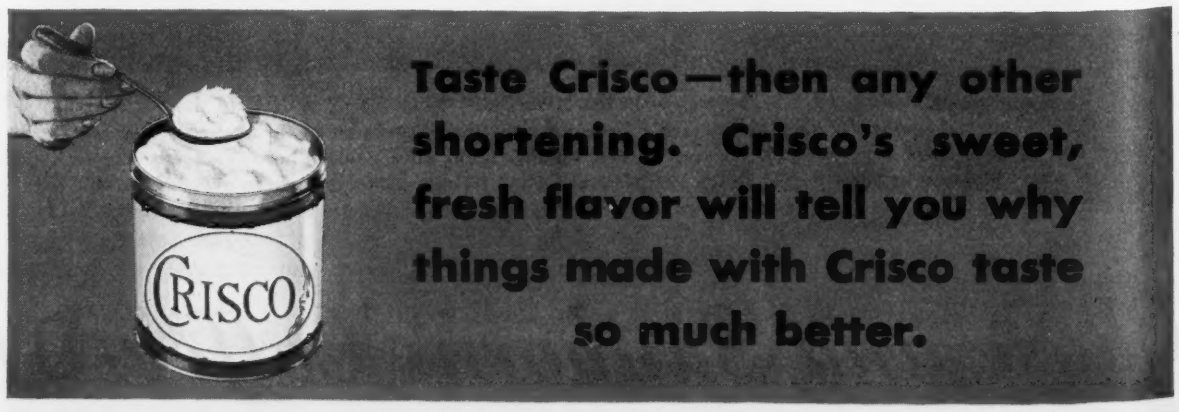
Scald milk and salt in double boiler and pour over corn meal. Cool. Add sugar and beaten eggs. Stir in baking powder and last the melted Crisco. Beat well. Bake in Criscoed deep baking dish in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 45 minutes. Spoon out and serve with butter.

"FRUGEL" BROWN BETTY

2 cups crumbled bread (not too fresh)
4 cups finely sliced or chopped tart apples
4 tablespoons Crisco
1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, spices and salt. Brush baking dish with melted Crisco and add layer of crumbs. Sprinkle with sugar mixture. Dot with Crisco. Add layer of apples. Repeat until dish is full, ending with layer of bread crumbs and dotted Crisco on top. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until apples are cooked (about an hour). Remove cover the last 15 minutes so top gets crunchy and brown. Serve hot with soft lemon custard or hard sauce.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter and Gamble Co.


CRISCO
Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

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EVEN THEN, AS I SAT ON THE SUN DECK WITH THIS SO STRANGELY INNOCENT AND NAÏVE GIRL . . . I PONDERED ON WHAT SHE'D DO AND SAY IF SHE KNEW MY "BUSINESS," KNEW MY PARTNERS

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

Among Those Present

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

THE guests numbered eight hundred. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Bleakie, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Manners. . . .

"Also Miss Dorothy Candot, Miss Gladys Torrance. . . .

"Also Mr. Francis Lamy, Mr. Burnett Averill, Mr. John Carroll, Mr. Lacy Crandall. . . ."

I stopped there, at my own name. Here, in this Washington Street lunch room, over my cold corned beef, rolls and coffee, I stared at the copy of the New York paper which I had bought at the hotel around the corner. There was her picture. And even the blurred reproduction could not disguise the sweet candor of her eyes, the perfect modeling of her features, the lovely lines of her young body.

"Miss Joan Seeley, who was introduced to society last night."

A debutante at last, with eight hundred people to eat the caviar, to dance to the strains of two orchestras, to listen to the blues crooner and the Spanish tenor, to watch Bernard and Ryan do their famous dance. I could visualize her as she had been last night, a little tremulous, a trifle shy, and altogether beautiful. I could imagine her frightened anticipations.

Would she be a success? Would she be popular? Would the Ritz floor be perfect? Would the orchestras catch on? Would there be scores and scores of stags?

I re-created last night's line of stags. There they were—boys from college, a few from prep schools, dozens of recent graduates who now were in the kindergarten classes of Wall Street, men in the late twenties and early thirties who were looking over the latest arrivals in the matrimonial market, and the perennial beaus whose ages ran from forty to sixty.

Old Jed Bajeard would have been there. He hadn't missed a coming-out party in two-score years. Hair white, and a little thinner each year, I knew he'd danced at the debut of Joan's mother and had paid juvenile devoirs to one, at least, of her grandmothers. Some young man, his line all a-patter on the tip of his tongue, had been stopped abruptly last night to find that the man who cut in on him was old Jed.

But the girls didn't mind. A grand old bird, Jed Bajeard. And pompous Billy Brodbeck would have been there. Three wives beneath the sod had not dampened Billy's interest in the girls. Gels, he called them. And he said demned instead of damned, and did his best to pattern himself on the fashion of a Georgian buck. I'd even heard him speak of the "maulies" instead of fists. A mass of affectations that couldn't completely hide a generous heart.

Joan's coming-out party! I wondered if she'd worn the orchids that had come to her anonymously. And if she had,

was it because she guessed the sender? And what would she say if she knew that the thirty dollars the blooms had cost me represented one full week's salary for my labors in Bloomfield & Company?

Ah, but Joan had pride. Why, she would ask herself if she guessed the orchids' donor, doesn't he inclose his card? And why hadn't she heard from me in four months?

An infatuated ass! That's what I was. Why should little Joan even remember my name? All through the late summer and fall, in obedience to those dictates of fashion which insist that the coming debutante attend every party preceding and following her own introduction to her family's friends, Joan had been leading the gayest sort of life. She had met a hundred boys and young men. She had been rushed, I knew, so tremendously that one face must look like another, one name sound a repetition of the last.

Still, she wouldn't have forgotten me. Wasn't my name upon the list of those present last night? But that meant nothing. I was on the list of all those social secretaries who arrange such parties. Yet, I wanted to believe that Joan had included me in her own list of names which she had given to the secretary.

I WANTED to believe that she had worn my flowers, that her happy countenance had clouded for a moment when at last she realized that I was not coming to claim a dance.

"I hope I make friends," she had said to me. "You see, I've been so long away. I—I'm even told that I won't be wanted at parties unless I can bring two boys along with me."

"I'll be one," I'd promised her gayly.

"You wouldn't be bothered," she said. "Men in business can't go out every night."

I'd winced a bit at her characterization of me. A man in business? Now there was a laugh for Jimmy Greco; there was a giggle for Andy Horn; there was a sneer for Pots Slavini.

Even then, as I sat on the sun deck with this so strangely innocent and naïve girl, Greco and Horn and Slavini were in the ship's bar and wondering why I didn't put in an appearance. Not that they'd speak to me, not that they'd show any signs of recognition. For it was not so nominated in the bond of our partnership.

But—I carried the spoils of the partnership upon my person. Sanity should have told them that out here in the middle of the Atlantic, hundreds of miles from New York, I could hardly get rid of our booty. Further, they knew that I realized what kind they were, that my life itself would pay for any treachery. Still further, I think they knew that whatever else I might do, I wouldn't go back on my partners in crime. But, nevertheless, they'd feel easier if they could see me.

For a moment, as I pondered on what she'd do and say if she knew my "business," knew my partners, I hardly heard her words. Then ——

"A girl's first season is so important, you know. She—she simply mustn't be a failure."

I brought myself back from the ship's bar, blotted out the mental picture of Jimmy and Andy and Pots.

"And why on earth, Miss Seeley, should you fear a catastrophe like that?"

SHE looked at me doubtfully, shyly, from beneath lashes of extraordinary, curling length. Hadn't anyone ever told her how lovely she was, I wondered. The darkest of blue eyes; the brightest of auburn hair; the creamiest of skin whose tan could not hide two adorable freckles on the tip of her faintly tilted nose; her generously fashioned mouth that smiled so easily; the slim, strong figure.

"But I don't know anyone," she said.

I laughed aloud. Joan Seeley not know anyone? Why, the Seeleys not only had two or three millions for every letter in their surname, but they'd had it for two generations, and the three preceding had had those hundred-thousand fortunes which correspond to the millions of today. They knew everybody. I hinted as much to Joan.

"But that isn't what I mean," she explained. She settled herself deeper in a deck chair. She shook her head at my offer of a cigarette. "Take any other girl. She's been brought up in New York, gone to school there, spent her summers at Southampton or Newport. She—she's met all the boys. She knows them. She's asked to a party. And she's told to bring a boy."

"Doesn't her hostess ask the boys?" I inquired.

"Of course, but—you must be teasing me, Mr. Crandall. When you were young-er," she added the suffix hurriedly, "didn't girls have to do that?"

"Well, sometimes," I admitted. "And I'm not so old—just turned thirty."

"I didn't mean—of course that isn't old," she said. "I'm nineteen myself."

"Rather ancient for a debutante," I smiled.

She nodded gravely.

"Father died last year. So I—well, I didn't come back to America. And we put off my coming out. I—sometimes I wish it wasn't going to happen at all. Or else that I could be presented in England. It's—not so hectic there. And I know more people."

"And could get two boys?" I asked mischievously.

"You don't understand. No party is a success—so I'm told—unless there are lots and lots of stags. But suppose a girl doesn't know any of them. It makes it all the more conspicuous if she's a wallflower. I mean, with so many boys, not to be asked to dance. But if a girl has two boys, one or the other will all the time be cutting in on her, and that's important. She must be cut in on. You see, other boys notice that, discover she's popular, and it's the popular girl nowadays who gets the rush, has the best time, makes the biggest success as a debutante."

"I have already agreed to be one of the—er—boys," I said.

"That's sweet of you," she said. "I know you don't mean it, but—you will cut in on me—lots, won't you?"

"At every party, if I'm present," I promised.

"And you won't mind if I haven't a line?"

"A line?" I felt strangely antiquated. Things had changed in the eight years since I had left college.

"Yes. Every girl has to have one. Some are demure, and some are rowdy, and some are sophisticated, and some are witty. I suppose I'll have to acquire one. I know of a girl who, they say, went tremendously with college boys because she knew all about football and rowing and things like that. But I haven't any."

"I'LL venture a prophecy," I said. "Without any line, without taking your own claque or bodyguard or whatever the two required boys are termed, you will be the most successful debutante of the season. All you have to do is to be yourself, and I'm not talking slang."

"It's very nice of you to say so," she said. "And will you promise faithfully, Mr. Crandall, to cut in on me at my coming-out party?"

"If I am there, and I can't think of anything in the world that will prevent me from being there, Miss Seeley, I shall cut in on you until the heart of every sophomore burns with jealous rage."

That is but one of the conversations we two had. Her mother was not a good traveler and spent most of her time in bed, but it happened that my own mother had known Mrs. Seeley quite well, and I myself had encountered Joan's mother at odd intervals in New York or abroad.

I hadn't known that Mrs. Seeley possessed a daughter, and wondered at the identity of the charming girl who stood beside the granite-faced matron on the deck of the tender taking us out beyond the Cherbourg breakwater to the Majestic. I was not to wonder long, however, for Mrs. Seeley not only bowed but spoke, and forthwith presented me to her daughter.

"So good to see you, Mr. Crandall," she said. "I've looked over the passenger list and there's not a soul on

I SLIPPED A PEARL, THAT A MOMENT AGO HAD DANGLED FROM THE GRAY-HAIRED MATRON'S EAR, IN MY WAISTCOAT POCKET

board." I grinned inwardly at this delightful snobbery. Several hundred passengers in the first cabin, and because Mrs. Seeley recognized no names, there wasn't a soul aboard.

"This is Joan's first visit to America in seven years, and she's going to prove a good sailor," said the girl's mother. "So I know that she won't stay in the cabin with me. It is very fortunate meeting you."

I knew, of course, what she meant and was, truth to tell, flattered that she should show such confidence in me. But she had known my mother, and that, to Mrs. Seeley, was more than sufficient.

"The good fortune is so wholly mine," I said. "I don't believe I know anyone on the ship, either."

Quite conveniently I forgot Jimmy Greco, Andy Horn and Pots Slavini, who stood within a yard of me and were eagerly drinking in the conversation.

"If Miss Seeley cares to stroll—if you'd lunch with me," and now I addressed the girl herself.

"I'd love to," she said.

Mrs. Seeley looked doubtful, but the girl turned on her with spirit.

"I'm not going to eat every meal with Sophie," she said. "I'm so worn out with her ——"

"YES, yes, my dear," said her mother as she dismissed me with a regal smile.

The following morning, as I walked the deck, I encountered Joan accompanied by a round-faced woman whom I took to be Sophie, her maid. She smiled; I bowed; she hesitated, and I stopped. Sophie was very promptly sent about her business and so began our wholly delightful shipboard friendship.

I had never, in this modern age, encountered a girl, of Joan's position, quite so naïve. She was the poor little rich girl of sentimental fiction.

To begin with, her native land was as strange, as foreign to her, as France is to most young American girls. She was born in New York, but since her third birthday she had lived continuously in Europe, save for far-apart hurried visits to New York.

Her parents had made their residence with her paternal grandfather. In London, or in Paris, or in Biarritz, the girl grew to young womanhood. Her grandfather was a testy old tyrant, and made his son, in fear of displeasure accompanied by financial consequences, live with him. He bullied his son and his daughter-in-law, and really feared, I gathered, only his independent granddaughter. For, she explained to me, he was never rude to her after an occasion when he found her packing a pitiful little suitcase and emptying her savings bank, preparatory to running away. This at ten.

She loved Biarritz, she told me. There, in a high-walled garden, she learned to do her sums, to improve her French accent, to bound Brazil. In the mornings she would play on the beach, would ride a little pony up and down the shimmering sands. She learned to swim; a tennis professional taught her the technic of the game; she saw *pelota* Basque played; and at San Sebastian—this when she was older—she even once attended a bullfight.

But she had no friends. She was a Seeley, with the blood of the Allaynes, the Dominicas and the Durleas in her veins.

God knows what sort of man her father was. I gathered that he was timid, browbeaten by his stern old sire and obsessed with the importance of his lineage. No one was quite good enough to know Joan Seeley.

Even after the grandfather's death, Horace Seeley continued living as he had done during his father's life. Joan was a Seeley and the Seeleys didn't play with common children on the beach. A Seeley girl was unique. A Seeley girl really didn't have to know anything, because she was a Seeley.

LITERALLY, what the girl knew of life, of people, she learned surreptitiously. Her father's valet, in pity, gave her fortnight-old copies of the New York papers. She read no modern fiction. When I once referred to Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, she'd never heard of it.

"But it's all going to be different now. I inherit some money when I'm twenty-one and mother has decided that I should become responsible, in preparation for real responsibilities."

As for boys, she'd never, since she was thirteen, been alone with one. I was the first man with whom she had ever lunched alone, with whom she had taken a walk, with whom she had engaged in semiconfidential, intimate conversation.

She had read voluminously. Her grandfather's library, stuffed with Dickens, Thackeray, Voltaire—even Flaubert, De Maupassant and Renan—her reading had been indiscriminate and voluminous. As

(Continued on Page 90)

I Gotta Wings

By DOROTHY BLACK

IT WOULD not have been so bad if Amy had not been there. It made it harder having to endure the blow under the lynx eye of Amy. It did not take Amy more than one look to realize that Bob's letter was no ordinary letter. She helped herself to marmalade and said genially:

"Ah. Bad news?"

Jane Bartelmy pulled herself together with an effort.

"Dear me, no; anything but. It's from Bob; Bob is going to be married. Doesn't that seem odd? In fact, I can hardly believe it's possible. They are being married next month, and having a short honeymoon in Kashmir before coming home. That means, let me see—he won't arrive until January."

And she had expected him next month! Planned their Christmas together. She smiled bravely, but there was no taking Amy in. There never had been any use trying to take Amy in. And to make matters worse, she could not keep her idiotic lips from quivering. No matter how much she said to them "Be still," they simply wouldn't.

"Oh," said Amy, "that's rather sudden, isn't it? But of course these modern girls are like that. Once they've nailed a suitor, they don't give him time to change his mind. Things move more briskly than they did in our day. But don't you pretend to me you think it's good news. My dear girl, you know you are as sick as mud. No mother likes her only son to go off and marry."

"I'm sure I ——" began Jane staunchly. Amy simply disregarded her as she had always disregarded her.

"Of course it always has to come, sooner or later. My son's my son till he gets him a wife. I'm often glad I had no children. Maybe one misses great joys, but one is also spared innumerable regrets."

"I only hope she is a nice girl," said Jane unsteadily, "for Bob has always been so nice."

"Every mother thinks her goose a swan, my dear. Bob is a nice enough young man, but very ordinary. And there is but one type of girl in India."

Amy laughed.

JANE hardly listened to her sister. Her mind had flown back across the years. Oh, little fluffy head, is it really you these things are written of? Why must cradles ever be empty? Why must children grow up? It seemed only yesterday her Bob was pink and small and helpless. With no one in his world except herself. It seemed but yesterday he was leaving her for the first time, off to school all bathed in grief and bravery. "There never, never could be any other woman but you, mother. I shall never marry. Women smell of chocolate. When I am grown up we will have a timber farm in Africa, you and I."

"You will like Claire, I know," said Bob's letter beside her breakfast plate. "She is frightfully pretty and has fair hair which reminds me of you, and people out here liked her awfully. I know you will get on well together."

She toyed with her bacon, visualizing the kind of girl everybody liked in India. A modern young thing, of course, with a sealing-wax-red mouth and boyish hairdressing. And it was to her, in future, that Bob would turn.

"Don't pretend to eat your breakfast if you don't want it, to impress me," said Amy. "Of course it's been a blow to you. Why act?"

Jane laughed and picked up a catalogue at random from the bundle of correspondence beside her. With shaking fingers she turned the pages. She wanted at all cost to hide her feelings from Amy. The catalogue came from Holland. On the back of it was written, "Will you not let me make your home cozy with my flowers?"

Funny how different people are, thought Jane. No English-speaking man would dream of bursting into print in a foreign language unless he was pretty sure of himself, and of his verbs and tenses.

"Beloved Christmas hyacinths," she read; "those of old sweet and darling blossoms shall spring into flower all around you while Christmas snows shout without."

"Have our odoriferous sweet freesias at every pretty party. May I not make your home cozy with my flowers?"

She laughed, putting the thing aside. She thought, "It would be fun to send for some of them. I'll plant them in the green bowls for the drawing-room window. It will give me something to do."

She got up and looked out of the window. Up the glen the hills towered against the sky, flushed pink with heather. Below the garden lay the loch, blue as a bit of the Mediterranean trapped inland. It was fourteen miles to the nearest town, to the nearest hairdresser, to the nearest picture house. She thought, her heart heavy: "Claire won't ever like this. Nothing but the heather and the hills. The call of the grouse on the hillside. The cry of a curlew on the loch."

"Poor dear," said Amy, "it is hard on you. What a good thing I am here to cheer you up. I think you are an owl to bury yourself here, Jane. You are a very good-looking woman still. If you took a little trouble with yourself—dressed decently —— Good heavens, you'd probably marry again and so dissipate forever the horrors of a lonely old age, which I know quite well are flooding your mind at the moment, though you may like to pretend they are not. Now just listen to me ——"

She stood with her back to the fire, leaning her elbows upon the mantelshelf. Amy was really wonderful. Jane didn't care about the way she dressed—those short skirts, and that short hair, and her low-necked jumper and beads. But whether you admired it or not, you had to own that Amy was a wonderful woman. She was only a year younger than Jane—forty-nine. But her face was smooth and unwrinkled. With determination and face creams Amy had kept Time at bay. Her hair was carefully tinted its original ebony black. Save for a slight heaviness round the middle, there was nothing to distinguish Amy from a young woman.

"I've always said it was bad for you moldering up here, Jane."

"I don't molder."

"And I say it again. Now that this has happened and upset all your plans, you had better pack up and come back to town with me. I'll take you round and amuse you. You'll discover there are other things in life besides your beloved Bob. Stay with me over Christmas. I'll get you properly turned out—your hair seen to. What is there for you to remain here for?"

WHAT was there to remain for? Bob wasn't coming until after Christmas. There was very little to be done in the garden once the frosts started. Why not take Amy's advice and find something else to fill her life, now that her greatest interest was gone?

"This devoting of one's life to one's children is always a mistake," went on Amy. "They don't thank you for it. You just fuss and wear yourself out, trying to get things ready for them. As likely as not Bob's young woman will hate this place. It's much too quiet for a girl who has been in India."

That fear had whispered in Jane's ear some minutes ago. She knew that it was quite probable. Nothing exciting ever happened in the glen. It wasn't a place for gay young people. But she loved it. Loved the sunsets and the blue waters of the loch and the hills wearing caps of snow on many a bright winter's morning. She must wait to see their caps of snow before she went.

"Make up your mind and come back with me on Tuesday," Amy said.

"Oh, I can't go possibly Tuesday. But later I will. I think you are right—that it would be a good idea."

"Then why not do it at once? If you put it off you won't come at all. Look at the various other times you have said you would."

"I can't come next Tuesday. I've got—oh—lots of things to do. Odds and ends."

"What odds and ends?" asked Amy, lynx-eyed, pinning her down.

She said, clutching at the first idea that came into her head, "Well, for one thing, bulbs to plant in bowls. I want

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Through the Green Forest

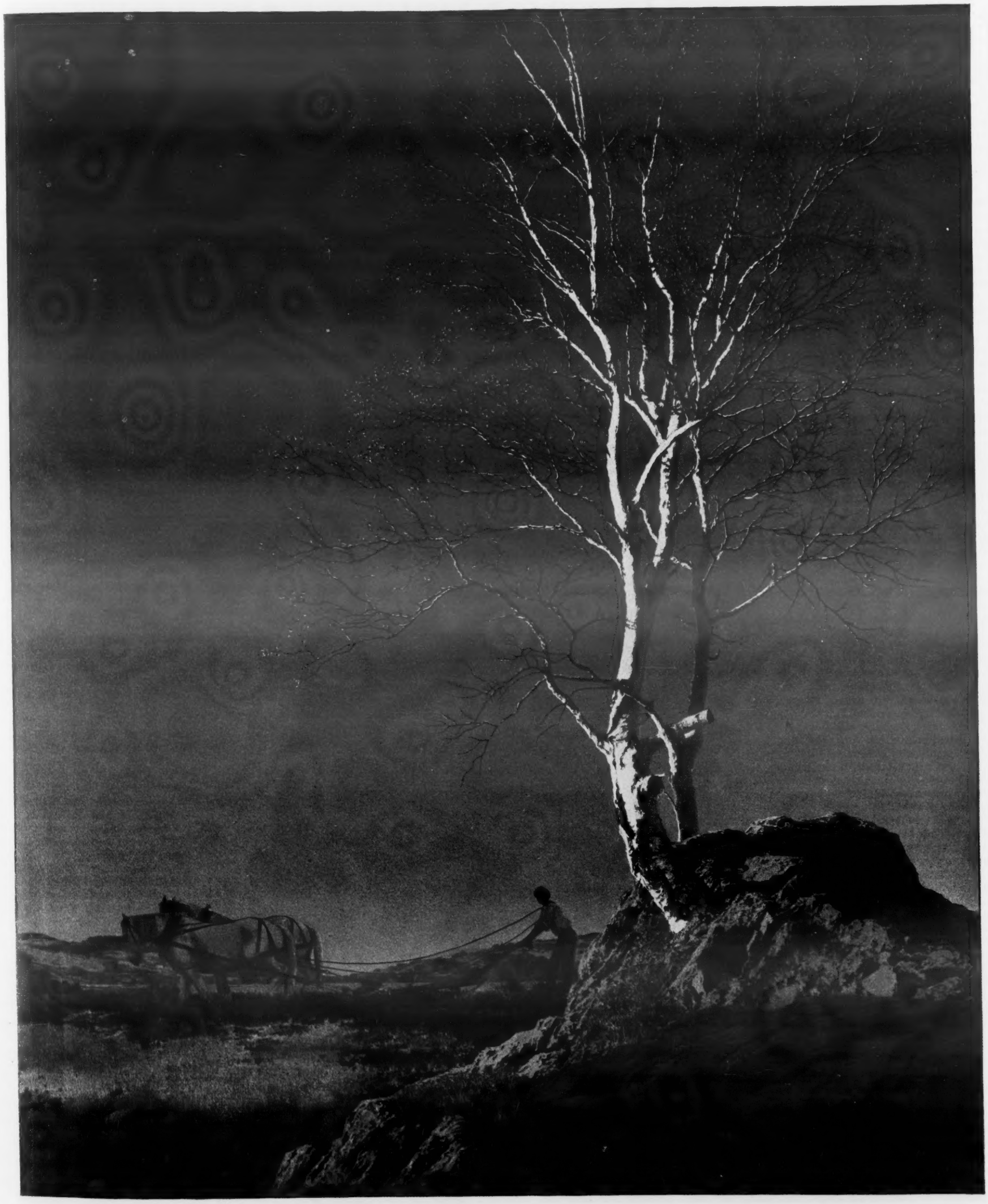
By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

DECORATION BY EARLE HORTER

THROUGH the green forest softly without a sound,
Wrapped in a still mood
As in a cloak and hood,
I went, and cast no shadow in the shadow of the wood.

There grew beeches taller than a ship's mast
That rocks from wave to wave
On the great seas of the world.
I looked into their tops;
Their tops were in another world,
Tossed in a sunny air as far from me
As the foam on waves that follow each other fast,
All day, unseen by man, over the sunny sea.

Naked birches, whiter than a god's thigh,
I saw, and stared, between the stems of the black pines.
Bowlders whiter than a dream remembered by day
Stood in the brook's way,
Damp with mosses greener than an emerald's eye.
And ferns, where the water sloped from stone to stone in the clear dark
Without ripple or speech,
Curved motionless, rooted in rotted bark
And leaves laid together and the rifled husks of the beech.



White Birch: By Maxfield Parrish

Step on it, Sister!

By
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

LAST fall, I went to a football game. I shouldn't have done it. I should have stayed at home and let Graham McNamee sit in my seat and strain my larynx and suffer my chilblains—and, incidentally, collect my accident insurance. But I have a daughter. She is just seventeen. And I—well, we went.

It wasn't so bad going up. Not all of the eighty thousand would-be spectators were on the road at the same time. But coming home, it was hell.

"Step on it, buddy!" the first policeman bellowed.

And step on it the buddies did. Big buddies in big buggies. Little buddies in little buggies. Three, four, and where the shoulders weren't too mellow, five abreast. Plunging and careening through the peaceful, lamp-lit towns. Always the same big-bellied policeman. Always the same impatient gesture. Always the very same deep-chested, thunderous command: "Step on it, buddy! Step on it!"

I was driving. And I was sober. I love my family. And I long to keep it reasonably intact. But what could I do, with the strong arm of the law beckoning me on from the front, and four flask-toting college boys in a one-seated coupé gleefully climbing up my bumper in the rear?

I hit forty; fifty. Not enough for the cops. Two of them called me something stronger than buddy. A third came up to me in a jam.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "Wha'd'ye think yer doin'? Drivin' a hearse?"

I wasn't sure. I was afraid maybe I was. But he gave me a look which did not encourage explanations. And for more than a hundred whirling miles I managed an uppish fifty-five.

Then we came to the "place where you turn." The old car dropped into the familiar ruts of that quiet country road like a tired dobbin after a long day at the plow. There wasn't a wheel in sight, or a rubber heel. I could have driven fast without danger to anyone. But I didn't have the strength, or the desire. I had escaped the cops at last. I could drive as slowly as I pleased. And I pleased, you bet.

About two miles from the main road we passed a footpath and a hedge. I thought I heard a slight movement in the shrubbery. But I gave no thought to it until, perhaps three minutes later, a light flashed through my back windows, a machine-gun-on-wheels shot past my fenders, a gloved hand flew out in front of my headlights, and I was under arrest.

"What's the matter, officer?" I ventured in my politest voice.

"You know damn well what's the matter," he answered. "You were going twenty-eight miles an hour!"

That night, after I had left the family at the front steps and backed the old bus around the turn-around into the garage, I took a chance on carbon monoxide and sat for a long time in the dark—laughing.

THE GREAT TRAFFIC MUDDLE

The Traffic Problem

FOR failing to go sixty miles an hour on a crowded highway, I had suffered objurgation and profanity from officers of the law. For going less than half that fast on a deserted country road, I was haled into court like a common criminal.

Could there be any better example of the ridiculous stupidity of that modern infraction of our Constitutional rights which we call, in our patient, euphemistic way, the "regulation" of traffic?

Regulation! Twenty-five million automobiles patrol our highways. It is estimated that fifty million people essay to drive them. Regulation, even common sense, would see to it no one should be allowed to operate so dangerous a vehicle as a motor car until he had proved his ability to do so with reasonable safety to the community. But in thirty-six out of forty-eight states we don't even take the trouble to find out whether the prospective driver knows left from right.

Regulation! The number of people who travel by sea is infinitely smaller and therefore less important than the number who travel by land; yet, sea travel is infinitely safer than land travel. The reason is that sea travel is regulated, and land travel is not. No ship leaves the pier until its seaworthiness has been tested and certified. But in forty or more of the forty-eight states we don't look at a motor car's brakes.

Instead, we further clutter our roads with lawless, snorting, back-firing and backbiting motorcyclists and whistle-blowing, wrist-wiggling, arm-swinging dummies, and leave our so-called regulation to their discretion—if any.

We like to talk big about the fine things that have happened since gasoline came into our lives. And with justice! Miracles have occurred before our very windshields. Dimensions have changed. Space has evaporated. The country has come to the city. The city has gone to the country. Neighborhoods have lost their identities. Communities have stretched themselves. Dividing lines have vanished. The nation has run together.

But what have we done about it?

Not a darn thing.

We have acted as if none of these things had happened. We have treated motoring as if it were a local matter, like garbage collecting. We have let every little small-town selectman and every little big-town alderman have his say about something important enough for the President of the United States to decide. We have left the motorist to the mercies of ignorant, prejudiced community officials; and we have left the communities themselves to the mercies of bewildered motorists.

We hear a good bit about infractions of the Volstead Act. And it is true that people do violate that statute in appalling numbers. If all prohibition violators were caught in one nation-wide round-up, they would undoubtedly crowd thieves and murderers out of our jails. But they wouldn't begin to fill our parking places and our garages. For one person who takes an illegal drink there are a thousand persons who take an illegal ride. Violators of speed laws correspond substantially to the census of the population. It was traffic regulation, not prohibition enforcement, which made criminals of us all.

It isn't that we don't wish to obey the rules—when we can find out what they are. I never come across an automobile standing at an intersection of two country roads, miles from the prying eye of constable or cop, meekly "waiting for the lights to change," without reflecting on what an essentially law-abiding nation we are. The trouble in nine cases out of ten is that the rules and the rulers are so dumb.

Accidents

BUT whatever the cause, the result so far as human life and safety are concerned is devastating. Our whole accident record in this country is bad. One human being is killed every six minutes. Eighteen are injured every minute. And automobiles are the chief single factor in piling up these unbelievable totals. They killed twenty-seven thousand people last year and injured three-quarters of a million. That means they wiped out a population equal to Santa Barbara's and maimed a cityful as big as Boston—in short, they caused nearly three times as many American casualties as the War.

An old colored woman named Sarah Granby, who was celebrating a bedridden but cheerful ninety-seventh birthday, was asked how she had happened to live so long.

"Go way, chile!" she replied. "I done live the first sebenty years befo' this yere automobile was inventioned, an' the last twenty-seben I stays in the house!"

To anyone who has tried to drive a car under modern conditions or, for that matter, tried to dodge one, it would seem that old Sarah has arrived at the only practical solution of the traffic problem. At least, she voices the current American opinion that the safest place for a self-preserving, life-loving citizen is in bed.

To cope with this situation the average traffic officer is of little use. In the first place, he started wrong. He was conceived in jealousy and anger. He was a protest on the part of those who didn't have automobiles against those who did. He was the weapon of class against class, of section against section, of poor against rich, of small-towner against city feller. At his best he was that. At his worst he was a uniformed bandit in search of his prey.

His city cousin, the highwayman who holds us up at the crossroads and robs us of our time and our patience and our pleasant dispositions, is an even less-appealing fellow. There's

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Easier Motherhood

By CONSTANCE L. TODD

IT WAS from a personal friend, a general practitioner in New York, that I first heard of it. We had had a running feud for a long time over the ultra-conservatism of the medical profession; we were at it again recently after some years in which we had not met.

I instanced the fate of twilight sleep in the United States, reminding him that the Freiburg technic had first become generally known in this country in the summer of 1914, in the weeks just preceding the outbreak of the World War; that after the events of August of that year had cut us off from the Freiburg Frauenklinik, where the method had been perfected, all but a small proportion of American obstetricians had let the matter drop.

Since the war, I pointed out, the prewar habit of exchanging visits between clinics of the New and the Old World had been resumed by the medical profession. I had twice since the war gone back to Freiburg myself to inquire, and had found the method still being used there regularly and successfully; but American doctors had never again taken it up and had continued to frighten off women by calling it dangerous.

He answered promptly that a better method of relieving pain had been worked out in New York; it was simple, did not unduly prolong labor, and was safe for anyone competent to practice obstetrics at all, requiring only a few specific directions; whereas twilight sleep required special training and was so time-consuming for the doctor that it was bound to be expensive. Furthermore, the new method could be used in homes as well as in hospitals, and could be used in practically all cases except in certain specific diseases.

He handed me a little pamphlet. It was a reprint from the Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine. It was published in May, 1925, and the title made me wink and look again. It was called Synergistic Analgesia and Anæsthesia with Special Reference to Magnesium Sulphate, Ether, Morphine and Novocaine.

I am myself a twilight-sleep mother and wise, as the laity goes, in the lore of improved obstetrics, yet this title might have been Sanscrit for all it conveyed to me.

I glanced inside; it seemed to be largely concerned with albino rats.

The doctor meanwhile was explaining: A new technic of anæsthesia, begun at Rockefeller Institute by a series of experiments made on animals years ago by a physiologist now dead, had been developed by members of the medical profession and had proved of great value to surgeons. Over five years ago the doctors had discovered such was its adaptability that it would produce a state of partial unconsciousness or sleepiness which left the mind awake enough to take directions and the muscles free to follow them. This condition was known as analgesia. It did not make the patient entirely immune to pain, but it greatly lessened its severity, and had consequently proved very valuable in obstetrics.

Synergism

THE purport of all this dawned upon me slowly. I had been associated with the introduction of the Freiburg technic of twilight sleep into this country and had with the keenest dismay seen it fail of general acceptance. I was a person toward whom information in this field would naturally gravitate. Now, through the mere accident of a bantering conversation, I learned of a new and more practical method of releasing women from agony only after it had been well established for over five years.

What, then, of the thousands of women to whom it was of intimate personal concern? How did they learn of it? To how many of them was it accessible?

Exhilarated by the facts as I had just learned them, disconcerted not to have learned them before, I set to work at once to gather information to see what I could do to lay it before the people most concerned. Starting with Rockefeller Institute, I pursued my inquiries through hospitals, libraries and following up what I could learn through my personal acquaintances; and this, in brief, is what I discovered:

Back in the early years of this century, when the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was in its infancy, the late Samuel J. Meltzer, seeking in what scientists know as "undirected research" to discover the effect of the positive ions on living tissues, came upon the fact that magnesium sulphate, when injected into the muscles of the body, became a powerful anæsthetic agent, but one too powerful to be of much practical use.

The discoverer set to work to find out what would counteract the drastic effect, and the story of how he found that calcium salts would actually resuscitate an animal that had ceased to breathe is well known to physiologists, but is not part of our story.

Still the anæsthetic was too deadly to be of interest outside the laboratory, and Meltzer continued his researches until, after persistent probing of Nature's secrets, he uncovered the fact that ether combined with magnesium sulphate did strange things. Each drug enhanced the properties of the other. As Meltzer described it:

"When, after the administration of a very small quantity of ether, insufficient to cause anæsthesia, an inefficient amount of magnesium sulphate is injected intramuscularly, a profound anæsthesia follows, which can be maintained for several hours."

It was the old and well-known but little understood principle of synergism brought into play. Mysterious, but following perfectly understood laws like electricity, synergism has been expressed thus by a doctor:

"Two and two make four—that's arithmetic. Now, when two and two make eight, that's synergism."

Why it acts, between what drugs it interacts—those are problems of great interest to physiologists and upon which laboratory experiments are being based today.

Meanwhile, an anæsthetist in New York found Meltzer's discoveries significant and proceeded to develop the two here mentioned for practical hospital use. Thus morphine was brought into the triumvirate, and it turned out that magnesium sulphate would prolong the effects of morphine as it deepened the effects of ether. Here was a combination which produced an unearned increment of unconsciousness, an extra dividend of immunity from pain while greatly reducing the chance of overdosage.

Meanwhile, along came the war, interrupting experimental work, pulling the doctors overseas with the doughboys. Among those who joined up early with a surgical unit unattached to any hospital, thrown anywhere it was needed along the French or English fronts and later on the American Front at St.-Mihiel, was the anæsthetist from New York who had been working along the trail blazed by Meltzer.

As he was particularly sensitive to the sight of suffering, he invented a device of no special medical importance but of great humane value and interesting now because it shows how a medical mind may work if bent entirely on relieving pain. The device was dubbed by wounded soldiers their "ether cocktail."

It consisted of a tray containing three little glasses for each patient and was brought in just ahead of the surgeon's rounds for the ordeal of painful daily dressings. The first glass held port wine, the second a little ether in oil, the third port wine again. And where they had shrieked in mortal agony and terror, the patients became sleepy and relaxed for the daily dressings.

There was nothing new in the fact that a small drink of ether will take effect at once if the patient can retain it. Port wine before and after is no more remarkable than a camouflage of orange juice and soda for a child's castor oil. But that a doctor should have taken the pains to exercise his ingenuity, with a shortage of materials and service and time, for the lesser evil of surgical dressings, when surrounded with the greater horrors of amputations and maimings and sudden death, is illustrative of his type of mind, and it is surely no coincidence that the ether cocktail originated with a man formerly known in the children's wards as the doctor who carried essence of orange blossoms to disguise the smell of ether, and told his little tonsil patients fairy stories to account for a surgeon's startling operating-room garb. A colleague said of him, "A patient's pain affects him as a red rag does a bull. It seems to make him angry."

The war over, surgeons got back to the peacetime emergencies of the hospital wards and the synergistic anæsthesia proved of great value in operations. In 1921 came a report on a prominent surgeon's work at Presbyterian Hospital, New York, stating that ether given in oil by the rectum was absorbed into the system at a known rate because it separated from the oil by certain fixed laws which had been studied. Therefore, the whole dose could be administered at once, gauged according to the size and age of the patient, and the system would take it up by degrees; they were testing new methods based on these facts which would render expert supervision of the dosage less necessary. There seemed no doubt of the value of synergistic anæsthesia to the surgeon.

Then one day the anæsthetist of the orange blossoms and ether cocktails went to a colleague who practiced obstetrics and said he had been thinking the same principle could be applied to the sort of pain that was no emergency but was taken for granted by the world. He did not believe it was necessary for babies to cost their mothers so much in terror and dread, but he knew little of obstetrics and he would like to be told exactly what were the problems of the doctor who delivered babies. Did the anæsthetic inhibit the pains in the second stage and prolong the delivery? Why would a little quinine not counteract this effect?

A Success

THE result of this consultation was that he was invited to come and submit his proposal to a meeting of the obstetrical staff of his colleague's Hospital. One doctor pooh-poohed the idea, another thought women's pain in labor of little consequence and easily forgotten, but one made a counter proposal. He said this hospital was small, and it would take numbers to check results; he had a service also at the Lying-in Hospital, and, provided he had the anæsthetist's guaranty that he would go about his experiments so cautiously that there would be not the slightest risk to mothers or babies, he would be glad to try it.

So it was arranged and, at the end of a trial period, the obstetrician rubbed his eyes; for he discovered that he had used the forceps in 25 per cent fewer cases than in a previous similar series of cases. Not that that proved anything; it was impossible to check such results accurately. Perhaps, as he grew older and more experienced, he was less prone to interfere with instruments. But the facts were there quite aside from the relief mothers had experienced, and prejudiced him in favor of the new method. He has been using the technic ever since.

Such, in brief, is the history of the first use of synergistic anæsthesia by the Gwathmey technic as I pieced it out from various sources. Thus it was introduced at the Lying-in Hospital in New York, where, due to the insight and insistence of Dr. Asa B. Davis, the chief surgeon, it was developed and improved and became, over five years ago, regular practice.

Next I took the Subway downtown and entered the wide portals of the famous old hospital. It stands on the site of the Stuyvesant Fish house on Stuyvesant Square. Founded in 1798, its records for 130 years have been an integral part of the city's history, and the list of its officers and governors, living and dead, their names all quaintly printed in each annual report, reads like a social register of yesterday and today. No upstart institution, this, prone to undue experimentation. Here I knew I should get reliable information.

I was courteously received by the superintendent. I explained myself as a twilight-sleep mother who would like to

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The End of the World

By MARY JOHNSTON

Illustrated by Henry J. Soulen

"YAAS," ended Dilsey with unction, "that was the way of it! I lay under that sunflower kiver all dem two days befo' I got back to wukh and thought of a name for him, and he lay there looking back at me jes' so long, and solemn as a possum, with the moon shining down and the dawgs making remarks erround the tree! Yaas, Lawd! He had the big eyes and he seemed to be considerrating even that early. So I jes' said sudden, the old rooster crowing and the sun coming up, I gwine name him Vowed-to-the-Lawd. Ef it too long to say, we kin call him Vowed. And I 'clar to goodness he look it, right erway!"

"Yaas, he do, Sister Dilsey! Yaas, he do! He look it little and he look it er grown man."

"That was befo' the war, and we all belong to the Jordans, and I say to myself, 'I reckon he gwine be Marse Athelstan's body boy.' Then the bugles blew and the world was all bruk up into little bits, and we come free, and he growed up, and one day he say, 'I gwine make application to old Mr. O'Flaherty to larn me how to be a mason.' And he larn how, and he been the best mason in these parts ever sence!"

"Dat so! Dat so! They all wants him when they builds a house."

"And then he got somehow taught how to read. And then he taught himself out of a book how to write and how to figger. Yaas, Lawd! Old Mr. O'Flaherty himself tol' me befo' he die, 'That boy Vowed is er master figgerer!' And the years went on and the years went on and he tuk to the Bible ——"

"Yaas, Lawd. Yaas, Lawd. He tuk to the Book."

"And he got made the preacher to Dandelion Creek Church."

"Vowed Jordan. He got the right name. Vowed Jordan."

"Yaas, my Lawd! He got the right name."

Saba began to intone and to sway: "He name Vowed and he nature Vowed. And the Lawd hab allowed him, and the Lawd hab showed him. And I believes his word and I believes what he say. He say a mighty thing, and is that against him? Somebody is a got to say the mighty things! You was told to name him what you name him!"

DILSEY hastened to disallow. "Nevah have I say I was told! It jes' came into mah haid, lying under the sunflower kiver ——"

But the three visiting women would not have that: "You was told — you was told to name him what you name him!"

Saba's rhythms became more marked: "Yaas, he is Vowed. Glory hallelujah! And the end of the world, the end of the world is coming! He has seen it in the Book and he has seen it in the arithmetic. The end of the world, the end of the world is coming!"

The cabin sat by Dandelion Creek. Dandelion Creek flowed from Thunder Mountain until it joined the Winding River, a mile from the village of Windingville. Around Windingville rested three or four pleasant old plantations, with some life in them, such and such a number of years after the war. Up Dandelion Creek wound a string of cabins and colored families and Dandelion Creek Church. Vowed Jordan's cabin stood nearest to Thunder Mountain, on a green rise above the creek.

Vowed Jordan had been building a chimney and laying a hearth. He came home at sunset in his blue overalls, a tall negro who might be thirty-five, with a strongly built, spare body and a well-shaped head. His color stood a clear brown; he had long, narrow, sinewy hands and feet. His lips were not thick, his nose was high, he had deep-set eyes and a short, thin black beard. It is likely enough that in his veins ran Indian blood, and possibly from very long ago, before ever Virginia, before ever the slaver, Arab blood. He managed to combine being a preacher, an artisan and a thinker.

Saba and her companions had departed. Dilsey prepared her son's supper. They ate together, at the deal table, in the cabin that was not the cabin in which he had been born, for that event had taken place on the Mt. Pleasant plantation, across the Winding.

But they had often enough been hungry in this cabin; or sometimes they had had food but the question had been of clothes, of shoes in winter, of blankets for her bed and his pallet. War times, hard times, easy times, they had traveled them through together—they and the cabin. Now the three seemed much of a piece and conversed without sound. They ate their corn bread and drank their coffee and the little they said started from the house that was building and employing Vowed as mason. Mr. Tom Jeremy was building it. He had been walking about the place that day and had stopped and talked to Vowed. "What did he say?" Vowed, having finished supper stood up from the table. "He say somebody told him I say the world is coming to an end. He wanted to know if I thought 'twould last out his time, or if he'd better stop building the house?"

"What you say, Vowed? What you say?"

"He weren't noways serious. So I say I didn't really know, and asked him if he wanted the bricks in the hearth set this way or that way? But he wouldn't let me be, so I tell him that I hadn't been shown the day and the hour. But the main signs surely laid around us mighty plain, and he had education and he ought to go read them for himself. 'Twas coming to an end, but I didn't know just how many years. There weren't any too many to get ready in!"

With that he went out of the door and stood on the greening earth before the cabin, with his eyes upon the west. The great shoulder of Thunder Mountain jutted bold and black. Behind that shoulder and the long head of Thunder streamed the shorn rays of the departed sun. It was early springtime. The bare trees yet showed velvety with their swollen buds; up and down Dandelion Creek the frogs were at their old, old singing, their thin, distant, rapid choiring. Vowed stood and gazed. "It's beautiful . . . things are beautiful just before they end."

Behind him light sprang up in the cabin. Dilsey placed the lamp upon the table and brought his books from the shelf. He went indoors. His mammy took her chimney corner, at her hand a pile of chips and pine knots for the fire when it burned too low. She had her old corncob pipe and her memories. Vowed sat down beside the table and opened the Bible and the arithmetic in the ring of yellow light.

Sitting so, all the lines of his long figure became austere and intense. The exaltation of which he was capable was as much of the mind as of the emotions. There, too, perhaps, some far-away, multitudinous ancestry . . . Had it come his way he could have received a high degree of education, but circumstances had given him only reading, writing and arithmetic. As for books, all that he had ever owned might be carried, with room to spare, upon his mason's hod.

THE BIBLE. The arithmetic, with a continuation into algebra. A book of general history and a geography. A poetical collection. An almanac. Vowed opened the first three where pressed leaves marked them. He had a slate and a slate pencil, and a cheap school tablet and a lead pencil. He read intently, and he turned from that to figuring upon the slate, figuring and wiping out with a bit of rag dipped in a cup of water. Now and then he left the slate and with the lead pencil recorded results upon the tablet. Texts and texts. So well he knew the Bible that he was his own concordance. This one, that one, back and forth. He left the Word of God, and took the history book, and then the almanac. He read with the slate pencil in his fingers, poised above the gray plain. The lamplight showed his dark, nervous hands, the book and the slate. Dilsey, rousing from a doze, tossed a pine knot upon the fire. His shadow expanded along the cabin wall.

The clock on the wall struck, and in an hour struck again, and in an hour struck again. Dilsey, her small withered figure all bowed together, had a dream. It was before the war again, and everything was mighty peaceful. Then the big plantation bell began to ring, and an army was coming this way and another army was coming that way. You knew they were coming by the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire. . . . This cabin—she was in this cabin now—this cabin had got between the armies. Vowed was taking her out of it. Vowed was saying, "Come, Mammy, let's go up on Thunder Mountain. Clean to the top, Mammy!" They were on the top, and the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire swirled up on either side of them and Dilsey felt terror. Then the armies struck the mountain, and it shivered and broke . . . and the old bell said one word—two words—three words—big and deep!

Dilsey woke upon them, and the old clock was striking, the old clock that Old Miss had given her. Dilsey stared about her and shivered and shook. "My Lawd!" she said. "That falling mountain!" It was late. The old clock struck eleven. The lamp had burned low. She threw pine upon the fire. Vowed was not sitting there. He had risen quickly, pushing back the chair, and the chair had fallen. He had gone out of the door. Straightening her small, aching frame, Dilsey followed.

The April moon peered at herself in Dandelion Creek. Everywhere shimmered a light of smoked pearl. Thunder Mountain looked remote and not

"IT'S TIME, IT'S TIME! THE BLAST OF THE HORN, LAWD, THE BLAST OF THE HORN!"

so high. *Chir, chir, chir, chir,* went the frogs. An owl in the little wood made his lonely remark. A slow, dreamy wind played touch and go. Vowed stood on the bank above the creek, and he was gazing at the sky with his arms up and out.

Dilsey went to him over the moon-soaked earth. "What's the matter, Vowed? In the Lawd's name, what's the matter?"

Vowed spoke in a whisper without turning. "Mammy, it's coming right away! It's coming this summer!"

"The end of the world?"

"The end of the world."

His voice became raised, clear and awed. "I found it that sudden! There's been comets before. But the Message wasn't for us and they went on by. But the one this summer is The Messenger. I didn't fool myself, Mammy, for I wasn't thinking much of the comet for all the talk I've heard about it. Things hadn't seemed to point to it. Right straight along I've seen the End for fifteen, twenty years from now. . . . Then it opened up, one text and another and another twel I thought the line of them would never end! And the history of the world stepping with them, step by step, step, step, step! And the arithmetic singing its song in and out. . . . The almanac shot out a long arm and pointed. . . . And then I saw the Angel of the Lord, Mammy, I saw the Angel of the Lord!"

Vowed Jordan sank down upon the bank and cried, "Oh, the poor world, Mammy—oh, the poor world!"

Sunday by Sunday Dandelion Creek Colored Church grew more and more crowded until it overflowed into the wildly sweet and unkempt half acre about the wooden building. Sunday after Sunday Vowed Jordan prophesied, at first within the church, but as April advanced, without, from the church steps where he stood, his long arm making his rare, impressive gestures, his thin intent face raised to the blue vault of day, the deep words rolling forth.

"My brethren and my sistren, I have got to tell you, and it is a sore task, and I have got to tell the people of the earth and it is a sore task, what has come of my studying and my studying and my wrastling in the mind that is given us to wrastle with and overcome ignorance and set up a knowledge of what is going to come about . . . and I have wrastled and I have wrastled and I have come out with a truth in my hand, a great and terrible truth! And it is, my brethren and sistren, it is that this world of ours is about to end!"

Crowding and crowding into Dandelion Church and churchyard, shouting and praying and singing.

THE deacons, Simon Peter Dandridge and Third William Harris, kept at hand. The first was a master hand at prayer; he got his innings here. Third William exhorted at every chance. Cato Baron started most of the hymns, but sometimes Drusie Wood started them—Drusie Wood whose voice really could make folk cry, cry and laugh, it was so sweet and rich and deep, with all the floods of feeling in it.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home! . . .
Oh, I look up and what I see there,
Coming for to carry me home!

On other days they resorted to the cabin, at first singly, then in groups, then in streams. All the Thunder Mountain and upper Winding region, if you were colored, wanted to speak with Vowed, wanted to ask Vowed. White folk, some of them, came to see Vowed. They came to be amused, or for love of sensation, or sheer curiosity. A prophet was as valuable to the countryside as a ghost or a witch! But whatever they came for, some at least went away with something different and disturbing. For Vowed Jordan was not ridiculous, nor luridly emotional, nor this, nor that. He was quiet, and he wanted to show them mathematically. He wanted them convinced, he wanted them not to admire him but to take advantage of his knowledge. . . . The old colored woman, his mother, brought them silently well water if they were thirsty. If other colored folk were present they sat or stood around with a hushed aspect, waiting for Vowed to make the white folks believe. All going together, white and black, all going together when the comet struck and the sky shook and the earth was not! . . . The preachers from Windingville came to see and to reason with Vowed. and they knew their Bible, and other books as well and everything that the schools and the newspapers said. They reasoned with Vowed and prayed with and for him. They told him about comets. But Vowed looked them through with his deep eyes and figured it out for them on paper. It must be stated that they went away somewhat uneasy, though as summer sauntered up the ways they preached Sunday by Sunday upon piteous ignorance.

The sun strengthened, rising earlier, staying up later. All this end of Elderflower County came, as far as the colored population was concerned, into commotion. Results of kinds began to show. The county paper took notice. Later on a big daily at the capital city reported upon the resurgence in Elderflower County of comet and end-of-the-world superstitions. A colored prophet had arisen and the colored people were in a ferment. Labor was getting dislocated. Of course it was a particularly big comet that was rushing this year into visibility.

Vowed sat in the cabin under Thunder Mountain deep into the night with his lighted lamp and his books and his slate. By now he had other books. The white folks had seen to it that he had books and newspaper articles and magazine articles. It was a Great Comet that was approaching the sun and the earth and that would become visible in high

"DAT BOY VOWED'S A GOOD MAN!"

summer. The head should be extraordinarily bright, the tail very long. Much was said about comets in the papers. Scientific men wrote about them. Vowed Jordan read what was sent to him to read, stumbling at certain of the words. He read the marked pieces, but they altered nothing—they altered nothing.

He worked on, under the lamp, with his books and the slate and tablet, slate pencil and lead pencil, and his own powers of calculation and of taking apart and running together, of foresight and throughsight to find the precise day. . . .

Dilsey watched with him or lightly slumbered by the hearth where the embers were grateful in the nighttime, under Thunder Mountain, even if the night were June. Then she waked, and Vowed's long figure bending over touched her on the shoulder.

"Mammy!"

"You, Vowed, ain't you in bed yit?"

"Mammy, it will end at dawn, the twenty-third of August!"

Sunday came in two days. From the church steps, to the colored population of these parts and to any white folk whom some manner of interest had brought there, under the locust trees in bloom, in enormous, white, fragrant bloom: "My brethren and sistren, now I know the exact day. The world will end at daybreak, the twenty-third of August. Let us pray!"

Vowed's prayer was short. "O God of every kind of life, give us that great new life! O God that gives us Mind, help us still to use it and go over safely! Amen!"

THE Elderflower Gazette called Vowed Jordan a public menace. For it was getting out of hand, the excitement was getting out of hand. Vowed, no less than the Gazette, felt this and tried to draw upon the reins. But he, too, as the days grew longer, hotter, drier, began to sway and waver and answer to the heat in the blood, the floods of feeling and the restlessness. The summer grew older, stronger, heated and parched, with threads of red and gold, and the brown of burned fields. The papers talked about the unusual weather and the troubles of the times and the prognostications of experts and the approaching comet.

The number of negroes preparing to meet the end of the world increased and increased. At first Vowed had preached, "Stick to your work!" But at last it became difficult and then impossible to make them stick. Had he not found that he himself could not do so? He finished chimney and hearth for Mr. Tom Jeremy, but he did not find and perhaps did not seek another job. He said to himself that he must impart and instruct, also he must wrestle and dream. So he must, but all the others said to themselves that they must flock together and be instructed. Being instructed at all hours grew incompatible with work. Also they developed a need to talk and talk and talk among themselves, or to wander in a strange way from place to place, or merely to sit and regard the fact that they were all going, going, going, at the trump, at the trump of Gabriel. Saved money was used up, and then why be concerned about owning? Many began freely to disencumber themselves of their worldly goods. Though of course none of them had much worldly gear. The Elderflower Gazette fulminated. Labor lacked, and the county was going to suffer. The situation was becoming fanatic.

The form of Thunder Mountain was a bold one. It stood up alone from the rolling valley. It was not sky-shouldering. But its aloofness and its shape gave it all kinds of worth. It had a way of bathing itself in a sullen storm light and in a magic sweet light. For all its strong lines against the sky it was easy to climb, and the top spread into a plateau where a thousand could stand. To this top came late in July Vowed Jordan.

The night before, with little sleep and little eating, there had come upon him a dizziness. He had risen from the Bible, open at the Apocalypse, and moving like a drunken man made for the door and the reviving air. All the sward was burned and dry and the trees rustled dryly and the fireflies waved up and down in their million million. Vowed sank upon the door stone. By littles his eyes cleared and his ears ceased their drumming. Then he saw Thunder Mountain, lifted and calm among the stars, above the fireflies. He thought, "To wait for it up there—I should like to wait for it up there. . . . Why shouldn't we, all of us, wait for it up there?"

As soon as the dawn was in the east he left Dandelion Creek and climbed Thunder. He had done it before, many and many a time. So wonderful up here—cooler than below—and a great view on both sides, and the pure blue sky so solemnly untroubled. Yes, indeed, yes, indeed! This was the place to come to meet the end of the world.

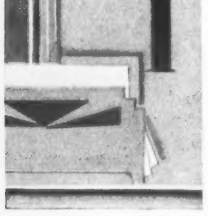
HE SAT himself down upon the dome of Thunder Mountain. All the world about him and the skies above and he himself, Vowed. He thought of Dilsey, his mammy. Her light, shriveled frame—he would half carry it up this mountain—his mammy who had named him Vowed. . . . Vowed lay his length upon the short mountain grass with outcropping rock. A soft wind blew across, tempering heat, tempering light. There ran the Winding, away down there, and Dandelion Creek and all. Bees around the blue thistle, and bronze butterflies. . . . Vowed drifted afar into childhood and boyhood. Before the war—enduring the war—after the war. Little things and little things, rich and lasting little things. He made a boat of them and the boat moved upon a sea of them. Vowed relaxed, Vowed rested.

Gathering sticks in the wood for mammy. Hoeing corn. . . . And I will make a covenant with you and seedtime and harvest shall not fail. . . . He lay there an hour and more. He almost determined that he would not go down that day

(Continued on Page 172)

VOWED JORDAN SANK DOWN UPON THE BANK AND CRIED, "OH, THE POOR WORLD, MAMMY—OH, THE POOR WORLD!"

Extreme Mental Cruelty



THE night was stifling, the blackness beneath the low ceilings of the remodeled farmhouse thickly permeated with midsummer heat. They had been lying in bed for more than an hour, each awake, but quiet so as not to disturb the other, when Anita, with the energy of resolution, called "Bill!"

"Yes," he answered in a drowsy voice.

"Were you awake?"

"Yes, I was awake." He had been, but not thoroughly. He waited patiently, for sometimes Anita liked to talk at night.

"I don't believe I love you any more."

He turned on his back and, fully aroused, stared with mute questioning up into the darkness. "Oh," he said. He wrinkled his forehead. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she told him. "Nothing but that." Her voice was oddly flat with finality.

A sense of complete consternation flowed into him. "That's too bad." He spoke slowly. What had he done—wherein had he failed? The questions were like bruises in his chest. "How long have you felt that way, Anita? Quite a while?"

"Most of the summer," she confessed miserably.

His throat tightened as if he were about to choke with sympathy for both of them. Seven years they had been married. It was an enormous chunk out of both their youths. Though they were still under thirty, they had since the beginning gone from love and a scrimping salary through disillusionment and readjustment, but had finally arrived at a companionable fondness for each other and a future comparatively free of care. And now all those years, their joys and hardships, were to have gone for nothing; lying there, he held that aching thought in his mind with stubborn wretchedness. "Most of the summer," he repeated slowly. "It must have been terrible for you."

"No," she seemed to be reflecting, "not terrible."

Not terrible. He was thankful for that and said so. From the edge of the stagnant pond outside a bullfrog croaked as if half dead of thirst. Bill lay motionless, heavy with dread as he thought of himself alone. Where would he go? What would he do? And Annette, asleep in her enameled bed across the hall, what would happen to her? "Well," he said, "what would you like to do about it?"

She didn't know. "Maybe we could go on like this for a while."

SHE was prompted to that, he thought, by pity and kindness; and his lips set scornfully as he regarded those meager substitutes for love. "I suppose," he began wretchedly, "we could get a divorce. If you're sure you want one." He waited anxiously.

Anita was silent.

He had to know. Steadying his muscles, he asked with firm casualness, "What's the matter—is it someone else?"

She moved restlessly. "I don't know, Bill. I really don't."

Considering that reply it seemed funny in a bitter way and he laughed humorlessly. "Well, it seems as if you ought to know—it's sort of important."

Still she hesitated. "I can't say. Perhaps it is someone else."

"Um-m," he muttered soberly. "Who?"

Again she stirred uneasily. "I'd rather not say."

Persisting, he asked, "Somebody I know?"

"I'd rather not tell you who it is."

"You needn't," he decided; then was silent a moment.

But his mind was troubled. "Look here, Anita," he began, "we've known each other a pretty long time, haven't we?"

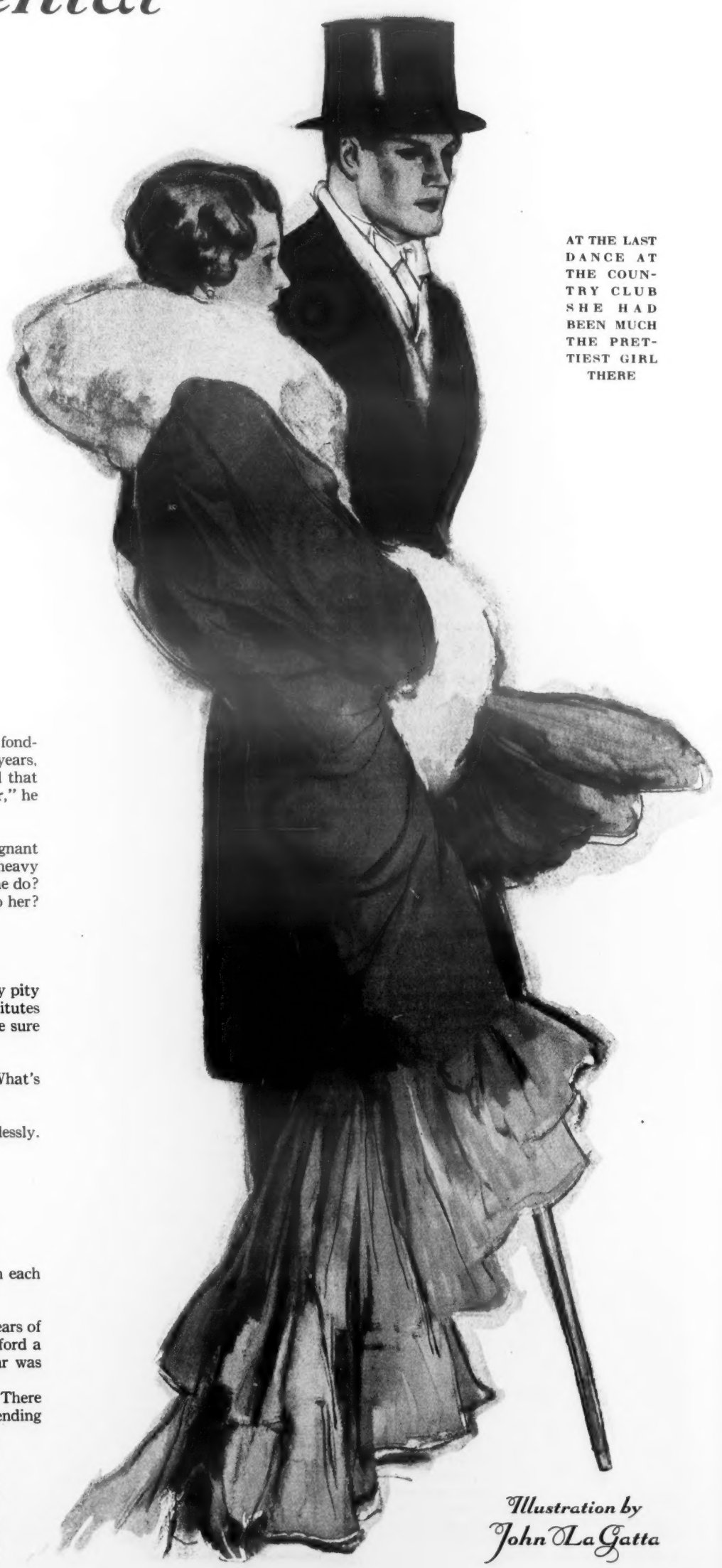
"Yes."

"And we've gone through a hell of a lot together." There were their first years of marriage when they had been constantly in debt, when they couldn't even afford a cleaning woman once a week, when the necessity of spending an extra dollar was always a calamity.

Anita sniffed forlornly and reached under her pillow for her handkerchief. There was that hideous night when the twins had arrived nine weeks too early, nearly ending Anita's life with their own. There was that glaringly bright afternoon when Lucia Austin, one of her best friends, had told her she thought she ought to know about Bill and Alexa Graves because the whole town was talking about it.

"Oh, Lord," Bill groaned miserably. "I'm sorry I started you thinking about all that again."

"But you didn't." Quietly Anita put away her damp little ball of handkerchief. "Only we have known each other a long time. We have been through a hell of a lot together. And we will always be friends. Was that what you meant?"



AT THE LAST DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB SHE HAD BEEN MUCH THE PRETTIEST GIRL THERE

Illustration by John LaGatta

by Thomas Boyd

A STORY OF CASUAL AND CAUSELESS DIVORCE THAT IS BECOMING SO COMMON IN AMERICA

His hand reached out toward her across the bed and he smiled. But his fingers clenched and his fist drew back again, for there was no longer intimacy with Anita, not since she had ceased to love him. "That is what I was trying to say: We'll always be friends, no matter what happens."

"Of course," said Anita, and echoed, "no matter what happens."

Again they were silent, clutching the thought of friendship, the one thing they had left of each other.

After a while Bill returned to his earlier question, "You don't want to tell me who it is?"

"I'd rather I didn't."

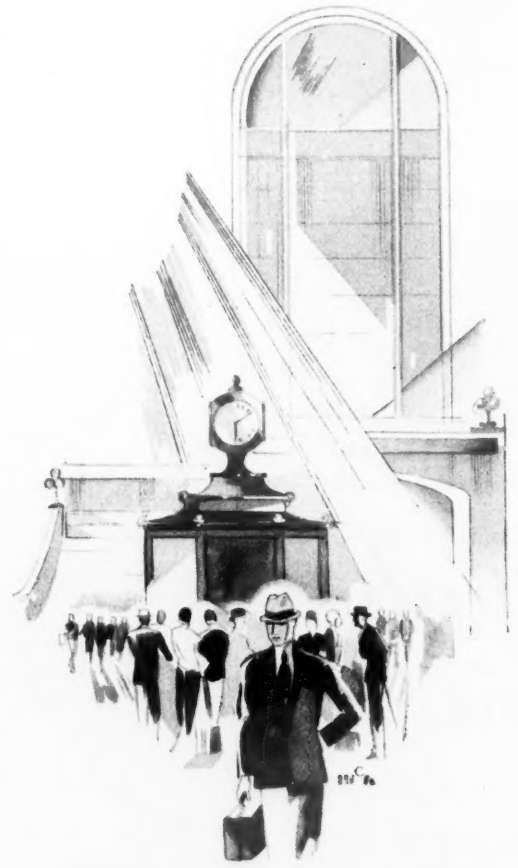
He scowled thoughtfully into the darkness. "Not Johnny?" Johnny was one of the young bachelors of the town and Anita had seen him frequently that summer.

"Heavens, no!" Her voice sounded as if she were mildly amused. "You'd never guess."

"No?" he asked sardonically. "It's Buster."

She started. "How did you know?"

"Well," he said slowly, not relishing his discovery, "when I see letters around with Philadelphia postmarks, but not addressed in your father's or mother's hand, and when you know only one person there—and that's Buster Johnston—and when on top of all this comes your statement that you don't love me and that you're thinking of a divorce, why then I naturally conclude ——"



"YES," she admitted, "it was stupid of me not to tear those letters up. But then you had never paid any attention to my mail."

"I couldn't very well help it," he defended himself, "when they were put right under my nose." He grieved a little, thinking of it now. "But why Buster?" he asked. "I thought that was finished—even before you married me."

She answered quietly, "I had to have somebody, Bill."

"You had me."

"When you were running around with Alexa Graves, meeting her in movies and goodness knows where else!"

He was hurt and embarrassed. "As long ago as that! But why didn't you marry him instead of marrying me?"

"Well," she said, "we had a misunderstanding." Pausing, she added, "Buster's very sweet."

"Very sweet," he repeated dryly. "I suppose so. At any rate we'll fix up the divorce. Might as well get it over with as soon as possible. I'll stay in town beginning tomorrow night." He hoped she would protest the suddenness of his decision, but she didn't.

She was silent. So was he. No more needed to be said. Stretching rigidly along the edge of the bed, he lay there while the solitary bullfrog by the edge of the pond reiterated its thirsty noise and while the heat pressed down heavily as before.

When he awoke that morning he felt as if he hadn't slept at all. Anita, he saw as he put on his bathrobe, was curled up on the farther side of the bed, her hand under her cheek and the ends of her blond hair lying wavily about her shoulders. She looked very young, almost childlike with her eyes closed, and for a moment he felt it was unfair to be leaving her. But it was what she wanted and she was, he knew, old enough to take care of herself. At any rate, he comforted himself, they were still friends and would remain so no matter what happened.

He went into the dressing room, where, after putting on his clothes, he quietly packed his suitcase and carried it down into the hall.

Breakfast was ready, he could tell from the smell of coffee; and going in to the dining room he sat down and slowly began to eat what he expected would be his last meal in his own house.

It was seven o'clock and the express which he usually took left the Greenwich station in half an hour. Always before, Anita had driven him to the train, but there was no reason why she should do it now. He went to the telephone and called Miller's taxi service, asking for a cab in fifteen minutes. Then he returned to breakfast.

He had begun his toast when his six-year-old daughter Annette, who had curly brown hair like his own, came in the dining room yawning in the sunlight and rubbing her grave blue eyes. He said, "Good morning, Annette."

She stretched her slender arms above her head and answered sleepily, "Good morning, daddy. Why is your suitcase out in the hall?"

Bill tried to appear jovially facetious, but his lips felt stiff. "Why is my suitcase out in the hall? Maybe that old Easter rabbit is still around here and carried it down when I wasn't looking." He became sober. "I'm going away for a while, Annette."

"Is mother going with you?"

"No," he told her, "she's going to stay with you. And I wish," he went on seriously, "you'd be a very, very good girl." He turned. Anita, dressed for the morning, came in and sat down at the table. Her eyes were clear and pleasant as always. Annette jumped down, went over to her and whispered:

"Mother ——"

"Yes, dear?"

"WILL you ask daddy to bring me a present when he comes back?"

Anita was disturbed. "Sh-h-h! I've told you it's not nice to ask for presents."

"But not even from daddy?"

Bill put his hands in his pockets and scowled at his coffee cup. "Sure you can ask me for presents, Annette," he said rapidly. "I'll send you lots of things. You can ask me for anything you want—always." He looked soberly at Anita. "Will you remember that too?"

Anita smiled. "Of course, Bill. Daddy's very nice, isn't he?" She hugged Annette, hiding her sudden emotion.

A car honked in the driveway. Bill stood up. "I called Miller's taxi," he explained. "No sense in your having to take me." Awkwardly he waited to say good-by.

"You needn't have done that," said Anita. "I'd have been rather glad to drive you down."

"Well?" He looked at her dubiously.

"Well?" she answered questioningly.

He went over and kissed Annette hurriedly. "'By, Annette." He held out his hand to Anita. "Friends—always!" he said, his voice both pleading and reassuring.

"Of course, Bill." She smiled a little mistily. "Always!" Suddenly she got up and swiftly kissed him, and afterward his cheek felt wet.

"'By," he muttered and went out to the taxi with his suitcase.

He reached the Greenwich station with the last rush of commuters and, as usual, looked for a seat in one of the forward cars so as to save time by being near the gates when the train arrived at the Grand Central Terminal. Walking up the aisle he was stopped by a hand on his arm and a voice saying, "Hello, Bill." It was George Dawes. He sat down with him.

George Dawes asked, "Going to stay in town tonight?"

Bill nodded.

"What are you going to see?" George inquired.

Bill felt like saying that he would probably spend most of the night looking at the four walls and ceiling of some hotel room. He answered, "Haven't decided yet—what's good?"

"Well," George told him, "there are only two shows in town that'll make you forget the heat. One of them is June Moon, which is sort of funny and sort of sad; and the other's Sweet Adeline. Irene Franklin does some of the most wistful comedy in it you ever saw. I thought it was great and Molly did too." George Dawes lived half a mile from Bill in the country; his wife often played bridge with Anita and, like her, was a member of the Garden Club.

SADNESS and wistfulness were not for Bill's present mood, no matter how brightly they were set off by comedy. Attempting enthusiasm, he said, "Sweet Adeline sounds great."

"You'll like it. Anita coming in later?"

"No," Bill answered slowly, "I guess not."

Curiosity gleamed out of George Dawes' eyes. Then he commented, as if that explained Bill's stay in town alone, "Well, it's certainly a lot cooler in the country."

Bill agreed, "It's hot enough in town, all right."

They separated in the Grand Central Terminal. Bill started toward a hotel near by, but thinking of the stuffiness of all city hotels in summer and of the fact that he would want a place for some time, he turned back and checked his suitcase at the parcel desk. That evening, he decided, he could find an apartment or something to stay in.

At his office he set resolutely to work and was soon absorbed in the routine of the day, but when five o'clock came he was suddenly lonely. For every associate of his, from old Mr. Greer, the president, whose chauffeur drove him every night out to his house on Long Island, down to Miss Edna Murch, Bill's secretary, whose young man called for her each evening, had somewhere definite to go. But he had none. He realized that keenly when the office emptied.

The streets were sultry and crowded when he left his building. Under his arm were the classified sections of two papers he had bought earlier in the day to mark the For Rent columns. Now he looked at them again. One place was advertised as a rear apartment overlooking a garden. It was on Eighth Street near the edge of Greenwich Village, but the garden made it appeal to him. And walking toward a Fifth Avenue bus, the pavement baking the soles of his shoes, he knew he would take it no matter what it was like, because the sight of grass and trees would make it a little reminiscent of his own place in the country.

Shown by the landlady up four flights of stairs to two back rooms with kitchenette and bath, he walked to the window and stood looking at a green rectangular plot which belonged in common to the narrow brick buildings surrounding it. There were several trees and some flowered paths. "I'll take it," he said.

After a lonely dinner uptown he returned with his suitcase. There was little ventilation in the apartment. The rooms were hot and breathless, without the occasional breeze which there was in the country; it was sweltering when he went to sleep and when he awoke he wondered if, on every hot night, he would remember Anita's voice beginning that long conversation which had ended their life together.

On the following day he worked uninterruptedly till the middle of the afternoon. But then he began to feel in advance

(Continued on Page 211)

The Climb

By MARY GARDEN

I NEVER kept a criticism. I own no scrapbooks because I have always disregarded what people have said of me. Somewhere deep within myself was a knowledge that no one anywhere, at any time, could sway or color or interfere with my life by anything they said or thought.

But years ago a man whose genius I admired and whose friendship I valued said this, and perhaps the only reason I docketed it in my memory was, it explained me better than all the brochures and articles in the world.

"She has no underlying intent. She has but one impulse—an aim that bases itself purely on beauty that comes with exquisite presentation. People call what she does an art. Give it what name they please. It is life seen in all its meaning, only more intensely, more completely, more spiritedly, with more clear-cut exactness, as though one were watching it through lenses cut of crystal. There the business of existence begins and ends for her."

Could anyone, in half a dozen lines, tell more simply or more perfectly of a desire and its accomplishment?

I never was aware as a child that I had an aim, because when we are young we are all of us imperfectly acquainted with what we want. I have always thought there are elements of greatness in every human being, and when that greatness is given the execution to arrive—no one really is aware of the steps that brought him—they come so stealthily, sometimes quite unsought, sometimes heavily bargained for.

They remind me of those impressive lines over the New York post office:

> Neither storms nor rain nor heat nor snow nor gloom of night stays these couriers in the swift completion of their appointed rounds.

Now there you have it!

Unlike most people in the world, I have never been concerned with a far-distant future; the movement of the immediate moment has been all that has occupied me; and I am going to tell you a provable truth: If you fill that with sixty seconds' worth of distance run, you'll find the second minute will take care of itself, borrowed from the activity of the first.

I remember distinctly when I came to France to study. I was taken there by Mme. Robinson Duff, who had been my singing teacher in Chicago, and who accompanied me to see that I was properly placed. My first glimpse of Paris was at three o'clock in the morning. The whole enchantment of the city was wrapped up in huge gray chiffon veils of morning mist, and the ancient buildings rose out of the folds like great granite emanations of beauty. Our cab was making the approach toward one of them—a building much decorated that looked like a personage with a very grand manner—when Mme. Duff said, "That is the Opéra, and that is the place you will some day sing."

I remember looking at it quite casually. It never moved me or thrilled me. I was not anticipating what was going to happen in the months ahead; my concern was entirely with the present. I had come to Paris to study, to learn French, and all that was vital to me now was in my immediate surroundings.

The name of Paris is more than French—it is European. It is more than European—it is universal, and therein lies its secret.

Paris! Paris, and I was young. The swift blood that races the veins of youth comes from what it can touch and what fills the eyes. It was meant that I should see her so—just so—in an early morning ride through her cobblestoned streets, past the back of the Madeleine, where the venders were unpacking the high-filled flower carts; past the curious old vegetable wagons piled with carrots, beets and onions; past the impressive nobility of the Place de la Concorde, where the statues of the cities of France sat in isolated majesty. The only one that seemed to live for me was Strasbourg, and with my dramatic mind it naturally would, covered in black moire as it was, with torn bands of crêpe and tricolored ribbons, a sign, a tribute that there are certain things man refuses to forget. Such is the Gaul. Emotional and passionate. It was meant that I should hear her so—just so—full of the night noises that are the romance of Paris, the tremendous swinging hum that came from her deep and resting throat, the beauty, the bewildering, stirring beauty of her—all of it that Charpentier caught with such startling realism in his opera Louise.

That ride! It always stands apart in my thought as an event holding some design. It bore the fruit of so gripping an imprint, so sure and faithful an impression, that ever after no crowded movement of life could rob me of it. And when the opportunity came which the world has called sensational and dramatic, and I was given the Charpentier opera without notice or preparation, it was not difficult, because that morning Paris and Louise and the soul of France were one.

Nowhere in the universe has a land so captured the passion and intrigue of what has gone before and held with so tight a clutch as has that of France. It is full of the tumult and clamor of everything that was put into the world—its torment, its grandeur, its beauty, its pain. I was wrapped in ecstasy from that moment, and the ecstasy has never left me.

"Mary, Mary. Sing the Five Little Buttercups," my mother would say, putting me before an admiring audience when I was four. And I would put up my little hand to my head and sing at the top of my voice, because, you see, I love to sing and to act more than anything on earth. Each time I sang it I always did it differently. That was in Aberdeen, Scotland, where I was born.

I had three sisters, who played with dolls and couldn't understand why I scorned them. I loathed playing with dolls.

Photographic Effects by Richard T. Dooner

On the opposite page, surrounding the picture of Mary Garden when she was but five, are Mary Garden as Gismonda, at the piano, in her new opera Resurrection, with her sisters Amy and Agnes, and Mary Garden's mother.

Above, in the center, Mary Garden when she made her debut as Louise. Reading from left to right are four people who greatly influenced Miss Garden's life — Sybil Sanderson; Albert Carré, director of the Opéra Comique; André Messager, chef d'orchestre of the Opéra Comique; and Gustave Charpentier, author of Louise.

I was constantly acting, making up little plays, walking through my own mind with my own adventures, of which I was always the heroine, adventures that were tragic and awful. Tame events couldn't get in the front door of my thought. I would lay myself out in an attitude of death, draped over the doorsill, so when my sisters entered they would trip over my dead body. Such screams! I translated everything about me, every incident I saw, into terms of drama, and sometimes if I could catch my family in a yielding mood, would act what had pinned itself to my consciousness. I'll say this much for them: Sometimes they sat as earnestly as they do today when they watch me work.

I had a wonderful grandmother. What depth, breadth, height and beauty of character! Had she lived in an age when women were permitted to do things, she would have moved the world. She had the heart of a fighter and the force and honesty that go with the stark Scotch temperament. Her face was Scotland itself, fine and simple in its rugged dignity. The ruggedness was redeemed by a deep understanding. She understood all that was going on in that restless body of mine, and when the others looked askance and taunted me as some queer anomaly because I refused to join their silly make-believe of dolls and tame games, she would say to them, "Leave the bairn alone!"

She bore somewhere about her body the accent of genius; just where I never knew, but it branded everything she did. One of the last memories I have of her is reciting Robert Burns in a masterly way when she was eighty. Whole pages of it. She could put what the French call "style" in delivery with as much manner and flair as any great actress. I have often wondered just how much of her I appropriated.

When about six years of age we all moved to America and our final destination became Chicago. It was here I grew up. There was nothing, not a thing, to remember in those early days that was not like other young lives. One slept, and ate, and obeyed, and disobeyed. "A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance . . . a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing . . . a time to rend and a time to sew," and there it was just as in the day of Ecclesiastes. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven."

I studied the piano and nearly drove my family insane by practicing on it with intense application and devotion six hours a day because I was madly in love with my music teacher. I could get no response from him, and although I was in perfect health, I managed to faint dead away at his feet one day in the hopes he would take me in his arms. He never did. I picked myself up and soon after closed the piano for good. As I remember him, he looked like The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Some interval between, a very young girl sang in a church choir. She was engaged because the musical committee decided her "voice was lovely and fresh and pure in quality." That young girl was myself.

Then my father arranged for me to take vocal lessons of Sarah Robinson Duff, and at one of the early student recitals in which I took part in Chicago some critic wrote: "We can't exactly say what this young girl had on the stage last night, but it was something that troubled us."

I have always remembered his words because I wondered what I had that troubled him.

After all, it is only when we begin to do things with our lives that the important point of memory commences. My mother and myself had always had the same dream—that of studying in Paris, and when Madame Duff informed us a contact had been made that resulted in an arrangement that permitted me to go there, we were all breathless. Breathless with the stir, breathless with the excitement, I never caught my breath from the second that knowledge came to me until I arrived in France.

Madame Duff now took me the rounds of the great maestros of Paris, those gods that can seat or unseat you with their methods. There wasn't one I would give my throat to. This is where the young student makes his first mistake. I cannot be too emphatic on this point which takes years to rectify. He is so blinded, so mesmerized by the reputation, the celebrity of the maestro, he never stops to analyze the important and all-absorbing question: "Is that instructor good for me, good for my temperament, good for my own particular brand of voice?"

They may teach with the authority of a renowned artist, they may have molded and kneaded some of the most famous voices on the operatic stage, and yet they may be bad for you.

I have in mind a great and unique personality, one of the most celebrated opera singers in the world who, on his retirement, became a teacher. He had the *tendresse* and enchantment of the French; so much charm and magnetism never have I seen turned on the world in one human being. He sang with a sparkling, gemlike quality, and with great style and manner.

His style was so fine that, even after his voice was going, he gave such a brilliant presentation it would raise you from your seat. He had no ability whatsoever to convey what he

(Continued on Page 70)

The Scourge

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrated by Robert L. Dickey and W. Emerton Heitland

THE PUPPY HAD DISCOVERED THE WOOD BOX AND CARRIED HALF A BUSHEL OF CHIPS AND DEPOSITED THEM UNDER AND AROUND THE LUNCHERS' WRAPS ON THE GUEST-ROOM BED

WHEN the black catastrophe burst upon the Grays—when everything all at once was impossibly horrible and the many-breeded Chips was wholly and solely to blame for the whole ghastly business—Ethel Gray said to Paul, her husband, with a hideous calmness:

"That is the dog you've been promising me solemnly you'd get rid of, for the past two years."

There was no answer. There was nothing to be said, no merry or cutting retort. Repartee is a splendid anchor in a matrimonial gale. But when the ship has gone down, an anchor is of no special use. The Grays' ship had been blown up and then had been sunk beyond soundings. All by Chips—all by the mongrel dog that Paul Gray had not gotten rid of.

Though he said nothing in his own defenseless defense, Paul could remember a day when Ethel herself had been wont to hail Chips as "You precious puppy!" A lapse of time had followed. Then she had taken to addressing the erstwhile precious puppy as "You Scourge!" And now ——

The Grays lived in a pretty street in the prettier suburb of Lothian. Paul drew a good salary. He and his wife moved in a good set. Sometimes the financial going was a bit hard by reason of the need for keeping up with friends slightly better off than themselves and from the yearly growing expense of the Grays' yearly growing children. There were three of these children. Junior, the eldest, was ten. Ginevra, the baby, was four.

The occasional pinch of expenses did not sadden Paul to any vast extent. Not only had he eternal optimism but he had solid cause for that optimism.

The cause was Miss Ginevra Garrod—of The Philadelphia Garrods—one of the richest single women in Pennsylvania. Paul Gray was her nephew, her only near relative on earth. From boyhood he had been adored and spoiled by her in her stern fashion. She was aged and fragile, for all her stout spirit. She could not live many years longer, at best—or worst. Her half-yearly visits to the Grays were a nerve-shaking ordeal for everybody. But they were big with golden promise.

Two years earlier a starved and incredibly dirty stray mongrel puppy had wandered into the Tredway garden, next door. Mrs. Tredway was the social arbiter of Lothian. On her capricious frown or smile hung many a young matron's local career. She was supervising the planting of some *Lilium auratum* borders when the pup cantered sidewise into the garden and frisked up to her.

TOUCHED by the little mongrel's gayety and evil plight, Mrs. Tredway had ordered him washed and fed. Even when a disgruntled houseman had scoured him for twenty minutes, the puppy did not look like much. Mrs. Tredway was at a loss what to do with him. Such a dog as he gave promise of developing into is not a prepossessing sight on the lawn of a house like the Tredways'.

Junior Gray solved the problem by stopping on his way home from school and staring admiringly over the boundary hedge at the capering mutt. In a flash of true inspiration Mrs. Tredway presented the wet and new-fed pup to Junior.

The boy was enraptured. Triumphantly he bore the gift indoors for his mother's approval. Ethel Gray knew little of dogs. But she knew much of social climbing. When this wriggling morsel of caninity should grow to stately mature beauty, it would be monstrous pleasant to call attention to him when friends dropped in and to say carelessly:

"Yes, he is a beauty, isn't he? Claire Tredway gave him to us. I always think she has such rare taste in gifts, don't you? Oh, yes, she's our next-door neighbor. Didn't you know that? She's forever giving wonderful presents to the few people she really loves. I often say to her: 'Claire, you're so generous you almost make me ashamed of being your most intimate friend!'"

That kind of thing.

Yes, Junior could keep the dog. Indeed he could. Ethel was going upstairs at once to write a note of thanks to the big-hearted donor. And wouldn't Marmion be a sweet name for him?

But Marmion was not the name saddled on the young mongrel. He earned his own name, the very day after his arrival at the Grays', and while he was still investigating his new abode and experimenting with its possibilities.

Mrs. Gray was giving a luncheon—a meal whereat she contrived with no effort at all to bring in the tale of dear Claire Tredway's present of a super-costly registered dog. The puppy, meanwhile, for no sane reason fathomable to mere humans, had discovered the living-room wood box and had carried from its kindling compartment no fewer than half a bushel of chips—laboriously and one by one—and had deposited them with loving care on and under and around the lunchers' wraps on the guest-room bed.

Then, amid the hard-carried trophies, he cuddled down to sleep on a broadtail coat, first yanking it to the floor by its sable collar. There the guests and the aghast hostess found the "super-costly registered dog" when the hour came for departure. By that time he was awake and was sitting on the rumpled coat, scratching fleas.

Paul Gray laughed coarsely at his wife's tale of the humiliating exploit; and he nicknamed its perpetrator "Chips." The name stuck.

That was the beginning. Chips grew apace. With his physical growth grew also that queer twist of mentality which had caused him to desecrate the guest room in such idotic style on the day after his arrival. Junior reveled in his comradeship. So did the two other children. Paul used to grin with secret appreciation at his crazy actions and mental processes. Ethel, presently, loathed the dog.

Had Chips been acquired in any other and less-sacred way than through Mrs. Tredway, Ethel would have insisted that he be given away or drowned before Junior had owned him for a month. But there were obstacles. Chips was still a social asset, a seeming proof of the close intimacy between herself and the Tredways. Moreover, Mrs. Tredway used to stop one or another of the Grays in the street, now and then, to inquire amusedly after the poor hungry pup she had succored and for which she had found such a nice home.

CHIPS' SHORT LEGS SPURNED THE FROZEN EARTH IN HIS FRENZIED TWO-MILE GALLOP FOR HOME

It would never do to let the giver know that her carelessly bestowed offering had been discarded. Nobody could tell just how Mrs. Tredway would take such news. Less flagrant slights against her benevolences had lost for other Lothian women the light of her countenance. And Ethel was still climbing. When dear Aunt Ginevra Garrod should die, things would be different. But until then ——

Meanwhile, Chips was having a glorious time. The pleasure was all his.

HE WOULD have been an inspired war dog. He had a fixed habit of finding things anywhere and everywhere and of bringing them home; also of transferring home things meticulously from one place to another. He could have been trained with absurd ease to such front-line duties as liaison work and message bearing. But in the approximately piping times of peace his talents were worse than wasted. For instance:

It was the night of the Grays' much-planned dinner dance. Mrs. Tredway and her husband were overwhelmingly present. At any function involving so many trillion all-important details something always is forgotten. This time it was the switching on of the moonlight-globe porch lamp.

The last but one of the dinner guests had arrived. The late-comer was portly old Judge Zabriskie, all-needful to Paul in business and to both the Grays in social life. Wherefore, dinner was held until his arrival.

His car halted at last under the porte-cochère. His ponderous tread was heard on the veranda steps and then on the porch itself. Before the temporary butler could swing wide the door to admit him, there was a scrambling sound followed by an oath-fringed crash; then the crescendo bumpety-*bumpety*-BUMP of a heavy body coasting down the porch steps onto the front walk.

Followed a bare half-second of silence; then a gush of fervid language.

Formality was forgotten. Host and hostess and guests surged to the front door. Paul Gray, slightly in advance, noted the veranda light was not switched

on. He punched its button, illuminating all the nearer scene with a soft radiance.

At the foot of the steps Judge Zabriskie was hoisting himself to his feet. He was a horrible sight—partly by reason of having clutched at a huge earth-filled jardinière and having carried it along in his fall, partly from an assortment of non-earthy foreign matter which smeared his garments.

Chips, shut out from the party, had used his leisurely exile in rooting the top off the full garbage can and in bearing its sloppy contents, article by article, to the veranda and to its steps. Judge Zabriskie's groping foot had chanced to plant itself on the rind of a Christmas melon. The other guests, in the gloom, had been lucky enough to steer clear of the can's strewn contents. Or else Chips had put most of the stuff there in the interval before the judge's late advent.

In any event, the tastefully furnished veranda was gruesome to behold. So was Judge Zabriskie. During his bumpy descent of the steps the judge had amassed almost as much garbage as had Chips. The stately jurist's language was worse than his aspect.

If Mrs. Tredway had not been in the throng of doorway-peering guests, Ethel would have pronounced Chips' death warrant, then and there. As it was, she forced herself to gobble something about gay puppyish spirits and to hope dear Judge Zabriskie was not badly hurt.

But, after a slumberless night, she determinedly gave Paul her ultimatum: Chips must go.

SHE had figured out how it might be done without rousing Mrs. Tredway's wrath or even her suspicions. Paul was to drive over to Garth, nineteen miles distant, taking Chips along with him proudly on the front seat of the car. At or beyond Garth the dog was to be dumped out into the road, and Paul was to drive home at top speed. The tale was to go forth that Chips had leaped from the seat of the car during a halt and had vanished. A fake search was to be instituted. Advertisements, offering a fabulous sum for his return, were to be inserted in the local weekly. Mrs. Tredway could suspect nothing after all that effort to recover her gift.

Paul did not like the task. He had acquired an unwilling fondness for the cur. The farther he drove, the less he liked the idea of throwing his gayly trustful little seatmate into the wintry road and leaving him to starve or to the mercy of a dog-catcher's net. Yet he drove on to Garth, and a mile or so farther. But, perhaps through absentmindedness, he failed to lift Chips down from the seat until they were on a familiar street within a quarter of a mile of home.

Then Paul drove on to the station, to catch his morning train to the city. That night he expressed most convincing amaze at learning that Chips had returned to the Gray domicile long before midmorning.

"It shows what a miraculous homing sense the dog has!" he commented. "Ran all those nineteen miles and never once missed his road! No use trying to get rid of him like that again. He'd always find his way back. But I'll think out some trick of doing it. I promise you that, dear; so don't worry."

Paul was as good as his word. Two or three other nontraceable schemes for losing the hated Chips were evolved in gradual succession by Ethel and were zealously carried out by her husband. But they failed—all for similar reasons as had the first plan. As failure followed failure Paul began to wonder morbidly if Ethel were not somehow beginning to lose her wifely faith in him. But he liked Chips.

Christmas came. With it drew near the semiannual fortnight of Miss Ginevra Garrod's visit.

THRICE had Miss Garrod visited the Grays since Chips joined their once-happy family group. The old lady had a horror of all dogs, a horror amounting almost to obsession. As a child she had sought to dislodge with a rake a savage farm hound from under some steps. He had bitten her cruelly, when the rake teeth scored his mangy back. She had spent weeks in hourly terror of hydrophobia. Since then the very sight of a dog was enough to wrench her iron old nerves into a strong semblance of hysterics.

Accordingly, just before her visits, Paul had always taken Chips to a boarding kennel, two miles down the Lothian Turnpike, and had left him there until after Miss Garrod's departure. It was a simple solution. Thither, Gray had made arrangements to take the dog again, just before this forthcoming visit.

For Christmas Miss Garrod sent her nephew and Ethel a joint check of very moderate size—she was averse to foolish expenditure—and sent nonthrilling gifts of a modest value and more modest desirability to the two older children. But, to her namesake godchild, little Ginevra, Miss Garrod sent a truly beautiful Christmas present. Ginevra was the old lady's one weakness, her one adoration. Always she let economy go by the board when it was a question of buying anything for the youngest Gray child.

For this Christmas she sent Ginevra an exquisite snowy ermine coat with big and fluffy white-fox collar and cuffs. The coat had cost nearer a thousand dollars than five hundred; and it looked it. Ginevra, with her rosy face and pale gold hair, was breath-catchingly beautiful in it.

Ethel sat down the morning after Christmas and wrote Miss Garrod a tearfully grateful letter of thanks—and had the unwilling Ginevra place a line of kisses at the bottom of the last page. Then Ethel laid out the peerless coat on the guest-room bed, to have it all ready for Ginevra to wear to a children's party that afternoon.

Ginevra did not wear the coat to the party.

Chips, roaming upstairs from a nap in the cellar coalbin, glanced in at the open door of the room and saw the white drift of ermine on the bed.

From the first Chips had displayed the odd mania for furs of all kinds which is shared by so many house dogs. As witness his treatment of the broadtail-and-sable coat he had found on this very bed, two years ago.

Never in all his misspent life had Chips felt his heart and his possessive yearnings go out to anything as now they did to this soft and snowy ermine garment. At first sniff, he decided once and for all that it belonged to him and that henceforth it was to be his dearest plaything and his bed. Daintily he tugged it to the floor. Then he trailed it behind him downstairs and out into the back yard.

There, after frantic search, it was found, by the merest chance. Chip was fast asleep, his coal-dusty body cuddled deep into its crumpled depths.

That night Paul bent before the awful wrath of his wife, as might a sapling before a cyclone. Chips must go. He must be destroyed or otherwise disposed of, even if Mrs. Tredway should cut the whole Gray family in consequence, for the rest of their lives.

Paul reminded her that in less than a week the dog was to be sent to the boarding kennels for the fortnight of Miss Garrod's stay and that they could work out in the interim some permanent way to divest themselves of his presence. The man was playing for time, and luckily he had a few weeks of time to play for.

The precious ermine coat was sent to the best cleaner available, along with all manner of instructions. In a few days it came home again, looking almost as new as before. Scowling at Chips as he danced appreciatively around her and leered lovingly up at the coveted garment, Ethel hung the coat in a closet and shut the door on it with a slam; in fact, she shut it with so vicious a slam that the hasp did not catch.

THE ill-treated door rebounded open a few inches. But Ethel did not see this. Not daring to trust her temper if she should stay longer in the same room with The Scourge, she stamped out.

Ten minutes later, as she started for a luncheon, she all but collided with Chips. The dog was returning from a neighborhood canter, during which he had been exhibiting to all and sundry his dearest possession. Behind him, through slush and mud, trailed the ermine coat. Its collar was slightly torn, from the tug he had given in yanking it down.

That same day, Ethel went into the city herself to take the coat to the cleaner. Miss Garrod's visit was but a week off. The coat must be at home, and in as much as possible of its first loveliness, before the old lady should arrive. Should Miss Garrod learn of the treatment her several-hundred-dollar present had received . . .

But Miss Garrod did not. The ermine coat came back from the cleaner's, in tolerable shape, the day before the guest's advent. On the day before the coat's return Chips had been taken to the boarding kennels, two miles away. All was serene. All was safe. All was set for the momentous visit—the visit which had entailed more and costlier planning than had Christmas itself.

Everyone was happy. Everyone except Chips. Chips loathed the boarding kennels. Always he was desperately homesick during his two-week imprisonments there.

Perhaps Harun-al-Rashid, deigning to visit some satrap or pasha who depended on him for office and for life itself, may have been received with as much reverent ardor as was Miss Ginevra Garrod on her arrival at the Grays'.

There was an air of adulation, tinged with rapture, in the greetings bestowed on the guest by Ethel and Paul and the two older children. Little Ginevra alone was not gushy. Though she was only four years old, Ginevra had learned to detest the mingled cosseting and disciplining which her doting great-aunt bestowed on her, and to shrink from the array of large and prominent teeth which were so like tombstones and which were so strongly in evidence when Miss Garrod kissed her.

MISS GARROD accepted the worshipful welcome with stiff graciousness, recognizing it as her due. She was loftily benign in response to the mental genuflections of her hosts. She criticized Ethel's housekeeping; and she asked Paul awkward questions as to his business and what percentage of his income he managed to invest. She set the enthusiastic elder children calmly in their place; and she talked creaky and frightening baby talk to the shrinking Ginevra.

A somewhat large and more than somewhat ostentatious dinner party was given in Miss Garrod's honor, on the night after her arrival. The guests had been chosen wisely. They included the Tredways. Some few of the lesser invitees had even been coached.

Miss Garrod sailed into the drawing-room with a formal grace

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MISS GARROD ACCEPTED THE WORSHIPFUL WELCOME WITH STIFF GRACIOUSNESS, RECOGNIZING IT AS HER DUE

OH, GOLDEN FIREFLY, AT NIGHT I SAW
YOUR GLEAM,
INTO MY DARK SOUL YOU DRIFTED LIKE
A DREAM.
OH, LOVELY FIREFLY, LEAD ME NOT AFAR,
MY HEART IS WAITING FOR MY GOLDEN
STAR!

Forgotten Firefly

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

THEY still sing the famous Firefly Song in the cabarets of Panama. The orchestras of blasé black men still play it under dim, tinted lights where the gliding figures of white-clad Naval officers and pastel-gowned women make a dreamy, everchanging kaleidoscope of movement and color. Sometimes a seasoned habitué of the place hums it under his breath—a breath rather heavy with spirituous aroma—and stops for a moment, remembering the girl who first sang it there.

Yes, they still play the slow, seductive Firefly Song in the cabarets of Panama. But she who made it famous, for whom it was a symbol of her own golden beauty and who took it for a name—she is forgotten utterly. Fireflies are for the night. No one remembers them in the prosaic brilliance of the day.

Once upon a time her name had been something else—just what, it does not matter. A dull name, as unfitted to the fairy princess quality of her beauty as was the Web Cabaret to the fastidiousness of her mind and body. The other girls, entertainers of the typical chorus variety, hated her, and gave as their reason that she was "high hat." It was an unjust accusation—as they themselves knew. Firefly was not high hat, she was only—different. Different in a way that they resented the more because it was so marked, yet so intangible.

Her hair was gold—really gold. Not with that tarnished luster which the God of Peroxide grants to his devotees, nor the gaudier brilliance that is to be gained through certain beauty-parlor rites. It was soft and shimmery as finely spun silk, with just enough natural wave to make it lie in enchantingly irregular waves about the creamy whiteness of her forehead and cheeks, and to coil in a simple yet ravishing knot at the back of her shapely neck. Her eyes, too, were almost golden, and shaded by long brown lashes that looked black against the contrasting whiteness of her skin. Once upon a time they must have been little-girl eyes, that looked out upon the world as a place of romance and enchantment. Some of that look was still left in them; but it was veiled now behind a transparent curtain of watchfulness.

THE other girls hated her because she would not talk—at least not their way of talking. They squabbled blasphemously among themselves, and knew one another's unsavory love secrets. Firefly kept to herself in the daytime, finding a pleasure incomprehensible to them in visiting the old churches and ruins of the picturesque city, and at night she went through her number with a light, effortless enjoyment that they strove artificially to attain. Their voices were harsh, studied. Hers was filled with a rich magnetism that lifted it far above the necessities of the place.

Louis Delaguardia, proprietor of the Web Cabaret, was part French, part Spanish, and with a "touch of the tar brush" that revealed itself in his kinky black hair that no amount of unguents could make sleek and straight. Sometimes he was nicknamed The Spider; and there were tales told about him and his methods that furnished just that dash of spice and menace that the questing tourist loves to encounter.

The long room, always dimly lighted, was hung with silver webs, across which revolving lights of green, and red, and blue, and purple flung a glamorous, intoxicating illusion of space and fantasy. The tables were ornamented with rose-shaded lamps that dotted the semidarkness like luminous flowers in a subterranean garden. It was quite easy, even without the imaginative stimulus of a whisky-and-soda, to think of Louis Delaguardia as a spider; dark, cold-eyed, motionless, as if forever waiting. Most of all he looked like that when the girl known as Firefly was singing. Hair of gold, wispy costume of sheer, golden tissue that revealed the whiteness of her throat and arms, and slender dryad limbs. . . .

On a certain night that she was never to forget, he was waiting for her outside her dressing-room door. She started slightly, as she always did when she encountered him suddenly like that. When he was near her the air always seemed to be saturated with something psychically poisonous, so that breathing was difficult. She forced herself to smile at him. But her golden eyes were watchful—there was a little frightened dilation of the pupils that she could not control.

"Jus' a minute, Firefly ——" his voice had a slurred, husky quality curiously unpleasant, "as a special favor to me, I want you to be veree nice to a gentleman to whom I shall introduce you after your number. He is a stranger here, a frien' of a frien' of mine, and I desire to be pleasan' to heem—you will do this for me?"

She hesitated.

"No dancing with drunks, Louis. I won't do that."

He waved away the idea with Latin-American volubility.

"No, no, no! Only to sit at hees table and order champagne, and talk to heem because he is lonely. You will?"

FIREFLY nodded, anxious to get away from him. Besides, she was conscious that she should be grateful that he spared her the unpleasant duties of entertaining men far gone in disgusting inebriation. She always tried to please him; sometimes she went through her number seven, eight, nine times in a night, finishing only when the last bleary-eyed patron had staggered forth into the cool, palm-fringed Panama dawn. The extra work never mattered to her. The whole experience was one whose tawdry side she had schooled herself to ignore; keeping in mind only that she was saving money, saving it zealously toward a certain purpose that she had never revealed to any of the girls, or to Louis Delaguardia.

"I'll be very nice to him," she promised gayly. "I'll wear my princess gown of gold cloth, and you can introduce me as the Duchess of Taboga."

Something black and hot suddenly burned in the man's dark, centerless eyes. He took a step toward her.

"Firefly!" His voice was only a whisper. "Why don' you be nice to *me?* Eh?"

The smile faded abruptly from her lips. A queer, giddy sensation of coldness shook her body. But her eyes did not waver, or turn aside. Little-girl eyes, with a hard, transparent curtain of watchfulness ——

"I always expect to be, Louis," she was able to say, deliberately misinterpreting the meaning of his words. "I want my—work—to please you."

The opening measures of the Firefly Song saved her from further conversation. The long, crowded room beyond was silent with expectancy, for her appearance was always a feature of the night's entertainment. The lights were extinguished now, and the electrician from the balcony had touched the switch that controlled the cloud effects. The walls, the ceiling, the waxen polished dance floor, were

suddenly blotted out, dissolved into a great, cool, cloud-swept night in which one could almost catch the awakened fragrance of flowers and the breathing of grass and dew-drenched leaves. The circling swing of the projected clouds caught the high-hung, glass-mosaicked lanterns, and flung sensuous, iridescent flecks of crimson and purple across the milky whiteness of the magically created sky. An oval spot of yellow brilliance, cast down like a giant topaz at the foot of the orchestra's platform—and then, Firefly herself. A slender, elfin figure in gold tissue with transparent wings of glinting gauze, golden hair, white dryad limbs, and a voice ethereally young ——

"Oh, golden firefly, at night I saw your gleam,
Into my dark soul you drifted like a dream. . . ."

Louis Delaguardia stood silently, his face lost in the shadow, only the whites of his eyes betraying the motionless, spiderlike quality of his presence.

ANOTHER shadow suddenly slipped up beside him. Another face was dimly visible, a face much like his own, with a blending of racial types overlaid with a darkness that was neither Spanish nor French.

Louis Delaguardia spoke out of the side of his mouth, scarcely moving his lips.

"Well, *que dice?* How much does he carry?"

"Enough to make it worth our while," the other answered in the same almost inaudible tone. "But he is no simpleton, that one—I think someone has told him to have a care for his money at the Web. He sent one drink back, saying that the whisky was bad. It was that glass into which I had put the drops ——"

He shrugged ruefully.

Louis Delaguardia's eyes had never moved from the golden, swaying figure in the patch of light.

"Patience," he said under his breath. "Go back and put the '*medicina*' in a bottle of champagne. He will not notice it this time—wait for my signal."

Half an hour later he was still in the hallway when Firefly, in a daring yet utterly perfect gown of cloth of gold, emerged from her dressing room. Her long, dazzling hair was coifed as she always wore it, coiled simply at the nape of her neck. There was a slender chain about her white throat. It seemed impossible that this was not a princess of the blood royal. It was in her speech, her manner. Louis Delaguardia felt a surge of hatred under the hotness of his desire. It would be good to humble this hauteur, to trample upon this cool, defiant, golden young thing.

"I am ready, Louis," she said

THERE was a murmur of applause when she appeared among the closely crowded tables, following in Louis' wake.

"There she is—the Firefly."

White-clad men looked after her with open admiration. Pastel-colored women tried to stare at her with detached contempt, but their eyes could not quite veil the envy in them. Only a cabaret girl, of course—you knew what she was—but such beauty—it did not seem quite fair.

Firefly saw them all as dotted, unimportant faces, like pebbles scattered among the blooming of the crimson, luminous flowers that were the table lamps. She bent her head in recognition of the greetings, smiled impersonally as some man caught at her hand, murmured "Later" to someone who begged for a dance.

Then Louis had paused before a table set on the very edge of the polished dance floor. And she found herself looking up into the face of a man who had risen at their approach—a tall young man, whose tanned face contrasted sharply with the white-linen suit he wore; whose eyes, gray-blue and deep-set, gave her a queer sensation of waking from sleep. He had rusty-brown hair that curled slightly over his forehead. Her fixed, faint smile faded abruptly. She, who had looked at all men impersonally, found herself staring at him with an almost startled recognition of him as a personality—a man—a friend.

"Firefly," Louis' husky, slurred voice was making the casual cabaret introduction, "this is my frien', Mister Graves ——"

"Frederick Graves," the tall young chap supplied.

His voice was like the rest of him. It had a strong, vital quality.

Frederick! Unaccountably Firefly thrilled to the sound of it. It was like a brisk northern breeze in a surfeit of somnolent Latin sunshine.

She did not often shake hands with the men to whom Louis introduced her. But now she put out her hand, and felt it enveloped by his—a firm, warm touch, strangely satisfying.

Louis drifted away, still smiling. A negro waiter hovered beside the table.

"Champagne?" said Frederick Graves. He took it as a matter of course that she would sit with him. Ordinarily, men pled for this signal honor. Firefly nodded, and sank down into the chair he placed for her. The queer, waking sensation was almost terrifying. What had happened? she wondered. She suddenly felt inane, stupid. She, who was accustomed to overawing men by her remoteness, felt as if a strong rope was pulling her nearer—nearer—and she had not even a desire to struggle against it.

HE WAS looking at her across the small table, with its luminous red flower blooming from the white-cloth circle. She realized suddenly that he was even younger than he had seemed at first. There was an appealing, boyish quality behind his strength and vitality.

"Do you know," he said with a hint of wonder in his tone, "I almost didn't come here tonight? I don't go in much for places like—like ——"

He stopped, abashed at the unspoken inference. But Firefly only nodded. "No," she said, still looking at him, "you wouldn't. You belong in the open."

"Yes, I do. Walls cramp me. Cities—I don't like them. But I had to wait here in Panama for a boat north, and a chap I met casually at the hotel told me I mustn't miss seeing you. He gave me a card to the proprietor, and I—well, I came, and I'm glad."

He was silent again. The bottle of champagne arrived, and neither of them noticed that there was no resounding "pop" when the cork was drawn. The negro waiter put a green percentage check on the table, where it lay unheeded. The liquid amber went sparkling into the thin-stemmed glasses, enriched faintly by the crimson light of the lamp.

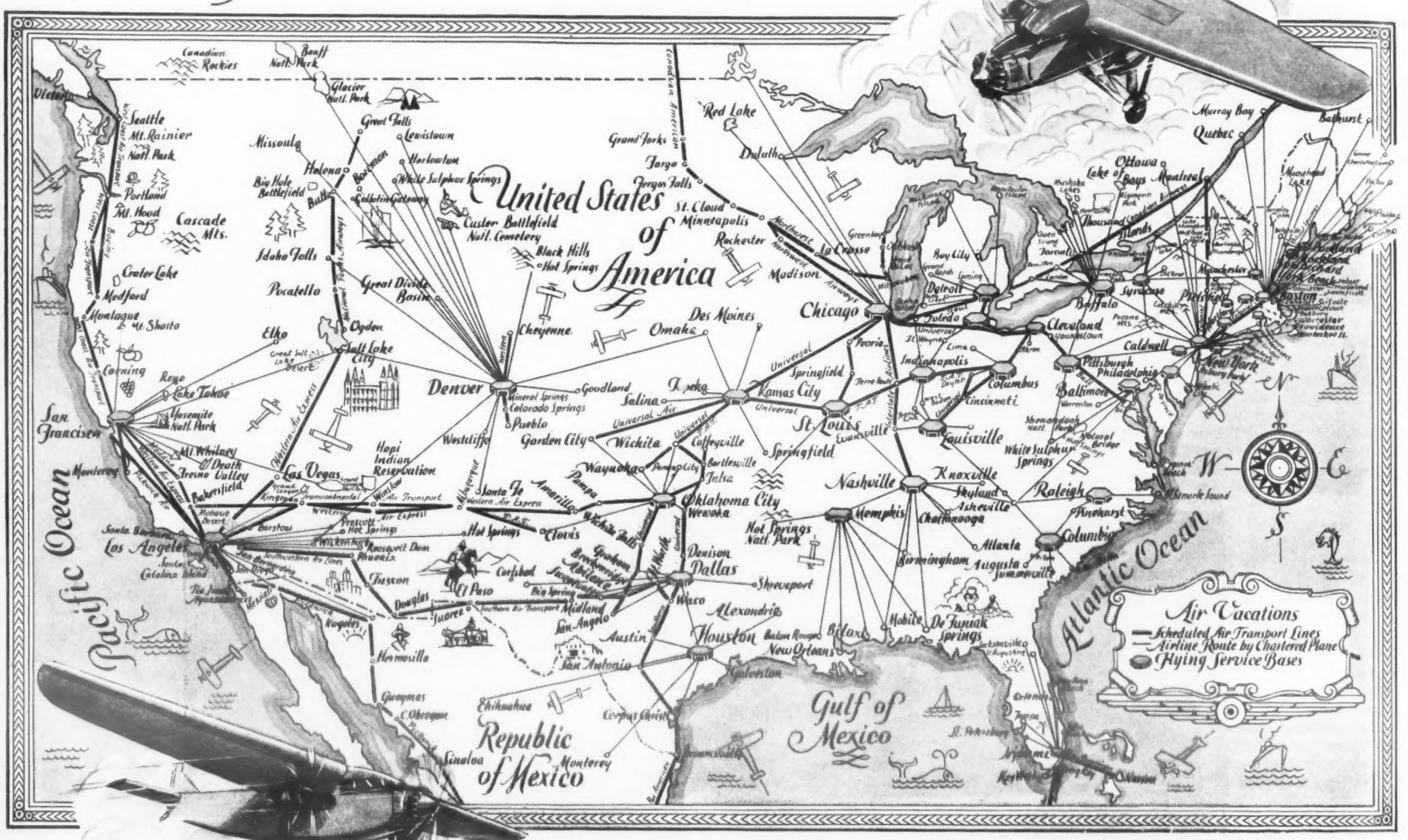
THE negro orchestra was playing again, a Cuban *danzón* with a barbaric staccato rhythm of the drums. The waxen surface of the dance floor was crowded. There was swaying color and life all about them. But they sat at the small table as if isolated in another world—the tall young man with his steady, gray-blue eyes, and the golden girl called Firefly.

"*Salud!*" he said, and drank deeply. His eyes

(Continued on Page 185)

THEY STILL SING THE FAMOUS FIREFLY SONG IN THE CABARETS OF PANAMA . . . BUT SHE WHO MADE IT FAMOUS, FOR WHOM IT WAS A SYMBOL OF HER OWN GOLDEN BEAUTY AND WHO TOOK IT FOR A NAME—SHE IS FORGOTTEN UTTERLY

Air Vacations



A FEW OF THE AIR-TRANSPORT LINES, AIRLINE ROUTES AND AIRPORTS. BY THE TIME YOU ARE READY FOR YOUR AIR VACATION ALL THESE WILL HAVE MULTIPLIED GREATLY

A NIGHT COMPARTMENT PLANE

By

HOWARD MINGOS

LAST year opera stars, concert singers and actresses flew from one corner of the country to the other. Schoolgirls often saved half their vacations by coming home from college by air. Women whose social duties kept their date books full acquired the habit of flying to the rest cures for a few days between parties.

Business women took to catching planes as they have been catching trains these many years. They put in their week-ends at resorts hundreds of miles from home and winged their way back and forth at nearly two miles a minute speed. From all sections they came flocking like so many birds to the shopping centers in the larger cities. Others from the inland towns flew down to the coast. Those from the coasts and the flat lands flew into the mountains.

Noting the extent to which flying facilities have been organized and patronized during recent months the editors of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL conceived the idea of learning just how far one might fly for a certain fixed sum, how long it would take to do it and, briefly, whether it would be worth while. The purpose was to show their readers how they might save time and secure more rest and relaxation for the money usually allotted to vacations.

So the airlines and the aerial-taxi organizations have brought forth their time-tables, booklets and maps to support their assertion that they are now prepared to fly the women of America to any vacation spot, resort or point of interest between the Atlantic and the Pacific, Alaska, the Canadian Rockies, Mexico City, Havana, Panama, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Chile.

Inquiries from readers will be forwarded at once to the organizations which can handle the service. They are waiting to take charge of the details. They will offer suggestions, calculate the cost of a proposed trip, arrange for stop-overs and do their best to make another aviation convert.

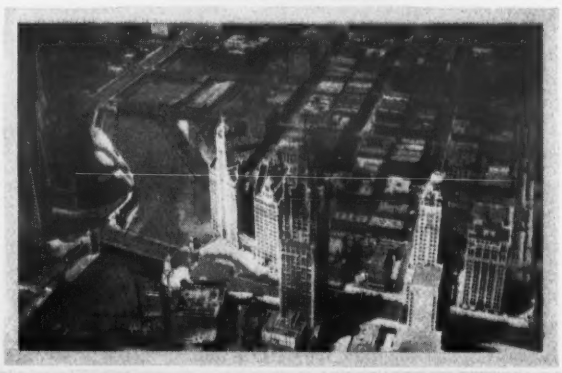
About thirty-eight lines are operating planes on schedules over more than twenty thousand miles of charted airways every day. There are other companies which will charter machines to parties of from two to twelve. They are co-operating with the railroads, ship lines and the surface travel bureaus to the end that a traveler may reach her destination more quickly, see the maximum number of interesting sights en route, and get the most for her money and her time.

They will not try to sell airplane passage where a surface trip would be less expensive and as quick. In making a bee-line journey on your vacation you may ride part of the way on a train, a ship or a motorbus. You may fly the entire distance. It depends on where you go.

You may take passage in one of the regular airline

(Continued on Page 178)

PHOTO. FROM U. S. ARMY AVIATION CORPS



AT RIGHT—LOOKING DOWN ON CHICAGO. BELOW—FLYING OVER MOUNT RAINIER, 14,408 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

Smartness Aloft

By ELSA SCHIAPARELLI

An Italian by birth, Madame Schiaparelli made her debut in the *haute couture* of France a few years ago with the smartest sweaters even Paris had ever seen. Although hers is one of the newer establishments, chic sportswomen of two continents buy their active and spectator-sports wardrobes in her salons on the Rue de la Paix. And because so many of her creations are worn in America, Madame Schiaparelli recently made a flying visit between collections to familiarize herself with the backgrounds against which her costumes would be seen.

PHOTO. BY DOONER

The Countess Gabrielle di Robilant wears a pilot's costume designed by Madame Schiaparelli. The overall is of natural-colored crash, trimmed in patent leather. The knitted Agnès cap has a collarette at the neck.

PHOTO. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

The portraits of Madame Schiaparelli, above and at the right, were made for the Journal while she was in this country recently. Above, Madame Schiaparelli wears one of her own evening gowns, in very shiny black satin.

AVIATION clothes—in these days of large planes bound on endless journeys, tiny machines shooting over Long Island, whirling down at Piping Rock, with all the impatience and the energy of youth? There are no "aviation clothes"—unless you are a pilot. What is true of sports clothes is true also of aviation clothes.

Have you your own plane? Then you must, of course, look the pilot's part, capable, free, practical. A very simple jersey skirt—with invisible jersey knickers underneath—a very simple blouse, of jersey or crêpe, a warm woolen jacket, tailored, of course, and closely fitting, over them an overall with long, wide trousers, caught closely around the ankle. I make such an overall of heavy, natural-colored crash. I finish it with shiny black patent leather, to make it a cousin to the shiny wings of the machine. Wrists, pockets and neck are closed with slide fasteners, the slide belt fastens tightly around the natural waistline. With this overall goes a black tricot hat, which Madame Agnès has made for me. The cap is close-fitting, and to it is attached a collarette which keeps the neck comfortably warm. Any comfortable, low-heeled sports shoes complete this very practical costume. Arrived at your flying club the overall and the cap come off, and you are discovered in your very smart little suit—or your bright blouse and skirt, if it's too hot to keep the cardigan on.

But if you are a passenger, boarding a plane for a journey as you would a train, overalls are not only unnecessary but theatrical. Are you taking the Bourget-Croydon? Three hours from Paris to London. Put on a light tailored suit, or a simple dress of wool or silk—depending upon season and weather, but not forgetting that you will undoubtedly find plane travel somewhat colder than train—the same costume you would wear in a Pullman.

To be sure, you will not have to contend with soot and dirt on a plane as you would on a train, but because you are likely to be motoring, perhaps into the country for a week-end, and because it is no more desirable to be conspicuous and hence much stared at on a flying field than in a station, you will be happier in a darkish color, or possibly a woolen mixture which will not soil easily.

Over the simple dress goes a warm traveling coat, and with it wear a close-fitting hat. Madame Agnès makes a very convenient one for me, a very tight tricot turban. When I climb into the plane I seem to have on merely a turban with a band of the same tricot twisted becomingly around it, but once in my seat I pull the extra band, which is attached in back only, down around my neck, and it fills in very comfortably and warmly, as a scarf would, that cold and drafty opening at the neck of my coat.

For a long journey involving overnight stops, I recommend the tailored suit just as for shorter trips. A

(Continued on Page 69)

PHOTO. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

Madame Schiaparelli travels in this smart coat of black Persian lamb.

Below, at the left—Madame Schiaparelli wears one of the greatest successes of her collection, a knitted dress of black wool, with natural waistline, an interesting neckline, and an overskirt pleated at one side. The knitted black turban from Agnès has an extra band which may be pulled down to protect the neck. At the right, below—Madame Schiaparelli wears over her frock a topcoat of black, white and yellow English woolen mixture, and carries a small rug, lined with black, to match. Her luggage includes a special linen aviation bag.

PHOTOS. BY DOONER

PHOTO. FROM ACME NEWS PICTURES

Other articles on Fashions will be found on pages 38 to 64.

"A PRETTY WOMAN WITH A GIFT FOR FLATTERY—SHE'S THE BAIT THAT LANDS THE IN-BETWEENERS"

The Fork of the Road

By **FANNIE KILBOURNE**

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

MILLICENT WARDWAY looked like Fauntleroy's Dearest or Mrs. Darling in Peter Pan. As though a casting director had said to himself, "Let's see now; this is a mother part of course, but it's not to be taken seriously. And so we'll get a lovely young girl to play it." When anybody thought of Millicent as a mother at all, it was in a romantic picture, as though a sundial in an old-fashioned garden or firelight in an English night nursery should have furnished the background. And to complete the picture, there should have been an enchanting child, dark eyed and wistful, waist high, with a treble, sweet, prattling voice.

Millicent's son stood six feet in his crêpe-sole tennis shoes. His name, after his father, was Rockwell, and he was called Rock or Rocky for short. He was seventeen years old, he had close-cropped sandy hair and he had never been wistful at any period of his life.

The two women regarding Millicent now from the hallway just outside the Women's Club room, spoke with mingled envy and exasperation.

"I've known her ever since long before Rocky was born," said Mrs. Collins, "and she's thirty-eight."

The other made a tchecking noise with tongue against her front teeth and shook her head from left to right in incredulous awe.

"She'd pass for twenty-five!"

Mrs. Collins was more exact.

"No," she said, "you'd give her thirty, except for the way she's dressed. Transparent velvet is very flattering." Mrs. Collins was wearing velvet herself. "And then she deliberately cultivates all sorts of youthful ways. Look at her now, for instance."

MRS. PRESCOTT looked. The score or so other women in the clubroom were all smartly hatted. Millicent Wardway had taken off her small black hat and held it carelessly in her lap. Against the high carved back of her chair her light brown hair, which had doubtless started in as sleek a finger wave as Mrs. Collins' own, was rumpled slightly to an effect of soft carelessness.

But if that was calculated—which was as it might be, Mrs. Collins being considerable of a cat—if the whiteness of Millicent's neck was powder and the delicate flush on her cheek rouge, there was still the profile, for which neither deliberate intention nor clever artifice could account. From the lifting curve of throat and chin to the questing, upward sweep of silky lashes, the profile against the dark chair back was as fragilely young as windflowers. A fragile young face that seemed to be asking for something it had never found.

"I move," one of the smartly hatted women was speaking, "that Mrs. Wardway be appointed a committee of one to tender our invitation personally."

"No, please!" Millicent's voice was breathless with protest. "I must ask to be excused. I—anybody else in the club would be more likely—besides, I expect to have to be out of town next week and ——"

"I second the motion," said another smart hat firmly.

And it was passed, quite regardless of Mrs. Wardway's protest.

"She's the club beggar," Mrs. Collins exclaimed. "Whether it's tornado sufferers, or the Milk Fund, or a new clubhouse that they need money for, they send her to the stingiest, richest men. That woman can wangle whatever she wants out of whoever doesn't want to give it to her. She just looks up at a man with those soft, helpless blue eyes of hers, and when he comes out of his trance he finds that he's put an extra cipher on his check."

"But really," Mrs. Wardway was still protesting the assignment, "when Mr. Barry has definitely said that he doesn't want to speak anywhere—he flatly refused Mr. Hollis ——"

The chairman smiled, suavely flattering.

"That's why we're sending you, Mrs. Wardway. You sealed your own doom when you got Emil Baehr to give his only free lecture in this country for our healthier-babies campaign. We believe now that there's nothing that you can't do."

"But this is different. If an artist doesn't like making public speeches, after all there's no reason why he should. He's surely under no obligation to our club. It isn't like asking something for sick babies. We don't really need a lecture on modern trends in art."

"Indeed we do." The chairman was poised and firm. "That's the very sort of thing we do need. I think we can say in all modesty that the club has never failed a worthy cause, that we have done our share very generously toward every charity. And we mustn't forget that our purpose is not exclusively charitable. We wish the club to be something besides. To give something to its own members in the way of broadening of the mind, of culture, of ——" she abandoned oratorical generalities. "It's not often a town of our size has an artist of Richard Barry's reputation for visitor. We simply mustn't let him get away from us."

Mrs. Collins sniffed a little in the doorway.

"As my young son says," she observed, "apple sauce! Millicent Wardway just wants to be coaxed. And she knows that that girlish, fluttering air of hers is very appealing. At least, it is to men. It's wasted, I should say, on a bunch of women. They see through affectation too clearly to make it worth while. There's no use in a woman's trying to fool other women."

AS A MATTER of fact, Millicent Wardway knew this quite as well as Mrs. Collins and was all too miserably aware of the fact that she was probably not fooling a soul in the large room. She knew even that she was fluttering visibly, but she didn't know how to stop. She was, as Mrs. Collins had stated, thirty-eight and it was still as it had been when she was eighteen. At the sound of Richard Barry's name she was helpless in the tornado of feeling which swept her, shook her loose from every steadying prop.

She had purposely stopped thinking about Richard Barry during the past few years because the mere thought of him had so disquieting an effect. One vagrant thought, and she would have to build all over again her resolute picture of her own life as happy and satisfactory. Living as Millicent did in the midst of admiration and envy, she naturally believed that her life must be happy and satisfactory. Yet the mere

thought of Richard Barry could always set her to wondering uneasily.

She wished now that she had not taken off her hat. Even its smartly narrow brim would have seemed some slight protection. She knew that she was blushing; surely so much heat could not be in her face alone.

"No, really ——" she heard herself beginning again. It would be better not to talk, Millicent knew. When one is embarrassed, the less said the better. But despite knowing this, she heard her own voice careening on like a motor car with an amateur driver who has gone panicky and can't remember to shut off the gas.

"There's no use, Mrs. Wardway," the chairman's pleasant authoritative voice mercifully saved her. "Your modesty can't let you off from paying the price of your talents. Will somebody move that our new committee of one stop pretending she isn't more than equal to the emergency?"

In the laughter that dutifully followed this pleasantry Millicent felt the heat waves cooling away. Perhaps her rush of color had been hidden by the shadow of the tall carved chairback, she thought hopefully. Or perhaps if the other women had noticed her embarrassment they were sincere in believing that it was merely concern over the ordeal ahead.

SOME of the women, she knew reassuringly, could know of no other reason. They had come to the town after they were grown, as wives of its most successful business and professional men. Of the others, those who had always lived in Wardway, who had gone through high school with Millicent when she had been Millicent Knight, perhaps not one recalled now the two or three dances to which she had gone with Richard Barry. Most of these women had children of their own away in good prep schools now. It was scarcely likely they still remembered all the minutiæ of the days when Wardway's young people did not go away to school, just who had gone to each dance with whom.

Millicent, herself, did not remember these two or three dances so very well. The one she remembered was the one to which she did not go with Richard.

The Senior Formal—that young, amusingly self-important name. It must have been what the dance was called; the name still came to Millicent's lips with such glib readiness after she had long forgotten all about the dance itself. What she had never forgotten was the weeks of waiting for Richard to ask her. It had been, of course, back in the quaint times when girls waited to be asked.

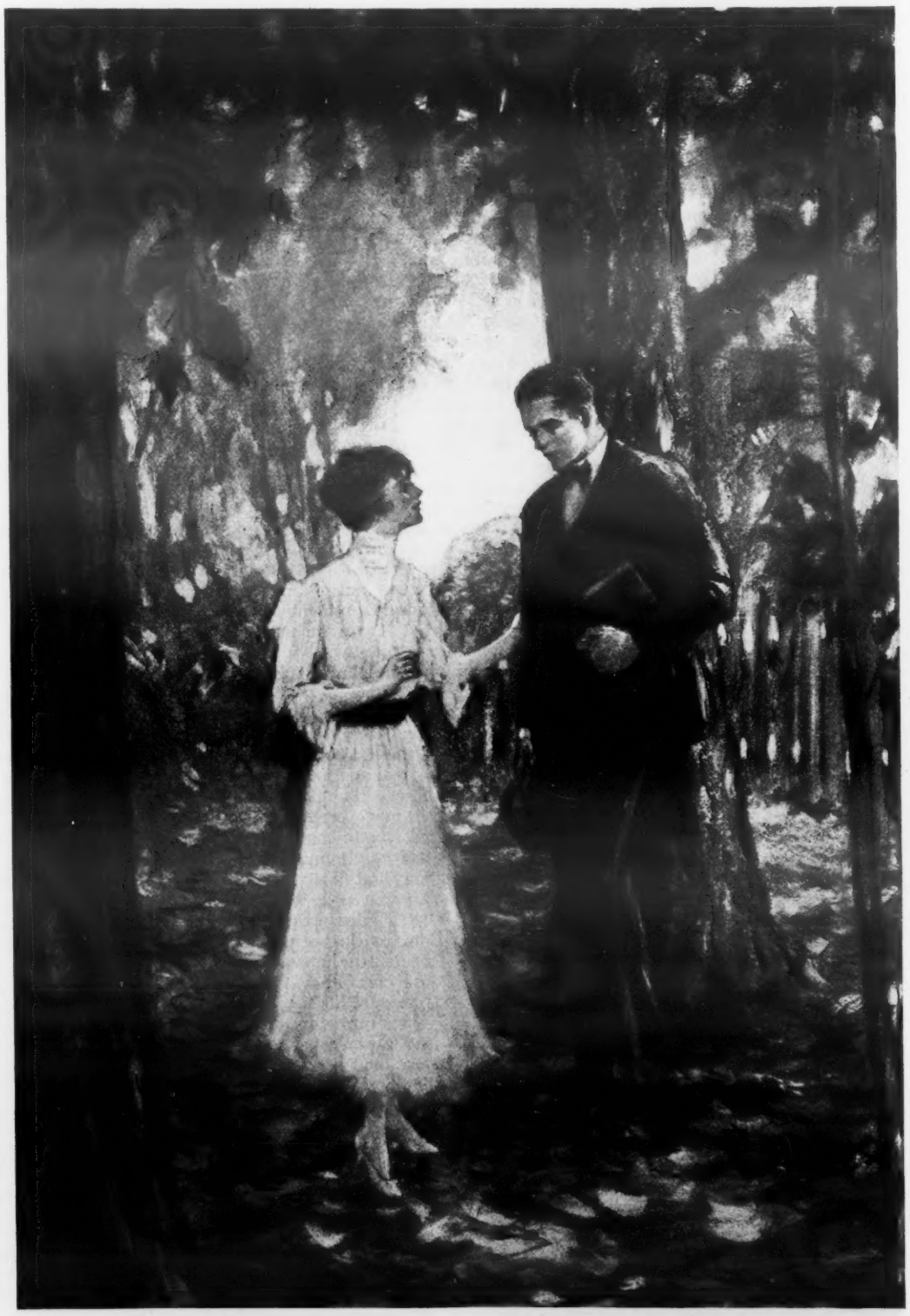
Nothing like these days. Millicent's own handsome young son's desperate "You answer the phone, mom. Tell her I'm out, tell her I'm sick—tell her I'm dead! I'm scared of that girl. She's going to keep right after me till she gets me."

Millicent had been not only a child of her own day but shy besides. When half a dozen of the other boys and girls who lived on the Hill had crowded hilariously into Rockwell Wardway's brand-new automobile and driven home from high school, Millicent had pretended that she had to wait to see the English teacher or the French teacher or the Latin—any language, living or dead, had done. All she had wanted was to be starting off alone, casually, on foot, when Richard Barry came sauntering out, his bookstrap thrown debonairly over his shoulder.

NOT that Richard had ever walked home with her. He did not live on the Hill and they always parted when they came to the little three-cornered park at the fork in School Street. One tine of the fork became Vincent Avenue and led up between big brick and graystone houses with broad lawns and wide-flung porches, with portes-cochères at the sides and ballrooms with hardwood floors on the third stories. The other tine became Lower School Street and descended steadily in both geographical and financial level, ending at last in the dingy flats beyond the railroad tracks. The block in which the Barrys lived was Lower School Street at its best. But Lower School at its best was, according to Hill standards, bad enough. Frame cottages with narrow porches across their fronts, built to rent and seldom in repair. Occasionally a false front of stucco with store windows coming right up to the sidewalk and harboring a third-rate grocery or a home laundry.

The children from the Hill did not play with the children of Lower School Street. There were two grade schools in Wardway and the line between their districts separated the sheep from the goats. But the big high school took the finished product of both schools, as well as the youngsters from all the outlying farming districts.

All day long, for days, in fact, before that first time that Richard had walked as far as the little three-cornered park with Millicent, she had known that he was watching her. She had not known who he was except that he came from the other school. But from clear across the big high-school assembly room she would feel eyes upon her, and when she looked up and met Richard's an amazing sort of feeling rushed over her. Millicent was still pretty much of a child and the feeling suggested all sorts of childish ecstasies—her grandmother's forsythia in April, the twilight magic of candlelighted Christmas Eves, breathless moments in church just before the choir swept into "He is risen! He is risen!"



SHE COULD NOT BEAR TO LET HIM GO IN SILENCE. "MY BOOKS—YOU'RE CARRYING THEM OFF"

This new feeling miraculously combined all the old ones and was still more exciting than any of them. When, as she was starting homeward of an October afternoon, Richard unexpectedly swung into step beside her, Millicent seemed suddenly unreal to herself, as though she had changed into vapor. An odd, handless, footless, bodiless feeling. She had become expectancy incarnate.

Just what it was that she was expecting Millicent had not the slightest idea, but she knew with thrilled young certainty that it must come to her, some way, through this handsome, dark-eyed stranger.

Giggling, self-conscious, awkward pleasantries. "What you doing with those books? Better let me carry them. Who've you got for algebra? . . . That old crab? . . . I saw you the first time you came into assembly ——" "This is the east and thou art the sun"—what difference does it make just how it's said!

AS THOUGH the little three-cornered park at the fork of the street knew what was happening, it had flung out flags, maple branches quivering in the autumn sunlight, all scarlet and gold. At the fork the two slowed down, ill at ease, uncertain. Richard had been talking about photography and at the parting of their ways, too shy to go on with her, too desperate to let her go without him, Richard clutched manfully at the trailing scarf of inspiration.

"Oh, sure, I do all my developing and printing. I've got a dandy dark room and all the dope you use. I—it's ——" Then in the abruptness of eagerness and embarrassment, "Come on over to our house now and I'll show it to you." Feeling Millicent's hesitation, "Mother's there. It's perfectly proper," he added hastily.

Millicent hesitated in an agony of desire and uncertainty. Her hesitation was unsophistication itself compared with Richard's. Millicent knew that her mother did not approve of Lower School Street. And she knew that the other girls, turned suddenly conventional in their early teens, no longer considered it correct to go to a boy's house. "Running after him" that implied. The airy, vaporous spirit that was really Millicent would have run anywhere after Richard on feet of flying cloud. Her own feet in their correctly orthopedic schoolgirl shoes seemed weighted to the gravel parkway path.

"I'm afraid I can't—I'd love to but ——" Millicent floundered. She did not wish to give any childish reason; she cast frantically about in her mind for one which would suggest maturity and popularity combined. Found it triumphantly. "I've got a date."

"Oh!" In Richard's quick, shy stiffening she realized the error of her choice. "Well, so long then." He turned toward the tine of Lower School Street.

"It isn't true—I haven't any date—if I had I'd break it—I'd rather go with you ——"

EAGER words crushed in Millicent's very throat. But they could not fly out and follow Richard. It was as though a choking hand, relentless as iron, held them back. Yet she could not bear to let him go in silence.

"My books—you're carrying them off." That was the best she could do till he turned to hand them to her. Then desperately, "Can't you come over to our house instead?"

Richard looked at her lifted face, pink with eagerness, fragilely young as a windflower.

"No thanks," he said stiffly. "I wouldn't interfere with your date."

"Oh, you wouldn't interfere—you could come too—it isn't really much of a date ——"

(Continued on Page 190)

Women in Business

By DORIS E. FLEISCHMAN

WHAT do you want to do?

No woman is likely to have a successful career who has not answered this question decisively. Until she can answer it, her career is in abeyance, her progress accidental. Job shopping and job testing are the most wasteful, demoralizing and haphazard of all methods. She is more likely to find what she does not like, and to do it dispiritedly, than she is to find the vocation that she loves passionately.

The wise, self-respecting strategy depends on two difficult preliminary studies. One is a simple honest analysis of her own desires and abilities. The other is an exhaustive study of the actual fields of work, that will show where her ambitions and talents can be employed.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

NEYSA MCMEIN

ABOVE
EDITH WHARTON

AT RIGHT
MRS.
WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Mary has yearned, secretly, perhaps even unconsciously, to be an actress. She would deny this, because she fully believes that daydreams cannot be reckoned as ambitions.

Mathilde adores cooking. She loves recipes. Looks enthralled at window displays of shining cooking utensils. Touches lingeringly the neat cereal sets. Knows a good cake by the smell of it. But if you were to ask her whether she wanted to be a chef—and chefs draw very large salaries—she would laugh at you. She has taken the white-collar tradition for granted, labors in the statistical department of a bank all day, and has not the faintest notion that her flair for cooking might be made a productive ambition, and put her in charge, eventually, of the kitchens of a hotel system.

Myra adores her garden. She had no idea that she might have become a successful florist, or a landscape gardener. She became a real-estate agent when someone offered her a job in answer to her advertisement: "Bright, ambitious, young. Can drive a car."

Fleurette paints her furniture in bright new colors every few months, and dyes the curtains to go with it. She does this on Sundays and on her holidays from the rubber-tire factory where she works in the complaint department. How much happier she might have been in a textile-manufacturing studio where her talent for colors and her love of beauty might have laid the foundation of a successful career.

The Leading Professions

TO KNOW oneself one must be completely honest. Modern psychology has learned the importance of self-analysis from that great outstanding genius, Freud. The practical young woman must strive clearly to recognize and understand her thoughts and ambitions. Does she like to paint—really? Does she like to play the organ—really? Does she want to teach, or is she merely impressed with the fact that this is a part-time occupation? Does she want to be a social-service worker, or is she trying to please her father who sees only the nobility of her character, and has never regarded her love of writing seriously. Families may help to solve the riddle of personality. Or they may hinder. Rigid, unsentimental self-analysis is indispensable.

Some people find it very difficult to know what they want to do. Some never know. Others know when they are young, and know it surely. Women who become artists, writers, physicians, lawyers, scientists, musicians, actresses, are usually aware of their special leanings. It is those whose talents do not fall into well-marked channels who have difficulty in choosing. Those who enter the so-called learned professions, such as law or medicine, must, of necessity, make their choice early in life, because the preliminary training or education is usually lengthy. There are also professions, such as painting, literature or the stage, which do not require specific educational preliminaries, but which demand definite talents.

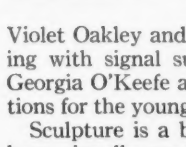
I am going to tell facts about leading professions in this article, and point out what the real conditions are, what honors and rewards may come to the successful, and what the advantages and disadvantages, real and imaginary, are. Some conditions are far more illusory than factual. The young woman who hopes to find the magic occupation, with all conditions delightful, will be disappointed. She may find wings. But wings are free for all who can fly. In a later article I shall discuss the vocations that bear on the industrial, commercial and financial phases of life.

The importance of choosing a career as early as possible cannot be overemphasized. Youth is most able to make a wholehearted choice. After she has wasted her time, energy and enthusiasm on several pursuits, she may drift into work that will never please or satisfy her. The occupations into which women are forced by economic necessity or chance are usually less suited to them than those occupations which they should have selected voluntarily at the start.

What questions will the intelligent young girl ask herself before deciding on a career? First, what training is necessary? How long will it take before she is established? What chances are there for success? Is it a lucrative profession? How can she live until she becomes self-supporting? What special branches are there? What honors are open to her? What are the special advantages or disadvantages for her as a woman? Will she have much competition? Where can she study? What market is there for her work?

The artist is usually propelled toward her work. She is, and must be, sure of her talent. Her belief in her ability, her pure ambition and her physical strength must be great enough to carry her through long difficult periods of bitter discouragement. These will be needed to offset the tremendous handicap of poverty—unless she has outside means of support. Artists still do starve in garrets for food and recognition. Some starve because the public does not appreciate their worth. Some starve because they have no business acumen.

But America is becoming more and more appreciative of contemporary as well as old art. There is scarcely a city that does not boast of at least one good collection.



The main fields in the fine arts are painting—landscape, still life, portrait painting and murals—and sculpture. Portrait painters have perhaps the easiest road to recognition. Portrait artists in New York, for example, have received as much as $3000 for a canvas. Violet Oakley and Hildreth Meière have done mural painting with signal success. Painters such as Mary Cassatt, Georgia O'Keefe and others of note should stand as inspirations for the young painting genius.

Sculpture is a branch of the arts in which women have been signally successful. Harriet Frishmuth and Brenda Putnam have done extraordinarily fine work.

A few women are noted etchers.

An Art Career

WOMEN do not have to face many special handicaps in the fine arts. It is true that they have not received the large official commissions or other public awards. These have gone to men for the most part. Mary Fanton Roberts, in her chapter on the Fine Arts in An Outline of Careers for Women, which I edited, says the public awards during 1927–1928 were as follows:

AWARDS	NUMBER	MEN	WOMEN
Important groups of buildings	14	14	
War memorials	14	13	1
Public sculpture	33	32	1
(The money for three of these monuments was supplied by women).			
Significant murals for great public buildings	17	14	3
Large awards in stained glass for ecclesiastical buildings	5	4	1
Art gifts to Europe	10	10	
Municipal awards for mural decorations in various schools in New York	10	9	1

It is easier for a woman to secure her family's sanction to study art than it is for a man. Few American families look with approval on the artistic leanings of their sons. For a daughter, however, an art career carries prestige and distinction.

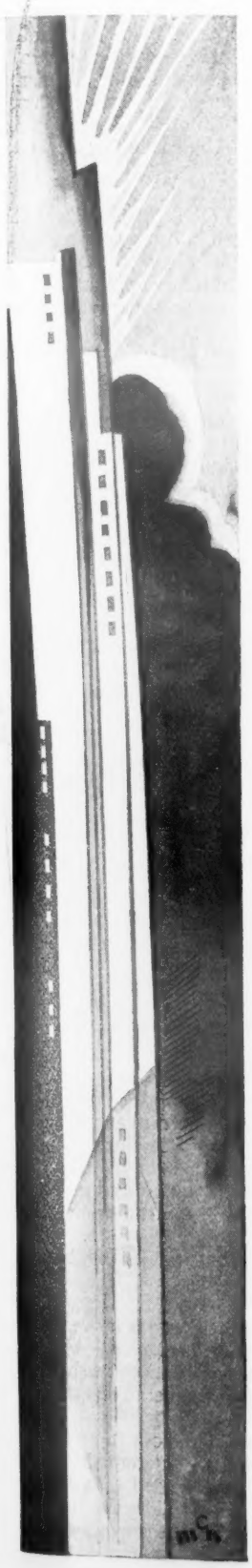
Artists have begun at almost any age, some as babies, some in middle age. Some have gone to art school, have

studied with great masters. Others have succeeded without any formal tuition whatever. But several years of preliminary study are advantageous in acquiring the basic technical equipment. She should have a knowledge of color, design and anatomy. She should know ancient, classic and modern schools. Her art education and her general cultural background are vital parts of her talent.

Art schools are to be found in numerous cities throughout the country. It is no longer necessary to go to Europe to study, but a visit to these earlier collections and contact with other cultural centers are inspiring.

Advice to the artist can never be dogmatic. Individual conditions and talents must shape her course. One can, however, say that her contacts with practical people who can guide her in creating a market are very important. Some artists can market their own wares. Many believe unwisely that they, as future artists, must place a high market value on their work, that they would compromise their art if they sold their work for less than the price of a master. For artists without business ability a business manager is essential. This business manager may work either for a fee or on a contingent basis or may be a dealer who is willing to coöperate in pushing the work.

Too many artists wait for patrons to subsidize them. This is a vicious and medieval practice. It cripples the artist, discourages her and limits her freedom. It would be far better for her to earn a livelihood in the field of commercial art before she is in a position to sell her works. In this way she can increase her technical facility, and, at the same time, need not have to compromise in her art. There is an enormous demand for fine work in many commercial enterprises. Do not think that neglect and idleness make a good painter. Poverty is very often the wind that blows out the light of genius. Michelangelo was appreciated in his lifetime.



Hard work, the unquenchable enthusiasm of genius aided by advice on the practical issues, are the bases for achievement.

Architecture is so new an enterprise for women that it is full of psychological barriers. Large architectural firms do not like to accept women. They do not gladly give them positions in the drafting rooms. They do not like, furthermore, to send them out on field work. They claim that the day laborers are distressed at being supervised by a woman. And least of all do they like to make a woman architect the contact between the client and the job. They feel that their clients hesitate in accepting a woman architect.

Architecture

BUT there has not been a period since the Renaissance when architecture has been so inspiring a field as it is today. New mechanical methods, new equipment and materials make it possible for architects to devise extraordinary and original beauty that may be a monument for years. There were in 1920 only 137 women architects in America. If more first-rate conscientious workers enter this field and are willing to learn the arduous technical ends of architecture, to master problems of elevator shafts, plumbing pipes and heating fixtures, and to face the special problems of human contacts, it will become more and more a favorable profession for women as well as men.

The young architectural draftsman is not a highly paid worker. Seventy-five dollars a week is considered excellent pay. Rarely has a draftsman received more than two hundred dollars a week.

As a member of an architectural firm she may receive a share of the profits and of the fees.

Most good architectural schools admit women to their courses. Usually two years of college are required before entrance. The architectural school usually comprises a four-year course. Post-graduate study in Europe is valuable. The old classical models and the varied national types of architecture should be made part of her cultural background.

Architecture is a glorious profession for women who love beauty, have a sense of form and construction and the practical ability to work on concrete problems.

Commercial art offers a brilliant field for women today. There are few important merchandising organizations which cannot profitably employ the services of an artist. In advertising and illustrating this is most obvious. Everything from bathtubs to shoe buckles has its æsthetic possibilities. Dresses, household utensils, automobiles, furniture, textiles, the stage—all these and hundreds of other material objects call for the aid of commercial artists. The twentieth century demands beauty in its stern utilitarianism, and women are aiding in the progress.

Some commercial artists and fashion illustrators earn between $20,000 and $50,000 a year, and their fame is great. The beginner in an advertising department may work for twenty-five dollars a week. Neysa McMein, Helen Dryden are well-known illustrators. Rose O'Neill, first noted as the Kewpie originator, is internationally famous now for her extraordinary works of a serious character.

Those interested in fashions and designing had best live in a large city where they may be in close touch with the activities and trends of styles and customs. The best possible method to secure work is through a personal letter of introduction to a magazine or an advertiser. Failing that, she should write to as many as one hundred advertisers. She will almost certainly secure one or two interviews, by the law of averages. Then, armed with a portfolio of her drawings, she can try to sell her services as an artist.

Bar and Bench

IN 1920 only 1738 women were lawyers, judges and justices. There has never been a woman Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. A woman lawyer finds life much more difficult than a male lawyer of even less ability. Law is based on custom. Therefore, law is conservative and everything that has to do with law is conservative. Few important law firms admit women associates. And few important business organizations engage women lawyers.

But pioneers are breaking down the barriers for their sex. Such women as Judge Jean Hortense Norris, Lucile Pugh, Shirley Moore, and others have blazed a trail of light for a younger generation that is not afraid to enter into this ancient, honorable and fascinating profession. Of all the great law schools only Harvard does not admit women.

Law is one of the learned professions. But the amount of requisite preliminary study varies surprisingly in the different states. Missouri requires only a grammar-school education or its equivalent. Some states require a full-time law-school training. But several years of college and a full course in a law school are advisable even if the state bar does not require this training.

These years of training are difficult, but a far greater difficulty is the period before the young graduate lawyer becomes self-supporting. A law clerk gets a small clerical salary. The woman lawyer who starts out for herself after her customary year of clerkship, waits long years before her practice becomes lucrative.

Probably the most important and embittering difficulty is the distrust of her own sex.

The best method of securing a position, if she has no personal connections, is to have someone write straightforward letters asking for a position for her, not, however, revealing her name unless there is a response. This will save her embarrassment later on. Here, again, the law of averages will secure one or two interviews.

It is not politic to enter a law office as stenographer. It is too difficult for a good stenographer to push

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PHOTO. BY TREVOR BOOTH

PHOTO. BY PINCHOT

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

MRS. MARY M. K. SIMKHOVITCH

AT TOP
SHIRLEY MOORE

SECOND FROM TOP
MRS. IRITA VAN DOREN

AT LEFT
DR. FLORENCE RENA SABIN

THE MOMENT WAS ONE OF STRANGE SIGNIFICANCE; IT SANK INTO THE BOY'S MIND

Pollywog

By MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

Illustrated by Herbert Bohnert

IT WAS inevitable that the way to the station to meet Uncle Hubert should lead past Mack's corner. Van gripped his father's suitcase tighter and approached the cigar store warily, looking this way and that and watching out for Mack's big boy, Tim, all his being keyed for flight.

The way to school led past this corner, but for a long time Van had learned to go about several blocks, running all the way in order not to be late. It had taken some experimenting to discover how far he had to go before Tim lost interest in the chase. But he had at length found the exact dimensions of danger. Clear west, almost to Western Avenue, and around through back streets, back to Ashland, and so circumspectly home to the tiny flat where he lived with his mother. He suspected secretly that all this scared running had a good deal to do with the fact that he got dizzy sometimes in school, and that it made the queer irregular beat to his heart, to which all the doctors had listened so gravely, and which was sending him out of school in the middle of the spring term—away from his mother who worked all day in a store, away from the flat, away from the street, down to Uncle Hubert's Indiana farm.

Van had lived in terror for months, though he had told neither his mother nor the school doctor about this. When Tim and his gang played ball on the lots there was some freedom for Van. He could move on the streets in peace then, ready of course to take to his heels if he saw swaggering shoulders or a pulled-down cap.

"WHY don't you play with the boys?" his mother said. "It would be good for you, Van." He laughed hollowly. Why didn't he? Tim Mack would have killed him, that was all, if he had shown up on the ball field. Tim had murderous impulses toward Van. The older boy "packed" a gun, he said. When there were stories in the morning paper about filling-station hold-ups or boy bandits, Tim spat in the gutter and looked tough. You couldn't have convinced Van Buskirk Maxwell that young Mack wasn't a leader in a gang of adolescent crooks. Certainly he seemed capable of any misdemeanor.

Van liked to think that if his father were alive things would be different for him. His father he remembered as a slender, scholarly man, who did something in an office downtown. He hadn't been so big, but he had been brave. Once he had hit a florist in the eye because of the way he looked at mother. Just a look—that was all. If his father were only here, they would walk by Mack's corner together without batting an eye.

But his father wasn't here, or perhaps he wouldn't be going to meet Uncle Hubert. He dreaded the summer too.

"You won't like the farm, Van," his mother told him sorrowfully. She was a pretty little mother, stubborn, Van knew, in a mild way, and he knew, too, as youngsters know things, that she and Grandmother Maxwell weren't the best of friends. "Your father never liked it. Grandmother Maxwell blames that on me, but it isn't fair. I wouldn't let you go down there, if there was anywhere else for you to go. But you must try to be a good boy and be respectful to your grandmother, and don't do much. Just lie in the sun and get strong again. You'll be back with mother in your own world when school starts in the fall."

"I wish you didn't have to go to work. I wish you could go to the depot with me."

"I CAN'T, Van. And Uncle Hubert didn't have time to come out here. He'll be at the stockyards till train time. You can find the Polk Street Depot alone, can't you, Van?"

"Of course, mother." It wasn't downtown he dreaded.

"Uncle Hubert will know you because you look just like your father."

"Gee, do I mother?"

"Hurry, now, darling—take the street car right at the corner, or you'll make uncle miss his train. My noon hour is up. We've talked too long now."

No detours today! But fear lay on the boy's heart. His breath came laboriously, and all the virtue was gone out of his legs. He wondered if being afraid made his heart queer? He crossed the street to be on the far side. There was an apartment building there and he might have the good luck to meet a policeman. He'd go up one block to get the car—take time for that. He went along stealthily.

"Hi, sissy! Where you going?"

The cry rang out like a challenge. Far down, the street car was coming. Van took a tight grip on his father's bag and began to run for the next corner. His feet struck the cement sidewalk with fearful impact. The hard leather corners of the suitcase bumped against his legs.

"Hey, wait! Let's see what you've got. Hey, sissy, wait a minute!"

The hue and cry was taken up by another voice. The chase was on. There was the sound of other, swifter feet behind him. With his breath sobbing in his throat, the boy made a desperate gesture. He threw his luggage to the wolves, bolted across the street and climbed onto the slowly moving car. He looked back and there they were, Tim, the tallest of them, kicking his things about in the gutter. A terrible shame burned him. It was useless to say that they would have had the things anyhow. They would, of course, if he had stopped to fight, and they'd have torn and soiled what he wore. That wasn't the point. Of all the miserable things he had done this past year, since he and his mother had moved into the neighborhood, this was the worst. He had thrown away his clothes and his own father's bag. He wiped his eyes and nose upon his handkerchief. The conductor looked at him curiously.

"What's the matter, kid? Cops after you?"

Van pulled his jacket down and straightened his tie. He essayed a smile. He paid his fare—thank goodness, his money was in his pocket. He went into the car and sat down. Uncle Hubert was to know him because he looked like his father! The thought steadied him. He drew deep breaths to control himself. The country was ahead of him. It meant nothing to him except fresh dangers. All sorts of things could happen to a person in the country. He could get kicked, or gored by a bull, or bitten by snakes, or drowned.

BEFORE his father's death they had made an excursion or two into the country for a week's vacation, to a resort at a lake, where there was a big dancing pavillion and throngs of automobiles and a beach for bathing. But his mother said Uncle Hubert's farm was not like that at all. There would be only a few people on the whole place—three hundred acres and part of it in wood and stream.

Van found the Polk Street Depot without trouble, and stood in the waiting room alone in the center of the floor. A tall, sunburned young man wearing a gray suit and a gray-felt hat came up and touched his shoulder.

"Maxwell?" he asked, and Van blushed. The stranger did not look like Van's idea of a farmer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Van hello! I'm Hubert!"

Van's hand was in that of the sunburned giant. He had never seen a man so big and powerful so lean and smiling. He was filled with astonishment, as he looked up into the face with its strong jaw and clear light eyes. There was affection and concern in the gaze bent on him. Van felt enfolded, strengthened. Uncle Hubert took his arm in big fingers and encircled it.

"Put up your fist."

Van did so, and felt a queer power, as though he might actually poke somebody with it. Uncle Hubert probed his muscle.

"The hoe will fix that for you, young fellow. Where's your things? It's time to go."

"I—I lost it."

"Lost your bag?"

"Yes, sir." But though he had become a glib evader with his mother and his teacher, he couldn't lie to those steady light eyes which asked for an honest answer.

"You see—there's some kids on the corner of our block—Tim Mack 'n' s'm'other kids——" He was covered with confusion, but went on. Uncle Hubert looked away considerately, lighting his pipe but listening. "They—these kids—always chase me, and I thought, if they caught me today, they'd make me—make us miss the train, so I dropped my suitcase, and jumped on a street car, and came away. I didn't want to tell mother. She thinks I'm all right on the street—see?"

"I see," said the other slowly and then, in his deep voice, "Well, bag or no bag, we mustn't miss the train. Tag along, Van."

They were on the train, slowly dragging out of Chicago.

"ALL you'll need is a sweatshirt and work pants, or some coveralls and sneakers till your feet get hard. I'll get you a few things, and a toothbrush and a couple of nightshirts, before we go out home. You can keep what you've got on, for good."

Uncle Hubert was very matter of fact about it, and some of the sting left Van's mind. You'd think anybody might have thrown his luggage away. They settled into a comfortable masculine silence. Uncle Hubert did some figuring in a little notebook, and Van looked out of the window. The conductor gathered their tickets. They ate supper in the

dining car, and Van fell asleep in his seat before they reached their destination.

The Maxwell house looked small under the great dark sky, with the shadow of an enormous barn looming behind it. Grandmother was waiting for them in the kitchen, where a fire was burning in the range. Grandmother was a tall, stout old lady with a round, smiling face, thick glasses on her plump nose, and gray hair combed tightly away from her face. She enfolded Van as he had never been enfolded before, and then in a moment she had his jacket and cap put away, and he was tucked into a corner by the kitchen table eating sugar cookies off a plate and drinking cold milk.

Grandmother, he was to find, considered food the great curative. For weariness and homesickness and heartache, for fear and pain and irritation, she offered food, and it was amazing how effective that was. She was always making jam, baking bread rendering lard or curing meat. Her pantry, the "safe," the cellar, the smokehouse, were ready for an invasion of forty people. Van wondered how it was possible that she and his mother did not like each other, they were both so nice.

UNCLE HUBERT took him up to his father's room, a small clean room with a braided rug on the floor and a crazy quilt on the narrow bed. There was an old dresser with a wavy mirror a table, a washstand and a chair. When the light was out a blanket of black unlike anything he had ever seen pressed against his window. It was full of strange, shrill piping sounds, croaks of bullfrogs, and the thump and stamp of hoofs in the barn. But there was not a glimmer of light from street corner or neighboring window. Just black velvet in which, astonished, he finally saw the stars. From downstairs came the low vibration of human voices, and to this sound he fell asleep.

Uncle Hubert woke him early.

"Come on along and help with the cows," said Uncle. "We need another hand at feeding." Van got up, rubbing his eyes. Grandmother had put all his clothes away. It was a shame, mother said, the way she waited on all of them, but it was very convenient this morning. Some knitted underwear and a coverall suit lay across the foot of his bed—and sneakers, but no socks. He put on these simple garments, and then went downstairs and out the back door. Uncle Hubert was at a gate between a far grassy field and the barnyard, and Van joined him. On the other side of the gate stood a herd of Jersey cows, waiting to be let in. Three or four dogs barked and fawned about them. A collie was on the other side of the gate with the cattle, and he came over the fence.

"This is Shep Van, and this terrier is Rags, and the lady is Beth, and the hound is Solomon—Sol for short. Take your choice and make a friend for yourself."

The boy put a hand down uncertainly on the head of the dancing bundle of auburn wool that was Rags, and the old dog with a yelp of delight leaped right up in his arms and licked his face. Van held him for a moment, half thrilled and half frightened, for he had never had a dog. Uncle opened the gate and the cows came through. They were very big and breathed noisily; they looked at Van with great black eyes and one or two of them tossed horned heads. If Uncle Hubert noticed that Van got behind him, he said nothing about it. He shut the gate and Van crowded closely on his heels in the big dim barn. A man called Joe, who had driven the car the night before, was there, and Uncle Hubert said, "Show Van's boy how to get the oil cakes out, Joe. He'll help us with the feeding."

The men were fastening the stanchions, and Van felt immensely safer in the avenue between the stalls, where he helped Joe put out the cakes for the cattle. Now the men were milking and the hiss and smell made Van hungrier than he had ever been in his life. Joe wiped an old enamel cup clean with his hard hand, filled it and gave it to the boy, who drank the warm milk greedily and felt at once infinitely braver and stronger.

Uncle Hubert took him down to the end of the barn and there, in a big roomy stall, was a beautiful light-tan cow with a black head—a young cow—and crumpled in the clean straw beside her was her first calf.

The cow tossed her head and pawed threateningly, but Uncle went into the stall and shoved her gently aside as though he did not care two cents for her threats.

"HEY, SISSY, WAIT A MINUTE!"

"Look at this, Van. This little fellow arrived last night, about an hour after you did, and so Gran and I decided to give him to you—for your own. You can take care of him and raise him and show him at the fair in the fall, or if you've gone back, I'll show him for you and you get the money he brings."

He lifted the wobbly calf; it turned and looked at Van intelligently. The young mother lowed anxiously, but Van did not fear her now. He was looking with all his eyes at the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. The lovely soft head, the wide-spaced black eyes, limpid and tender the little knobs between soft, flopping ears, the nose of black velvet, the coat of fawn. His throat closed tight.

"Mine?"

"Yes—might not have been so generous with a heifer, but you can have this young bull. It's a good Jersey bull, but we don't raise breeding cattle."

VAN put his hand on the little horns, and the head moved up unexpectedly against his palm.

"We'll leave him here with his mother a few days, and then we'll wean him and you can have him to look after. Come on, now. The hogs have been fed, but I've something else to show you. And don't be afraid of the cows. They're used to men. A woman in the barn, with her skirts flying, makes some of them nervous, but they don't mind a man at all." This inclusion in the male world made Van step a little more freely.

He felt, though that he could never like the hogs. They were feeding with noisy gusto at the long cement troughs, fighting and squealing, and they sounded and looked very fierce. But Uncle Hubert strode through them and across the concrete floor into another long low shed. Here were half a dozen brood sows in separate pens, and each one jumped up in alarm and defiance when they came in. At the end of the row

(Continued on Page 141)

IF UNCLE HUBERT NOTICED THAT VAN GOT BEHIND HIM, HE SAID NOTHING ABOUT IT

Furnishing the Nursery

By LOIS PALMER

"'You never had fits, my dear, I think?' he said to the Queen.

"'Never,' said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the lizard as she spoke. The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but now he hastily began, using the ink that was trickling down his face."

Only too often are little children in a predicament similar to that of Bill the Lizard—forced to make the best of whatever parents may allow to trickle into their playroom. Yet these parents are good-tempered, even loving; they simply fail to realize that children are people, and the nursery becomes a catchall for gloomy, worn, unattractive furnishings which will haunt a sensitive child to the end of its days.

Other parents, more thoughtful, take pains to make a nursery gay and interesting. This can easily be done, whether you use new or old furnishings, if you bear in mind the cardinal requirements, which are that a nursery should be well ventilated, well lighted and cheerful; as spacious as possible; and furnished with an eye to cleanliness and durability, no less than the important function of stimulating the mind and creating an appreciation of beauty. It is with the fourth requirement that we are concerned here.

NURSERY COLORS. Children are primitives and share the savages' love of bright, primary colors; scientists say that a child sees first the difference between black and white, then between red and blue, before it is able to distinguish green and yellow. In the early stages of color blindness, yellow and orange are the first colors to become indistinguishable; and strong greens exhaust the eye sooner than any other color.

So it is important to use the primary colors in a nursery, rather than pastel tints, which hold no appeal for children.

PHOTO. BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Children love steps; they can be built at windows or wall.

PHOTO. BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Silhouettes may be painted or cut from magazines and pasted on walls to tell a story.

NURSERY HAVING ONLY EAST WINDOWS: *Walls*—gray, with stenciled border of red and pink stripes; *ceiling*—gray-blue; *woodwork*—rose-red, striped with candy pink; *floor*—purple; *windows*—glass curtains, white with red dots; valance at windows, striped red-and-pink glazed chintz, to match stenciled stripes in wall border; *furniture*—black and white; *upholstery*—black-and-white-plaid cotton.

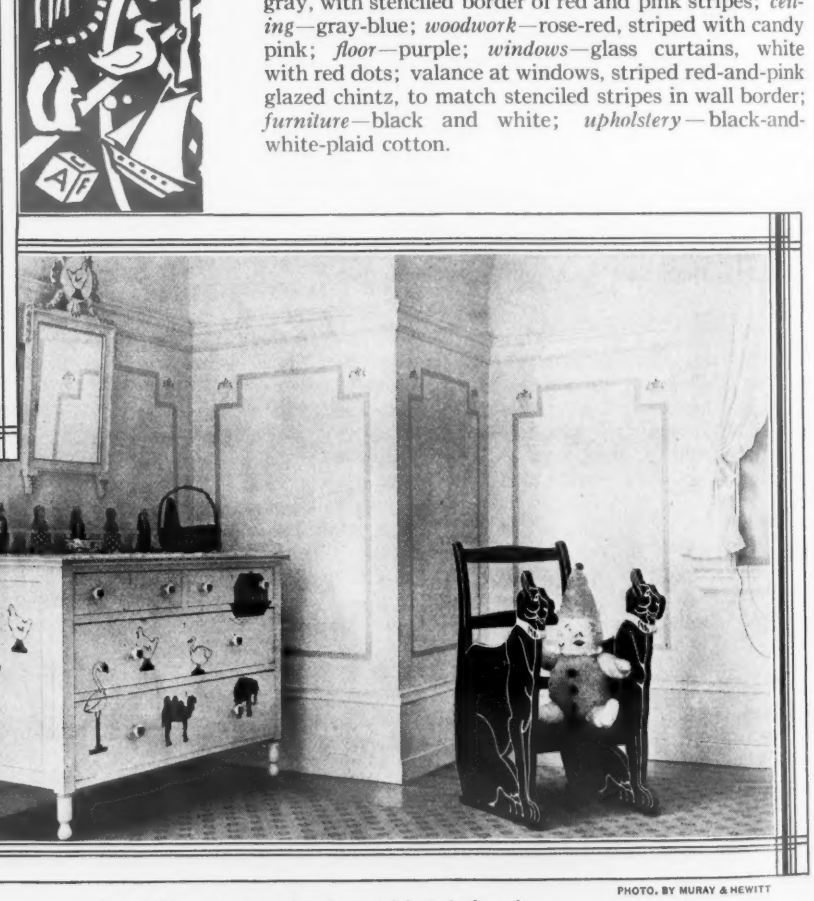


PHOTO. BY MURAY & HEWITT

Let children decorate furniture with their favorites.

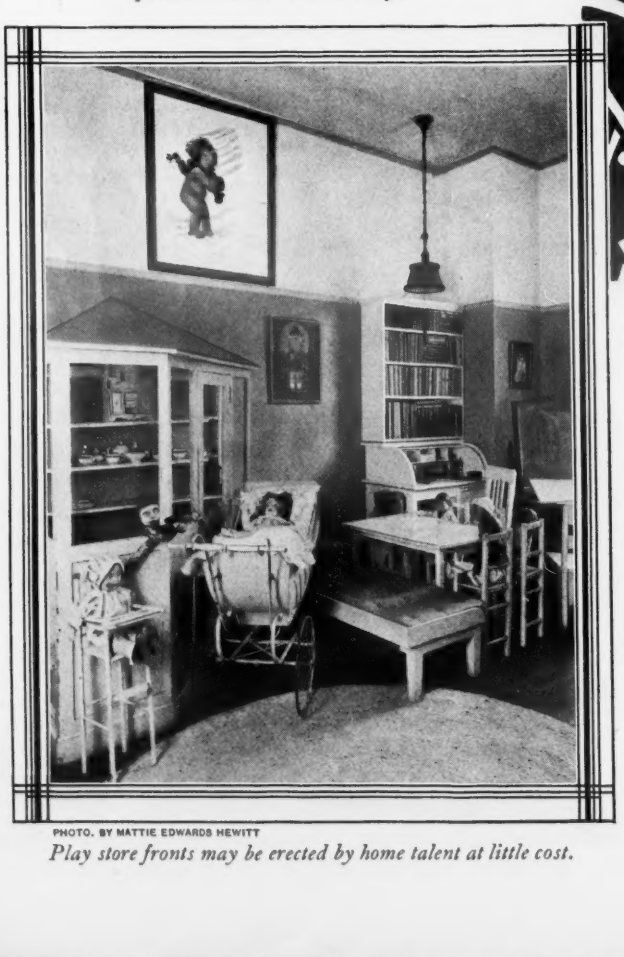


PHOTO. BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Play store fronts may be erected by home talent at little cost.

FOR A SUNNY NURSERY: *Walls*—lemon; *ceiling*—cerulean blue, gold-starred; *woodwork*—lemon, with baseboard striped in cerulean blue; *floor*—dark-blue linoleum, orange rag rugs; *windows*—orange fishnet, bound with black-and-white-checked gingham; *tables*—yellow legs, black enamel tops; *chairs*—orange-yellow striped with black; *floor cushions and window seat*—orange and yellow and green oilcloth; *bed or couch cover*—dark-blue denim, cushions covered with nursery (glazed) chintz in blue and white.

NURSERY WHICH IS LIGHT BUT NOT SUNNY: *Walls*—washable paper, pink-figured; *ceiling*—same as walls; *woodwork*—pink-buff, with baseboard buff; *floor*—warm brown; *windows*—apricot marquisette sash curtains; *tables*—apricot color legs, turquoise-green tops; *chairs*—turquoise-green, with apricot-color spindles; *floor mattress*—dull-finish oilcloth, gold color.

NURSERY ON THE WEST: *Walls and ceiling*—medium canary-yellow stencil striped in English vermilion to match *woodwork; wainscot*—width of yellow oilcloth in shadow check; *floor*—green jaspé linoleum; bright red plaid rag rugs; *windows*—green voile curtains; *furniture*—yellow-green; *cushions and upholstery*—vermilion.

THE FLOOR. The ideal floor for a nursery is linoleum; but either linoleum or a bare floor should be but lightly waxed—to make cleaning easy and slipping infrequent. A few rag rugs, small enough to be laundered easily, may be added, for winter use. An axminister rug, oval, with animals in color, is attractive.

Floor cushions may be covered with gay oilcloth, or with glazed chintz, which is also easy to keep clean—the

(Continued on Page 202)

Other articles on Interior Decoration are on pages 198 to 200.

What Next in Homemaking?

We Should Like to Hear From Every Reader About This Important Article

By LITA BANE

THE mother-in-law of fifteen years ago said: "It's just too bad that Betty won't bake bread for Edwin. I feel sorry for him and try to have them come home for dinner at least once a week so he can have some good homemade bread." But where is the man who "just can't eat baker's bread" today? Who feels abused because his wife doesn't spend back-tiring hours kneading bread dough?

A change has been going on in our homes—a change not unnoticed, however, for ours is a day of questioning. At one time or another the spotlight of inquiry is focused on each and every one of our favorite prejudices, our most treasured traditions. Sometimes it is most upsetting. Other times it is stimulating and we feel ourselves being prodded out of a rut.

"Why study home economics?" someone asked a friend of mine not long ago. "The American home is on the skids and you'll soon have no use for your training."

But is home on the skids?

Or has it merely changed, so that it serves a somewhat different purpose from the home of fifty years ago? Shouldn't we redefine this purpose in the light of present-day needs?

There is bound to be controversy. There are as many kinds of homes as there are kinds of people. No two definitions of home would look alike. But remember this: There is no substitute for home, no matter how much money we may have, or how efficiently factories may be run or machinery be operated, or how well our clubs, almshouses and "homes" for the orphans and aged be managed.

Because homemakers have no large professional organization with a program of work, and an annual meeting in which policies and plans are discussed, they are seldom heard from as a group. They make themselves heard as voters, as members of parent-teachers' associations, as members of women's clubs and in other ways, but there has never been written across the sky a slogan for homemakers, a marching song, a creed, a platform, or any concrete statement of purpose such as other groups of workers have.

Perhaps the accompanying statement might serve to indicate the purpose of the present-day home.

Home is the place of abode of persons bound together by ties of affection; a place where affection of parents for each other, for their children, and among all members of the family is nurtured and enjoyed; where genuine personal hospitality is extended; where the immature are protected and guarded. A place where one may have rest, privacy and a sense of security; where one may enjoy his individual kind of recreation and share it with others. A place where one may keep his treasures; where one may satisfy his individual tastes; where fundamental culture, consisting of customs, language, courtesies and traditions, is conserved and passed on to the young. A place where regard for others, loyalty, honesty and other worthy character traits are cultivated and enjoyed—a haven, a sanctuary and a source of inspiration.

A Goal

I SOMETIMES think that home and families furnish the greatest motive power in the world—greater than steam, greater than electricity or anything else. Incentives to work come largely from a desire to give our families what they need and will enjoy and some of our finest rewards come from their enjoyment of what we have done for them. The very center of our universe is usually in our homes. If you've ever worked at the next desk when a man's wife or child is ill and have seen him try vainly to keep his mind on his work, you realize how vital are the forces at work in family life. Or if you've even seen this same man at home, if he shows you his garden, his workshop, the slide he made for the children, if you've seen his pride and satisfaction in the hospitality his wife extends to you—you know what some men live for.

I have often wished that a professional spirit could be developed among homemakers to give them a pride in their work such as physicians, nurses and teachers feel in theirs. These professions are motivated by a great desire to serve mankind—they remind themselves of it often to keep up their morale and their standards. It is a solemn responsibility and a great honor to have the health and the education of the people intrusted to you, say these professional people. "See that you walk worthy of the confidence the people have in you! The work is often accomplished at great personal sacrifice. There are disagreeable tasks, deadly routine, much cramping of personal desires at times, but humanity is to be served, and served with the best you have to give." And it is rarely that you hear a surgeon complain that his work is drudgery, that it leaves too little time for him to do what he pleases. No. Quite aside from his money recompense, the highest reward of the true surgeon is the consciousness that he has restored the sick and met a vast human need. This gives great dignity to his work and makes you feel its importance. However, I presume we should all agree that homemaking at its best is the finest type of self-denying, courageous, beautiful service.

Little that is definite has been said about the services of the homemaker aside from her contribution as housekeeper and her affectionate care of husband and children. Small wonder that her place in the new order seems a bit precarious. Her housewifely duties are rapidly disappearing and seem destined to be reduced even further if they do not disappear altogether, since it seems likely that she cannot for long successfully compete with large industrial plants. And her duties as wife and mother have always been rather vague, assumed by society to be taken care of properly if she were a "born mother"—if she was not, it was considered to be just somebody's hard luck.

We no longer intrust our worldly affairs to "born lawyers," and seldom intrust the affairs of the spirit to "born preachers." Hasn't the day passed for us to be willing to intrust family welfare so largely to "born mothers"? Do not homemakers need a professional attitude, access to special training in some form, greater appreciation of the importance of their job? Do not homes need a well-defined purpose?

"I get so discouraged," said one wife. "I knew I was a successful mathematics teacher, but I don't know whether I'm a successful homemaker or not. My husband says I am, but that isn't enough. I wish there were some standards for success such as I had in teaching."

Though no such standards are to be had as yet, may I make a few suggestions for your consideration?

Since they do 85 per cent of the retail buying, homemakers should have knowledge of the value and use of money. A certain judge has estimated that 90 per cent of the domestic upsets that bring people to his court arise from difficulties about money. Many women need to be impressed with the fact that money is an important tool that must be used skillfully if the results are not to be disappointing. Some women, unaccustomed to handling money, have a somewhat frivolous attitude toward it.

I have in mind a young married man who thought he had worked out a satisfactory scheme for managing household buying by giving his wife $150 at the beginning of the month for monthly household expenses. They talked it over and had, as he thought, a fine understanding about it. But a few days after he gave her the first check she gayly announced that she had used it as a down payment on a fur coat. Money to her was to be spent as quickly as possible and for something rather splurgy if you had a considerable amount.

Food and rent had always been paid for somehow in her own home. She had never quite known how, but she expected that the same thing would happen in her new home with a husband of rather limited money resources.

Someone has suggested that we spend more energy in telling our money where to go and less in asking it where it went.

Invention has served the housewife until there seems to be a gadget for every chore and a specialist for every gadget. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker can scarcely recognize the new experts that have been added to their number—the canner, the plumber, the electrician, and all the others you know so well.

Knowing How

THE housewife must be able to operate and take proper care of her machinery. Most difficult of all, she must know when to call in help from the expert. The electric iron may refuse to heat. Is a fuse blown? She should be able to replace it. Are the connections in the plug properly made? If not, a sharp knife and a screw driver will usually fix the trouble.

She needs to know something about choosing equipment necessary for efficient housekeeping. Too little accurate and understandable information has been available in the past. Through the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Consumer Information we hope to give valuable help at this point.

War, furious and uncompromising, should be waged against broken-down egg beaters, dull paring knives, and the hundred and one incompetent tools that the housekeeper too often gets along with. Take a long look into your kitchen table drawer. Is everything there shipshape—nothing worn out, annoying because it doesn't work well? Everything the best you can afford? How much irritation and fatigue the average homemaker would save herself were she to keep herself always provided with tools in good condition. And many of them are so cheap that the price of one movie show would supply one or more of them. Is your home mechanically efficient?

We all need milk, and growing children need it in considerable quantities. We all need fresh fruits and vegetables. It goes without saying that homemakers should know the simple principles of adequate nutrition. It isn't just cooking that counts. It's proteins and vitamins and calories and the rest all considered and cooked in proper proportions, flavored and garnished and served.

Science has crossed the kitchen's threshold, telling the cook what foods our bodies need and placing upon her the responsibility of making these foods so attractive that the family cannot refuse—a much more complicated task in many ways than the old way, but relieved again by science, for through new methods of preserving and handling and

(Continued on Page 132)

Other articles in the Department of the Modern Homemaker will be found on Pages 108 to 127

Brilliant Rose—a rich shining rose color.

Sweet Peas

By GEORGE W. KERR

Photographed in Natural Color

IN SIMPLE beauty, appealing charm of form, color and perfume, the sweet pea takes pride of place among other flowers. There are flowers as beautiful and even as fragrant, but the dainty grace of the fluttering blossoms, which sway so lightly above the supporting trellis to the merest zephyr, never fails to win our admiration.

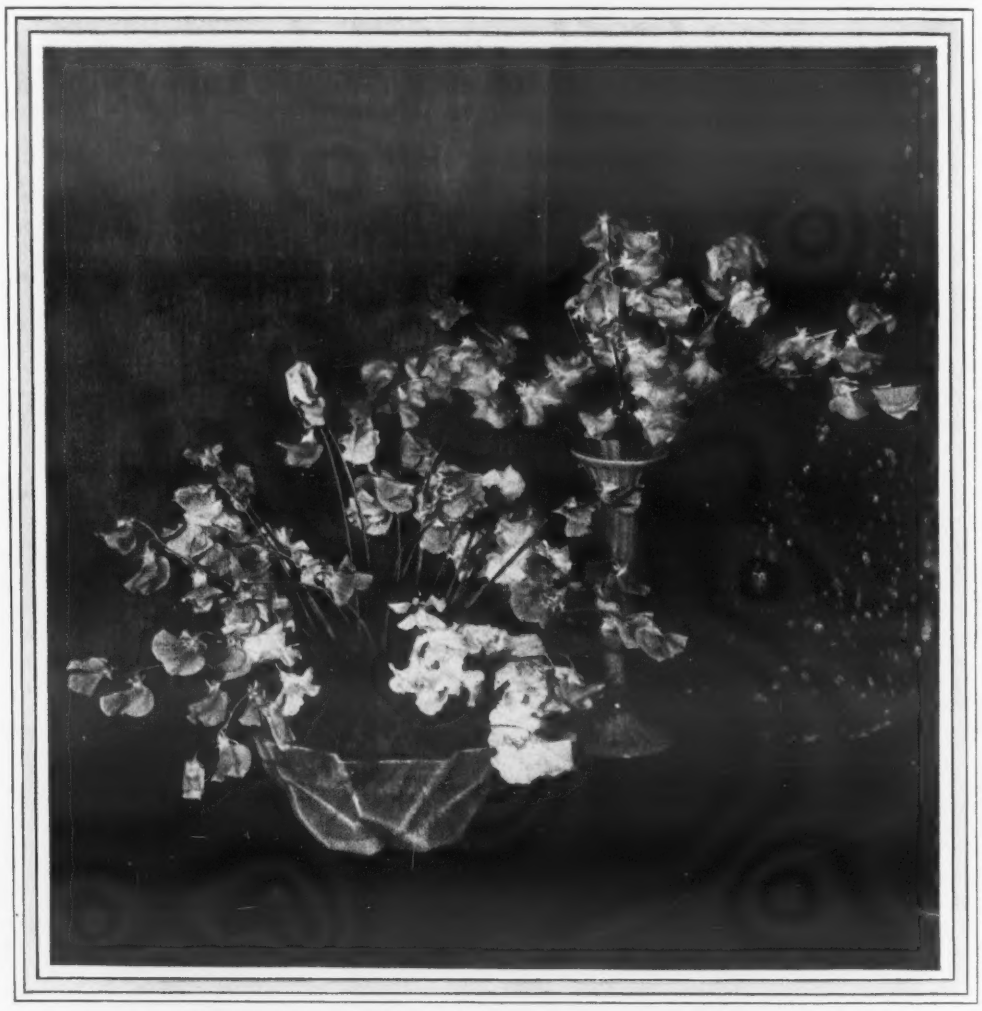
Consider the exquisite and varied range of tints the sweet pea brings to us: Soft pearls and opals to pure white, pinks of all shades from blush to rose, cerise, salmon, orange, carmine, crimson, scarlet, pale sky blue to deep blue, purple, claret and maroon, and these through many degrees of color.

It is easy to grow sweet peas if we love them, though their specific needs must be taken into consideration. Grown indifferently they are sure to be a disappointment, for their season of blossoming will be curtailed, their flowers small and short-stemmed, and probably the leaves turn yellow or the plants shrivel quite early in the season.

But let us look on the other side. Is there anything among our summer garden flowers really more delightful than a row of sweet peas in vigorous healthy growth, and bearing an abundance of large, long-stemmed, brightly colored flowers? They have all the requisites of a precious garden flower; they are graceful, they have exquisite coloring, they are ideal for decorative purposes, and when grown under suitable conditions the plants last long in their fullness of beauty.

The popularity of "the queen of annual flowers" may be judged by the fact that from two to three thousand acres of land are devoted to its culture for seed purposes—this, of course, in sunny California. A normal yield from this acreage is more than six hundred thousand pounds of seed—three hundred tons—or sufficient to sow from three to four thousand miles of sweet peas. This is surely a clear indication of the hold it has upon flower lovers everywhere, for this California-grown seed is used all over the world.

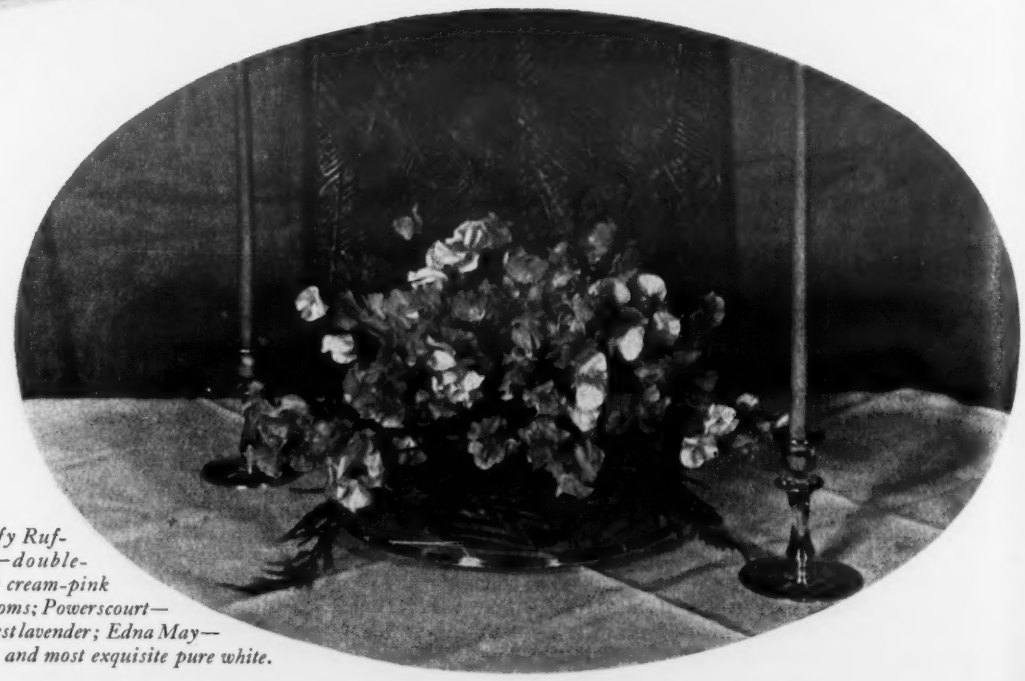
In our Southern or other states rarely visited by frost, or to a limited degree only, the sweet pea flourishes in all its glory from December until late spring. Farther north our gardens are brightened by their bewitching beauty from May until August. In our more northern and cooler states, their delicate fragrance is apparent in the gardens until killing frost puts an end to all growing things. Few flowers lend themselves more readily to decorative purposes, and, with the wealth of colors now available for several months during the season, as also the great quantity of blooms produced from even a limited number of plants, the conclusion is that the sweet pea is indispensable in all gardens. What other flower is so dainty and pretty on the dinner table? Or by what means can we enhance the appearance of our rooms to a greater advantage than by a graceful arrangement of a few sweet peas in suitable receptacles, in chosen colors to harmonize with the surroundings? No flower seems to suit every occasion better.



Pinkie—finest of all the white-ground pinks; Daffodil—rich cream; Powerscourt—the best lavender.

Hawlmark Salmon Pink—a most popular salmon pink; Dainty Maid—blush.

Crusader—cream pink; Dainty Maid—blush.



Fluffy Ruffles—double-ruffle cream-pink blossoms; Powerscourt—the best lavender; Edna May—large and most exquisite pure white.

Magnet—rich salmon pink.

Montrose—deep rose. Bluebird—the popular blue. At right—Brilliant Rose—rich, shining rose color; Miss California—a charming cream pink.

To insure an abundance of bloom the requirements of the plant should be thoroughly understood.

In cool locations little difficulty is experienced, for, given ordinary good soil in a fertile condition, the vines grow vigorously from the start, flowering continuously until frost, always provided that no seed pods are allowed to form.

In warmer localities choose a position where the plants will receive some shade during part of the day. Shade from the afternoon sun is ideal, but it should not be provided by overhanging branches, nor should the rows be too close to a building.

The seed should be sown early, the date of course depending upon the locality, for if sown directly in the open we must delay until frost is out of the ground and it can be properly prepared. Many gardeners adhere religiously to the old rule of sowing on St. Patrick's Day, March seventeenth, and get their seed in the ground regardless of soil conditions. This date can be relied upon as being suitable for the Middle Atlantic States, but it is advisable to have the soil trenched and enriched in the fall, so that when the time arrives all that is necessary is to rake down the rough surfaces and sow the seed. The reason for early sowing is to allow the plants to get their roots well and deeply established while the weather is cool and the soil moist, thus enabling them to withstand the heat and drought of late spring and summer.

Deeply trenched and well-enriched soil—just as it would be prepared to grow really fine vegetables—will be found suitable to the well-being of this free-flowering annual; but to insure a long season of fine flowers it is advisable to expend some extra labor in making the soil right. The trench should be dug at least two feet wide and two spadings deep. In removing the soil the top layer is thrown on one side and the bottom or poor subsoil on the other side of the trench. The

(Continued on Page 162)

Other articles on Gardens and Home Building are on pages 151 to 170.

Gold Crest—lovely shade of salmon orange.

Above—Edna May—large pure white; Charity—large rich crimson.

Grenadier—a rich geranium red—is especially good for massed effects.

Why You Should Build Your Home This Spring

The Cost of Materials and Equipment is Lower Than in the Past Ten Years

By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

I HAVE good news. You can build that home you have been dreaming about all these months—perhaps years. There is no longer any need to put it off. The long-hoped-for time when costs, prices and "conditions" are right has arrived.

Building materials are down. The price of equipment is down. Labor is about on a level with the mean average for the past six years, but in the net is lower in cost because of its increased productivity. And more skilled labor is available this spring, at the average prices, than for some time past.

I have even better and more startling news. You can build a house today cheaper than you could have built it during any time in recent years. Everything considered, you can build your home today *at less cost than at any time in the past ten years!*

But that is not all. Not only at less cost in dollars and cents, but you can get *more home per dollar today* than you could have purchased for the same dollar at any time during those ten years!

This is not a pipe dream. It is not a sales prospectus for some building contractor. I have merely set out the bare facts, based upon long and patient investigation in recent weeks. I have consulted the great statistics-gathering organizations who keep the records, week in and week out, in the building industry. I have gone to the responsible leaders in each and every division of the building industry for their opinions. They were asked for the facts upon which they based those opinions. And when these opinions and these facts were carefully and systematically sifted down, the net result is found in the statements I have set out above.

Startling? Certainly, it is. But the best part of it is that it isn't merely startling. It is also true. And it goes to prove a rather famous old adage which went to the effect that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The ill wind I have in mind was the famous bull market on Wall Street which culminated in the headaches in October and November of last year.

It may seem a long way around to connect the stock-market break with the favorable situation obtaining in the residential building field in this month of March, 1930. But let us see.

The postwar building boom reached its peak in 1925. Houses, apartments and flats had by that time caught up with our needs. In some localities we were overbuilt. There came a recession, a flattening out of the residential curve on the statistical charts. We slowed down slightly.

It was about this time that the famous long bull market got under way with the general effect of advancing price levels of stocks. And the higher they went, the more people were attracted.

People Versus Money

BUT people in the market are not really the important factor. It is the money they use in the market that counts—the money they take out of legitimate channels. For money is the sinews not only of industry but of stock speculation as well.

Money can come from only two sources: Savings or loans. The man who had saved enough money to finance the building of a home suddenly decided to take a whirl at Wall Street. He used his own savings as the magnet to lure his more canny neighbor into the market by loaning him his money—on call—with which to operate.

Thus, as the pyramids went higher and higher, more and more money was drawn in. More and more money taken from legitimate industry. And one of the most important and impressive industries we have is the building industry. It makes a yearly expenditure of $7,000,000,000 to $8,500,000,000. It is very easy to understand what happens to retard the normal development of such an industry when a diversion of money and credit is going on, by examining the record of last year.

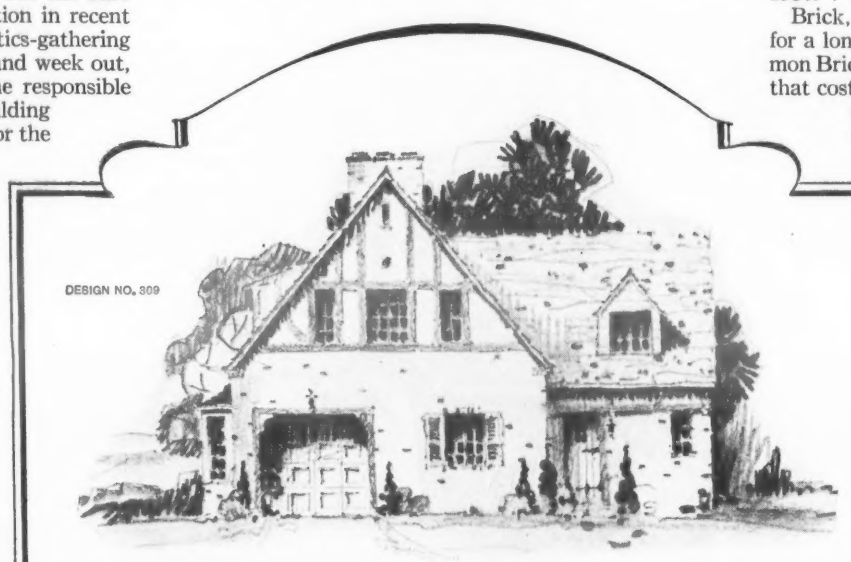
In 1929, residential construction declined 20 per cent below the preceding four years' average. B. L. Johnson, editor of The American Builder, says: "The main cause of this falling off in home building was not lack of demand, but difficulty in financing. All the money was going into the stock market, leaving the home—that soundest of all investments—to suffer."

And so the quick recession in the residential construction last year pulled the entire building industry down to a net loss of 8 per cent below the preceding four years' average.

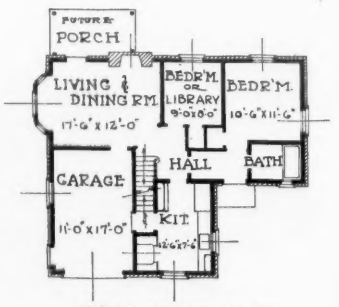
With these factors in mind, we can now understand some of the reasons why the liquidation of the stock-market-inflated values will help you build your home at less cost today.

Take materials. Dr. Wilson Compton, of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, says: "We are in a position to assure you that as the situation now stands lumber for residential building, both outside and inside, is considerably lower than it has been for the past six years. . . . Broadly speaking, you can authoritatively assert that the lumber dollar will buy more and better lumber—considering both factors together—than at any time since 1922. . . . The low cost of lumber at the present time, speaking frankly, is due to the overproduction characteristic of a widely spread industry composed of many units. Naturally, the industry is trying to correct this situation . . . but while it lasts, there can be no doubt that builders have a real opportunity."

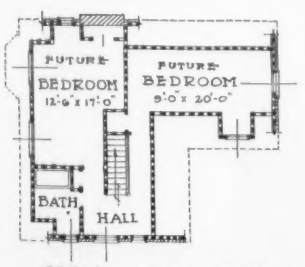
H. B. Weiss, vice president of George C. Brown & Co., manufacturers of Southern hardwoods, advances a similar view, and adds: "The builder of a home today can secure many refinements that up to a short while ago seemed out of the question for the moderate purse."



DESIGN NO. 309



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

PLANS FOR $1.00

THIS delightful house is a story-and-a-half, brick-veneer English-cottage type, with half-timbered gables. Asbestos shingles on roof. There are four rooms downstairs, with an attached garage. Later, two bedrooms and bath may be added upstairs, and a porch off the living room overlooking the garden.

JOURNAL House Patterns (trade-mark) are available for this house No. 309, which contain complete plans and specifications, at one dollar postpaid. Address Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

George N. Lamb, secretary of the American Walnut Manufacturers Association, clearly sets out one of the chief reasons why material prices are so favorable just now. The manufacturers expected normal demand. They geared their production to meet that demand, but, as we have already seen, money was diverted into another channel, and an oversupply resulted. He adds: "Walnut lumber and walnut veneers will be available for home builders in the spring of 1930 at a lower price than at any time in the past ten years, and it is absolutely safe to say that this price will not be duplicated at any time in the future. The industry will have large stocks to dispose of in the spring. At any time that the supply is greater than the demand competition carries prices down to cost or less."

J. D. Giles, vice-president Creo-Dipt Company, agrees with the general opinion, and W. G. Saville, president of the Plastergon Wall Board Company, says: "The fiber wall board we manufacture is now lower in price than it has been any time within the past ten years. . . . There is nothing we can see in the general situation that would indicate an increase in building costs during the first six months of 1930. . . ."

Brick, in keeping with lumber, is lower than it has been for a long time. Says Ralph P. Stoddard, secretary, Common Brick Manufacturers Association: "It is true, I believe, that costs are lower than they have been in recent years and are as low as perhaps they ever will be. . . . With our own material, and brick quite definitely, costs are lower than at any time since before the War. . . ."

It is easy to assume that if costs are so favorable now, they may be even more favorable this fall or next spring. The overwhelming consensus of opinion is against this. A. O. Cuthbert, general manager, Cellized Oak Flooring, Inc., ably presents the reasoning against further delay when he says:

"The spring of 1930 will be as economical a period for the building of homes and other construction as any time in the near future; 1928 and 1929 have not been up to normal as regards home construction; therefore, we look for considerable activity in the next few years. With increase in construction, the law of supply and demand will prevail so that 1931 will show a higher construction cost than the spring of 1930. Material prices will be higher as the demand increases and the present highly competitive market decreases. The same thing will apply with labor, and present proposed increases in demand by the various trades should show a higher labor rate in the fall of 1930 and in the spring of 1931."

Lower Costs

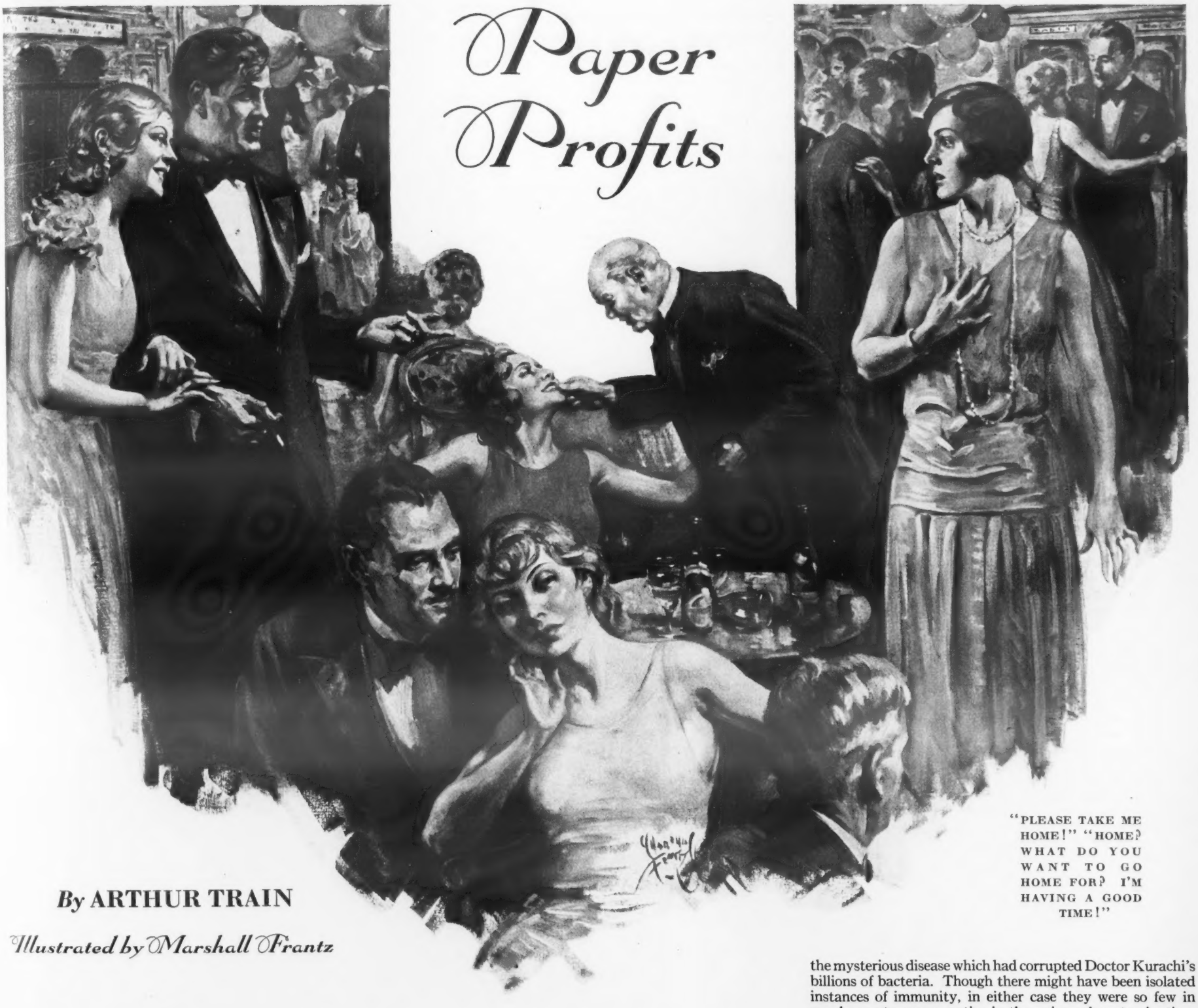
A SIMILAR position is taken by A. G. Andersen, of the Crittall Casement Window Company, who does not look for the full volume of building to get under way until later in the spring. "If this is true," he adds, "contractors, materials, men and manufacturers in the building field will be hungry for work early in 1930 and prices will be as advantageous as they possibly can be. . . . Later on enough work comes on the market to tend to raise prices over early spring prices."

Referring specifically to lumber, C. Arthur Bruce, of the E. L. Bruce Company, says: "The spring of 1930 will offer an opportunity for purchase of such lumber products that might be used in new homes at a lower level than has existed for many years. Not only is the manufacturer selling his lumber practically at cost but the dealers in a retail way are making no money because they are selling on such a close market."

The steady decline in home-building costs is graphically set out by O. E. Sovereign, of The Aladdin Company, manufacturers of ready-cut houses, who says: "I am able to quote the price on one of our average houses from 1923 on. This design has remained unchanged through these years,

(Continued on Page 168)

Paper Profits



"PLEASE TAKE ME HOME!" "HOME? WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GO HOME FOR? I'M HAVING A GOOD TIME!"

By **ARTHUR TRAIN**

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

THE Rands are living in a new world—a world of stock speculation, of garish and expensive suburban life, of artificial standards and conditions—and it all dates back to the time Lawrence Rand accidentally made the acquaintance of Clarice Shelton on the train from New York.

As editor of The Smart Woman, a magazine published in New York, Larry has done moderately well, but he and Betty, his wife, find it hard to make both ends meet and maintain their modest home in Glendale, Connecticut.

Clarice, as the wife of William Shelton, one of the most powerful operators in Wall Street, has everything money can buy, but she is treated with cold disdain by her husband who discovered too late that he had been married for his wealth. Larry, who is personable, clever and good-looking, attracts her. She takes up the Rands, entertains them lavishly.

Fearfully, hesitantly, Betty Rand has bought a few shares of a stock called Glutex on margin, Glutex being the Street term for Glucose Textile Products, a waterproofing process based on the isolation of a certain bacillus. Clarice, who is a shrewd operator on her own, coaches Betty so successfully that she sells out, after much nerve strain and anxiety, with a profit of $15,000. The Rands pay off the mortgage.

But Larry, under Clarice's spell, is getting more and more dissatisfied with his job and its rewards. She encourages him to play the market and holds out a tempting picture of big gains. Finally, he resigns from The Smart Woman and she helps him obtain a position as customers' man with the brokerage firm of Costain, Cary & Company. Through her influence many accounts come his way and the fortunes of the Rands mount rapidly.

They forsake their little home in Glendale for a villa in expensive and fashionable Glenmoor close by. The Glenmoorii receive them with open arms and they move with the elect of Suburbia, but Betty begins to tire of the artificiality of their lives, to resent the part that Clarice plays in their destinies and to be suspicious of Larry's intimacy with her. But she is mollified when Clarice puts up the capital for Larry to become a partner in the new firm of Cary, Rand & Willis.

A branch office is maintained in Glendale, whose citizenry show a fondness for Glutex. Everybody, it seems, is getting rich speculating in Glutex. Larry opens a trading account for 2000 shares in Betty's name. But one day Morris Schornstein, the head of the Glutex company, comes to the office and discloses to Cary, a fellow director, that the all-important bacillus of the waterproofing process had laid down on the job, that it is sick with the phage. As big stockholders they are panic-stricken and resolve to form a pool, to be managed by Shelton, to unload their holdings and then to sell short. Larry, though not a director, is invited to join. The temptation to save his money stifles his conscience.

Shelton cleverly manipulates the combined holdings with the final result that Larry's share of the profits is $190,000. The bottom drops out. There is a panic. Virtually everyone in Glendale is ruined, among them Virginia Saltus, one of Betty's closest and oldest friends, who kills herself.

XIX.

THE black scourge of the phage ravaged the community of Glendale, leaving behind it the crippled, the dying, the dead. The pestilential germ of speculation had infected its inhabitants almost as thoroughly as the mysterious disease which had corrupted Doctor Kurachi's billions of bacteria. Though there might have been isolated instances of immunity, in either case they were so few in number as to escape notice in the universal contamination. There were few houses upon which the plague had not left its mark, hardly a family which had escaped its blight. Everyone who had been carrying Glutex had been wiped out; the menace of debt and bankruptcy hung over the town; property had to be hurriedly disposed of at forced sale; and not the least of the ironies of the disaster was that many of the victims, lured to the offices of Cary, Rand & Willis by the rumor that anyone might have a fortune for the taking, had entered the market for the first time and made their only purchases of Glutex on the very day of its collapse. Meanwhile the price of the stock continued to decline from day to day, reaching eventually a low-water mark of 7.

The shock of Virginia's suicide prostrated Betty, who felt that she and Larry were partly to blame for what had happened. He was at first almost as much affected by the tragedy as his wife. The nurse's letter stated that she had lost $25,000—all the savings of her lifetime—by speculation in the stock market and, since she could no longer support herself, preferred death to being an object of charity.

What most tortured Betty was not Larry's part in the collapse of Glutex which had destroyed Virginia along with the others, but the conviction that by her own example she herself had been partly responsible for undermining her friend's principles. She remembered only too well the dinner at Fallen Arches just after Sam Tinker had made his first $500, when Larry and she had expressed themselves as so strongly averse to stock gambling, only to have Virginia and Mr. Wetherbee see her coming out of Costain, Cary & Company's brokerage office a day or two later. If, during the period when she had been playing the market, she had not had that accidental talk with her in which she had reversed her original opinions and defended the right to speculate, poor

Virginia might never have succumbed to the mania for gambling, might still be alive, happy and of service to others.

There was no denying the fact that the firm had received a black eye. Larry was obliged to admit that, whatever his own point of view, many people, had they known of it, would have regarded his conduct as reprehensible as that of Cary and Schornstein.

The newspapers had hinted that the smash might have been due to private selling on the part of company officials and, when it presently became known that the Glutex fabric could no longer fulfill the purpose for which it was guaranteed, this was followed by a violent attack upon whoever had precipitated the selling and depreciated the value of the stock before the facts had been disclosed to the shareholders at large. When at last Betty was able to resume her usual occupations she found social intercourse with her neighbors on quite a different basis from what it had been. They no longer welcomed her with their former cordiality and some of them even deliberately failed to recognize her. The governess took a seemingly malicious delight in repeating what she had heard from other servants.

"Not that they really believe it, Mrs. Rand. I can't see how anybody could believe such things. But they do say that Mr. Cary and Mr. Rand have both made fortunes by selling stock to people when they knew it wasn't worth anything. I always tell them that if they knew Mr. Rand as I do they'd know how utterly impossible it was for him to have done anything of the sort. But you know how people are if they lose money. Half the butlers in Glenmoor have lost everything they had, and Mr. Quimby, the traffic policeman, has had to sell the house he'd half paid for. It's terrible, the things they say! What dress will you have Miss Phyllis wear, Mrs. Rand?"

Larry put up a bold front, although he and Cary by preference now rode in the smoker rather than face the gloomy faces of their former associates in the Infant Class.

Betty did not even have the dubious comfort of Clarice's assurance that everything had been wholly aboveboard, for the two women no longer saw anything of each other. She refused to believe that Larry could have intentionally done anything dishonorable, but she was tormented by the thought that he might have been led into something not strictly honorable, through inadvertence.

"Larry," she said one evening after she had stood the strain as long as she could, "I want to know the facts. I'm entitled to have them as your wife. Is what everybody is saying the truth?"

THEY were sitting in the den after dinner under Jo Craig's genial caricatures of the T. Wesley Postlethwaites. Larry grunted.

"What are they saying?"

"That your firm took advantage of advance information to ruin the other stockholders in Glutex."

"The firm had nothing whatever to do with it. We didn't own a single share of Glutex."

"You know what I mean," she replied, "even if I'm not technically correct. The partners did own stock individually, even if they didn't as a firm. Cary was a director in the company, and when you found out through Schornstein what had happened you all sold out your stock and then went short a lot more. I know from what I've read in the papers that a director isn't supposed to profit by advance information which is withheld from the other stockholders."

He foraged for tobacco.

"I'm not responsible for Cary. I wasn't a director. I wasn't even a shareholder. The account and the stock both stood in your name."

"That's just beating the devil around the stump. We're husband and wife, and our interests are the same. You can't hide behind me, Larry!"

"I'm not trying to hide behind you," he retorted. "Isn't a man justified in protecting his wife's interests? It's all very well for you to sit here now with your 40,000 bucks safely in the bank and tell me I ought not to have put 'em there. That's female gratitude for you! I suppose you think I ought to have sat back and let you be wiped out?"

"I don't think the fact that the account stood in my name makes the slightest difference."

"Well, I think it makes a lot of difference. You don't know anything about business, Betty."

"I'm beginning to be glad I don't," she answered bitterly. "I'd rather have lost every cent we had in the world—go out and work as a servant—than have you do anything in the slightest degree dishonorable."

"And so would I!" he declared hotly. "All the same I did have an obligation to look out for you. Suppose that account had stood in my name as trustee for my mother? Wouldn't it have been my duty to sell out her stock if I found out that something had happened which would make it absolutely worthless?"

Betty tapped the hearth with her foot before she replied.

"Perhaps if you were a trustee for somebody it would make a difference. I don't know anything about it. There might be a conflict of duties there which would justify your protecting her at the expense of somebody else. But that's a different case."

"Same thing exactly. I was practically a trustee for you."

"And for yourself. Man and wife are one, Larry!"

He made a gesture of impatience.

"All right, all right! Say it was my account and not yours—what then?"

"Then you took advantage of your relationship to Cary to do exactly what he did—what everybody now says was crooked."

He turned brick red.

"You mean I'm a crook?"

"All I mean is that you may have been drawn into something that wasn't straight without realizing it," she explained.

"I wasn't drawn into anything. I happened to be lucky enough to find out that the stock—whoever it belonged to—wasn't worth a damn, and got out of it, same as any man would have done. And of course anybody has a right to sell short if he is willing to risk it."

"You were an insider, even if you weren't a director. Your partner was a director. The only reason you got this information was because you were the partner of a director who passed it on to you."

"I suppose you'll say Cary and I are one also," he remarked sarcastically.

"I do. Cary as a director represented the interests of all the stockholders. He either ought to have told everybody what had happened or he ought to have told nobody. Certainly he had no right to unload his own stock and profit by his position and he had no right to tell you—to the exclusion of other stockholders—in order that you might unload too."

"Look here, Betty," Larry said. "You mustn't be unfair to me—or any of us. I admit Schornstein and Cary pulled some pretty rough stuff as directors, but, after all, they had put up the money in the first place, and nursed Glutex through its troubles and built up the corporation's business to what it was. They were entitled to some credit for that. They were the biggest stockholders. If they hadn't sold out they'd have lost millions. The other stockholders were comparatively pikers."

HE SHOOK HIS STICK THREATENINGLY IN SCHORNSTEIN'S DIRECTION,

"Naturally the biggest gamblers stand to lose the most money."

"Well, what do you want me to do now? Call a meeting of the stockholders and all those who lost their money, and distribute our $40,000 among 'em?"

"How about the people who bought our stock? How do you know Virginia didn't buy it?"

"Of course she didn't buy it! She'd have been cleaned out with all the others, anyway."

They wrangled about it until nearly midnight, becoming, as disputants do upon such occasions, more and more irrelevant and illogical. And all the while they argued Betty saw

the face of Virginia Saltus cold in death with its haggard sunken eyes gazing down upon her.

"My head is splitting," she wailed finally. "All I know is that your partner was a director, and that he did something wrong and that you profited by it. I don't judge you. I blame myself. But I won't touch a cent of that blood money!"

"Don't be an idiot," he retorted. "You can't stay here and not live on it."

"Stay here? Who wants to stay here when everybody hates us? I shall go mad if I have to stay here! And unless you resign from your partnership with those men—oh, Larry, give it all up! Take me away!"

XX.

FOR a space he nearly yielded to the impulse to do as she wished. Why not? He had more than achieved his earlier ambition to make $100,000, for the pool had covered at an average price of 9½ and he had banked $190,000 profit in that single transaction. His income from his Wall Street winnings would be much more than his salary with The Smart Woman had been. They might move back to Cottage Street and try living there again, if Betty was so fond of the place. But next moment he laughed at the absurdity of it. They were now living at the rate of at least $25,000 a year. He had to go on.

Yet, though he resented the fact that the Glenmoorii classed him along with Cary and Willis, he was obliged to acknowledge the justice of their attitude toward his partners. As directors the latter had certainly played the stockholders a scurvy trick. He refused to admit that he had himself done anything wrong, but that he had forfeited Betty's respect deeply humiliated him, for in his heart's core there was no one whose integrity and clear-sightedness he admired so much as hers. After all, she ought to have some sympathy. Make some allowance for the fact that he had only been trying to save her fortune for her. There had to be "reason in all things." What he stigmatized as Betty's illogicality annoyed him almost as much as had her original suspicions concerning his relations with Clarice. It infuriated him to perceive that she had been right in both instances without having logic in the one case or evidence in the other.

Under the circumstances it was only natural that he should have sought comfort from the woman who had originally approved his act and shared its accomplishment.

He found her, as upon a previous occasion, sitting alone in the moonlight upon the veranda of Green Acres, but this time it was he and not she who was on the verge of tears, the man and not the woman who needed solace.

"I'm miserable, Clarice, and it's all so unfair! Everybody is against me."

She seized her opportunity.

"Poor darling!" she soothed him, stroking his hair while he sat at her feet. "What a time you have had! How horribly unjust they all have been to you! But you can be sure of one thing, dear—Clarice isn't against you."

He raised her hands, one after the other, to his lips.

"Thanks for your sympathy, Clarice."

"You're my best friend, Larry. Sometimes I think you're my only one. You have my sympathy—and love."

He turned and buried his face on her knees.

"They've been so rotten to me!"

"No one who knew the truth and had any understanding could possibly blame you for protecting your wife—least of all Betty herself. What does she say you ought to have done—held her stock and see it go to nothing? Ridiculous! She might just as well say that I had done something questionable because I acted on the same information. You don't think, darling, that I'd have let you do anything dishonorable?"

He assured her passionately that he felt his honor safe in her keeping. His resentment against Betty rose. "She wants me to give it all up—get out of the market—go back to writing."

"After being so successful? How silly! Why, you've only begun. You're going to be a big man, Larry."

"You're a brick, Clarice! You've helped me a lot. I was so blue when I came in, I was ready to chuck everything!"

"Not everything. Not—me!"

"Never, Clarice!"

"My Larry!"

She bent over and looked down at him.

He turned and put his arm about her.

"It's lovely down in the garden," he whispered. "Let's go down there."

Under Clarice's advice Larry determined to remain in Wall Street.

"With your present start you'll make a million inside of two years; you can't help it in this market. Let me be your broker. Keep $100,000 in reserve and speculate with the rest," she advised him. "But I'd break away from Cary and Willis. They can't help you any now—particularly with all the milk out of Glutex. What you ought to do is to associate yourself with some high-class firm like Corcoran, Kales & Company. They're one of Shelton's favorite brokerage houses. I know old Amory, the senior partner, well. He's often been out with us on the Semiramis. I can almost guarantee to get you in there. Why don't you move to New York, where you can be in the thick of the game?"

"Well, for one thing I've got the Casa Bianca on my hands for a couple more years."

"Sublet it."

"But if we move to town," he went on, "when shall I see you?"

"That's perfectly simple. Shelton's going abroad in a week or two, for several months. I'll keep Green Acres open, of course, and spend the week-ends here, but the rest of the time I'm planning to take a suite at the Croyon. After all, there's no summer resort like New York. We'll have such fun going to roof gardens and—and things, won't we, Larry?"

MORE and more Larry became convinced that no one understood him half so well as this wonder woman, Clarice, and that with her behind him he could achieve anything. Had he not made $200,000 almost overnight? Two weeks later and toward the end of June the Rands sublet their house in Glenmoor and rented an apartment in the Stanwick on upper Park Avenue. The new tenants of La Casa Bianca were none other than their friends, the Tinkers, who, having been so fortunate as to sell Glutex at the top, had been elevated to the ranks of the Glenmoorii.

It was a most inappropriate season for moving from the country into the city, but at the time anything seemed preferable to the odium of their life in Glenmoor, and they abandoned the contents of La Casa Bianca to the now affluent Tinkers without a qualm.

"I never want to see another stick of Italian furniture again as long as I live," declared Betty. "I'm sick of titles and terra cotta and imitation walnut, and I never did know who Isabella d'Este was!"

Instead of being *cinquecento*, the new apartment was Gothic Renaissance, and the rent was $15,000 a year. The Stanwick was guarded by a brick-faced Prussian field marshal, another patrolled the hall inside, and the sawed-off elevator man wore a bright blue cutaway.

Their landlord, Mr. Pinoccio, an eminent theatrical producer, had evidently departed in haste, since there was no inventory and his desk and table drawers were stuffed with

(Continued on Page 232)

SHOUTING HOARSELY WHILE TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS CHEEKS

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Edward W. Bok

IN THE death of Mr. Edward W. Bok, hundreds of thousands of JOURNAL readers feel a very real sense of personal loss. Though he had ended his active editorial work more than ten years ago, his influence had continued to make itself felt through his widespread public works and philanthropies, and the occasional articles he contributed to our pages always brought forth an immediate and enthusiastic response from the many who still looked upon him as an interested friend.

During the thirty years of his editorship of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Mr. Bok exerted a profound influence upon the American home, and the amazing growth of this publication during that period fully attested the soundness of his leadership. When he became editor in 1889 the circulation of the JOURNAL was nearly five hundred thousand; when he relinquished the editorial chair in 1919, it had reached two million. And the record of the campaigns he conducted for the betterment of living conditions tells in itself the story of social progress in America during three decades of time.

It was Mr. Bok who first presented the idea that small houses could be both good-looking and comfortable, and he introduced into the JOURNAL an architectural department the influence of which was felt almost immediately in every city and town in the country. The name Dutch Colonial, as applied to a definite architectural type, was coined by him; and it was through one of his vigorous campaigns that the old front parlor was eliminated from the small house.

In furniture and interior decoration, Mr. Bok long waged a strenuous battle for common sense in design and form, and the articles he ran on The Right and Wrong Ways are still remembered as features of perennial interest and service.

In other crusades scattered through his long years of service, Mr. Bok made into reality the Safe and Sane Fourth of July; he was responsible for such a vigorous investigation of foods and drugs that the National Food and Drug Act resulted; he aroused public opinion to abolish the public drinking cup; he fought the hat pin, false hair and rats; he was an early champion of child welfare; he fought in the cause of birds and animals; he first demanded and encouraged nation-wide musical education.

After the introduction of four-color printing to the JOURNAL, Mr. Bok seized the opportunity to bring to the public reproductions of famous old masters, which exerted a definite influence for good taste and for an appreciation of fine art in American homes.

But more than all else, perhaps, Mr. Bok knew people. He understood their aspirations and desires, and he made of the JOURNAL a vehicle to help them in their struggle to create better living conditions, to eliminate drudgery and to find beauty.

His retirement from the editorship brought no cessation of his activities; in what he called his playtime he merely found new outlets for his boundless enthusiasms. Several books of wide popular interest and great circulation came from his pen. He engaged upon a series of far-flung philanthropic and civic enterprises for peace, for education, for music, for art, for advertising, for public service, for courage, which continued to impress his personality and vigorous thinking upon the American people.

But he was most proud, in these recent years, of the beautiful Singing Tower, with its carillon of bells, which he built in the midst of his bird sanctuary at Mountain Lake, Florida, and beneath which he has been buried as he planned.

Born in Holland, Mr. Bok became one of America's really outstanding men. We have lost a great friend in his death.

Church and Home

A GREAT opportunity confronts the church—if the church is big enough to grasp it. Several months ago there was held at Buffalo, New York, a Conference on Marriage and the Home, under the auspices of the Social Hygiene Committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. The problem under discussion was the changing status of the family in modern life, and among the conclusions reached were the following:

"It is our belief that the time has come for an emphasis upon the success of the normal home, as realized by the great majority of people, rather than stress upon the failures and abnormal relationships.

"The conference believes that of all the social and educational agencies in the community, the church holds the key to the home's future. . . . The Christian minister should consider himself as the moral engineer of family life.

"We urge that a larger place be given in the curriculum of our church schools for teaching on marriage and the home. . . . We counsel the ministry of the church to conduct pastoral classes among their young people in preparation for home life. . . . We urge likewise a greater personal ministry to individuals, particularly extending personal counsel to young couples who come to be married. . . . We urge upon all our theological seminaries a thorough training of the divinity student in relation to this future home ministration. . . . It is to be hoped that ultimately there will be established in every city a clinic on marriage and the home, in which there will be a staff consisting of a minister of religion, a psychiatrist, a physician and a social worker . . . in order that the church might give to the home the same expert technical advice in the religious realm that is now given by specialists in other realms."

Big plans these—magnificent plans. But plans, we fear, that can scarcely be carried out by the present generation of preachers and churches. How many ministers today have sufficiently dominant personalities to issue orders to their parishioners and make those orders stick? How many ministers can exercise real leadership of the young people in their communities? How many ministers are really informed as to the problems of family life? And if they are not informed how can they expect to direct changes?

When denominational competition ceases, when we have big, united churches around which community life can really revolve, then we shall be able to attract to the ministry big men of power and authority. Then, and only then, will families bring their many problems to the church for solution.

Moving Day

THE first day of March has a peculiar significance in the minds of many of our people. From the earliest of times it has been looked forward to with apprehension, if not actual terror. For in many places it has been moving day.

Elsewhere in the issue it is suggested that this spring is an unusually desirable time in which to build your own home. Why not do it now? Former President Coolidge has said: "Let them—our people—begin, however slender their means, the building and perfecting of the national character by the building and adorning of a home which shall be worthy of the habitation of an American family, calm in the assurance that 'the gods send thread for a web begun.'"

Let us this year end the menace of "moving day" to our own loved ones. Let us build our own home!

Insurance for Old Age

It Should be Possible for Every Man to Carry His Income on His Back

An Interview With FREDERICK H. ECKER

President, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

BY MAKING a single payment of a little more than $300 on the first birthday of a child, that child may be assured of an income of over $600 a year from age sixty-five until death. A deposit of $100 at age one will result in an income of round $200 a year from age sixty-five. At age ten the same deposit will result in an income of about $140 a year. The deposit of $1000 would give just ten times the income of the hundred-dollar units.

These are the calculations for single deposits—a payment that settles the matter forever—but the payments might be stretched out in installments covering five or ten years and, with slight additional charges to cover interest, payments could be arranged to suit almost any purse. For instance, the $300 at age one could be arranged in five annual installments of sixty-three dollars each or in ten annual installments of thirty-five dollars each.

These facts are somewhat startling. It seems impossible that so small a sum of money could purchase, on a purely business basis, so great an assurance against the possibility of destitution in old age. Actually they are just facts that any large insurance company knows by experience.

Savings

OUT of 10,000 children who have lived one year, 6200 can be expected to live to age sixty-five, according to present-day mortality. Thus the $300 paid by each one of the 10,000 amounts to practically $500 for each of the 6200 who reach age sixty-five. The sum of $500 compounded at 4 per cent interest over a period of sixty-four years will amount to slightly more than $6000, and this sum is sufficient to pay the income of $600 a year until death. In a way the whole process of calculating the risk of old age is simply life-insurance calculating put into reverse. A life-insurance policy accumulates a sum of money against the certain contingency of death, but an income policy accumulates a sum of money against the uncertain contingency of old age.

The dread of penniless old age is as great as the dread of death. Everyone at some time or other in life knows that dread. The question is whether we shall continue to face old age with deep emotion as a period when many of us must linger humbly on the charity of our children or of the state, or whether we shall view it coldly as a less productive period of life that can easily be sustained by a little forehandedness during the productive period.

Some people succeed during their productive years in accumulating estates of such a size that they can pass into old age with the utmost financial comfort, and it is often possible out of even a moderate income to save enough at least for sustenance.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Sometimes, however, this saving is at a heavy expense—the old-age fund is gathered by dint of such privation as to make life hardly worth living. Savings carried beyond a point are destructive. But, without going into merits and demerits of saving, we must face the fact that a number of people cannot or will not accumulate enough money during their active years to provide for old age.

Considerably more people are living to advanced ages than ever before. In the good old days, life was so hard that a man of forty was getting old and a man of fifty was old. Today a man of fifty is not old, and a man of sixty is just beginning to get old. The working life has lengthened, according to all the authoritative surveys, and there is no fixed discharging age. If the present mortality trends continue we shall have among us an increasingly large proportion of men and women who are beyond the age of sixty-five.

At the same time, more and more people are today working for wages or salaries and their wage incomes cease when they are no longer able to work. This has been recognized in many forms of public employment by making provision for pensions after a certain number of years of service, or after reaching a certain age. Many industrial establishments and railroads have made similar provision for the retirement on pension of their superannuated employes, and because some of these plans have been principally founded on good intentions and without taking into account the inevitable mathematical consequences they have failed when most needed. The results of the ruin have been tragic.

Bounties

IT IS a terrible thing to begin a system of benevolences and then be unable to make good. But that has to be the fate of every plan of old-age allowances founded in a spirit of pure charity and continued without regard to the financial facts.

The trouble with the pension thought to date is that it is founded on charity. The popular conception of a pension is the giving of money by somebody who has it to someone else who needs it. It has not been comprehended that any system of pure bounty can exist only so long as the givers are wealthy and the recipients of the bounty are few in number. Just as soon as the bounty is extended over any great number of people, to continue during their lifetimes, the cost becomes devastating. That has been the universal experience. Many know this to their deep sorrow, and so do the retired employes of those corporations which have failed in business and have been unable to proceed with their pensions, or have found their pension

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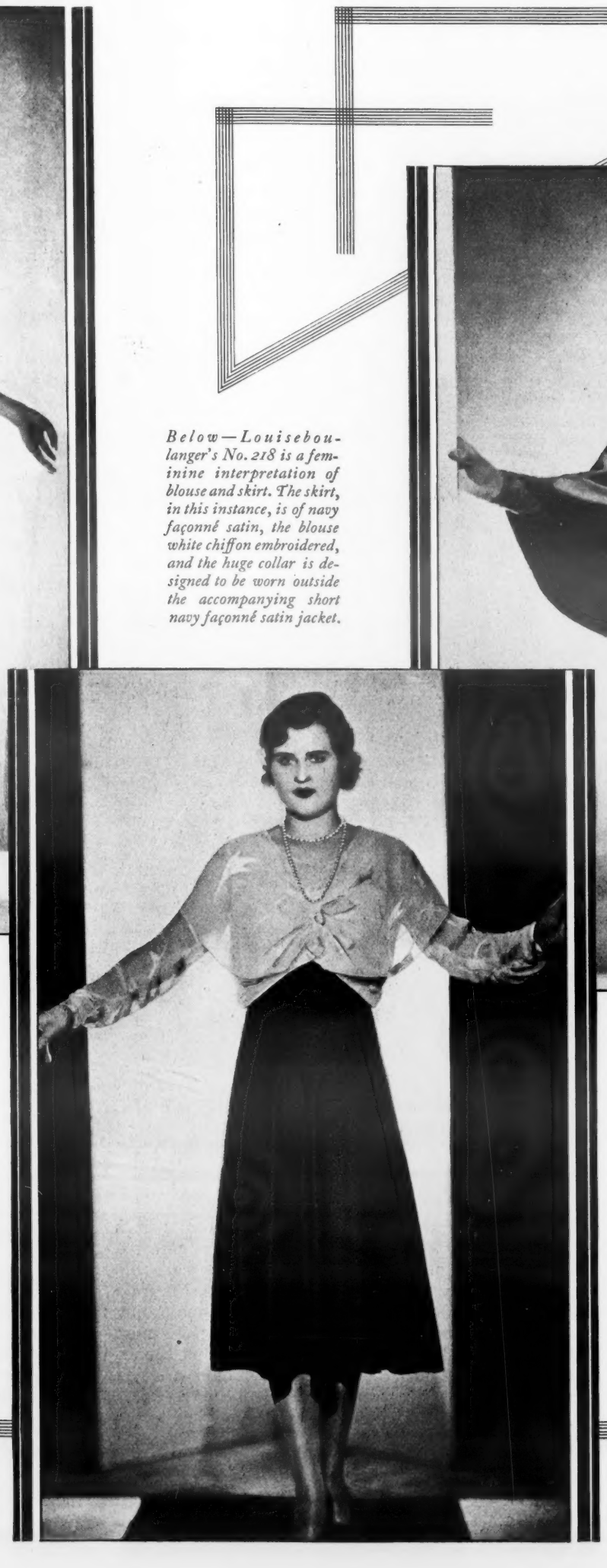
Louiseboulanger Designs for 1930

Individual Interpretations of the New Chic

PHOTOS. BY SCAIONI, PARIS

Having made her name almost inseparable from evening gowns with bustles or other very-difficult-to-wear details, Louiseboulanger does the about-face which is the prerogative of genius and designs a charmingly simple evening gown for a young girl, designating it as No. 252. The chiffon which she uses shades from orange to pale yellow in dégradé effect.



Below—Louiseboulanger's No. 218 is a feminine interpretation of blouse and skirt. The skirt, in this instance, is of navy façonné satin, the blouse white chiffon embroidered, and the huge collar is designed to be worn outside the accompanying short navy façonné satin jacket.

All the charm and appeal of the Romantic Movement appear in Louiseboulanger's No. 233, an afternoon ensemble which is distinctly individual. The foundation of the frock is light blue printed chiffon; over it is fastened an overskirt of navy blue silk crêpe, matching the cape with its side fastening.

Spring Fashions Were Never More Charming

The Feminine Details of the Mode Arrive at Chic Without Fussiness

By PAMELA COYNE

Fashion Editor of the Journal

JACKETS, jackets all the way, one can easily sing of the spring fashions. Last month we wrote a little about the admirable taste of the great fashion-wise group of American women, often referred to as "they," in selecting the most attractive details and keeping to them, thus establishing the really smart new mode of 1930. Another excellent choice is the triumph of the jacket for all hours of the day and in a thousand different forms.

For sports there are little jackets with nipped-in waists, in the brilliant high colors which are so striking over white cotton or silk tennis frocks, or there are sleeveless jackets, to be worn over sleeveless frocks or over long-sleeved dresses. There are jackets to be worn with woolen dresses—such as the sleeveless jacket from Louiseboulanger on page 49—silk jackets to match dark silk town frocks; floating, light, ruffly jackets and little shoulder capes to be worn over light frocks for afternoon. And the really smart woman still orders little jackets to match her evening frocks as well.

We cannot resist pointing out a little joke, which we hope you have not missed, anent the outbursts which have been frequent in the press this winter, even in columns usually devoted to less frivolous matters than women's fashions. With the suppression of all the incredibly overdone ruffles and fripperies, with the survival of the moderately long skirt for street and daytime wear, women of America, we learn, have won a final and lasting victory over the arbitrary fashion decisions of Paris. We hope that you, following the authentic and actual expressions of the new mode in Paris through these fashion pages, have been laughing quietly with us. For although Paris has advocated the now-established higher waistline, and has introduced feminine charm again into a mode too long chained to the chemise dress, we know that the innovations have been characterized by moderation and by good taste. Extremes have been committed in the name of "the new fashions" during the past winter without a doubt, but most unfortunately they must be laid at the door of American adapters, copyists and designers.

Lines for Every Figure

SANITY as well as charm can be claimed for the new frocks and designs for spring, however. And what is even more encouraging, there are points in distinct favor of both the too tall and the too short; peplums, tunics, boleros and capes, for instance, favor the overly tall woman, while flares, longer skirts, godets, geometrical cuts and grouped pleats solve the problem of the shorter woman.

Ensemble tendencies, as we noted last month, are stronger than ever—and in some ways less obvious. In Paris, for instance, three fabrics are combined in one sports ensemble; Rodier's fascinating fabrics are utilized by Molyneux in a sports suit with a tomato-red jacket, beige-and-red jersey blouse, beige wool skirt. But the effect is distinctly one of ensemble, not of hit-or-miss combination. Another of the subtle ensemble combinations is noted on one of our pages of Paris reports this month—a black silk afternoon frock from Jenny, with a pink coat. A distinct reversal of the usual order, but such a smart one!

The ensemble idea is worked out with more care than ever before in accessories. With wool sports costumes, wool turbans or hats of matching fabric, and bags too. With street and afternoon ensembles, shoes, purses and hats to match, in color if not in fabric. With sports clothes, particularly if they are of cotton, bags and hats and shoes of linen, or white slippers with some touch of trimming, a band of suède possibly, which can be dyed to match the predominant high color used for accessories. With evening costumes, matching bags and slippers, usually of the same color as the dress. As a matter of fact, the latter holds true of most accessory combinations, except those which are to accompany white. Increasingly smart women are accenting one color throughout their costumes—blue frock, blue hat, blue shoes, big blue bag of the new intricate workmanship, and jewelry combining some other color but still accenting blue.

Blue, by the way, promises to be the leading color for spring, with emerald green a close enough second to comfort those who would really rather wear it; and navy, without being too frequent, important enough to be seen very often and on the right people.

Black as usual remains dear to the heart of the chic Parisienne, and she frequently combines it with white, whereas in America a good many smartly dressed women prefer a lighter color for spring and summer.

Beiges and browns remain in the country and sports mode, but do not figure much for town and street or formal wear. For evening "they" are wearing a great deal of watery green, and turquoise blue is almost more important.

Sports and country wear features white—the actual dead white rather than the off-white which we have seen so much for a season or two—a great deal, closely seconded by pink, of the peach or salmon persuasion chiefly, and by light, springlike yellow as well as all the "pretty" pastels. While sports clothes are suitably plain, sleeveless and practical, afternoon clothes feature a delightfully feminine charm which brings both "becoming" and "pretty" back into the fashion vocabulary. New versions of that old favorite, eyelet embroidery on batiste, ruffled frocks of dotted swiss, organdie and mull, with, of course, bigger hats, colored slippers, and even parasols to go with them are all very smart.

A furore of beads swept Paris recently, but they were so charming that it seemed small wonder. The newest costume jewelry tendencies reflect the "ensemble completed with care" particularly. With tweed costumes combining two or more colors, strings of beads echoing the same shades are worn. In fact, beads, twisted, in many-strand effects, braided, are worn with everything, their important feature being brilliance of colors, and the combination of several colors in one string. Summing it all up, one realizes that this year more than ever before the wise shopper will be the best-dressed. And one perfect costume, complete in all its details, is infinitely preferable to six new dresses which must be worn with old shoes or with hats that don't match.

Planning the Perfect Shopping Tour

THE perfect shopping tour begins at home with a period of concentration on the reports and drawings of the new mode, and a careful noting of new lines, colors, details and silhouette. The next stop is one's own wardrobe, where last year's clothes which can or must be carried over are carefully noted. One is then ready to select a basic color scheme and to make a detailed list, including all accessories, of everything that one is going to need.

If one's clothes budget works on a month-to-month basis, the spring street costume is obviously the first point of attack, and should be completed before formal clothes or evening clothes, and most decidedly before summer sports and light clothes are considered. List in hand, this clever shopper then proceeds, if she makes or has her own clothes made, to a pattern department and selects her patterns, and then proceeds to the yardage departments, where she buys her fabrics—always with her chosen color scheme in mind. Samples of every fabric she is to use are promptly attached to the all-important list, and are used thereafter in the selection of hats, shoes, accessories of all kinds. Moreover, the coat or dress with which each hat is to be worn is either worn for the selection of the hat or the drawing of it carefully consulted, to make sure that lines as well as colors agree.

Underwear and foundation garments are considered too. The lines of every dress are suited by a foundation garment which will coincide, and if possible these foundation garments are bought first, to be worn for fittings for the new frocks. Lingerie is bought or made with specific consideration of the lines under which it will be worn. Hosiery and shoes are selected together, with close matching of the important samples, and gloves are chosen with the colors of both in mind.

Necklines are considered when jewelry is bought.

And the result should be complete and delighted satisfaction with the investment of time, patience and care—not to mention an extremely well-dressed woman.

Cheruit's "Sonnette" is a sports ensemble which is not without interest for the air traveler. The coat, skirt and the tie of the mustard-yellow jersey tuck-in blouse are brown-white-and-yellow tweed mixture. The skirt is slit into seven panels showing mustard-yellow knickers buttoned closely at the knee.

SCAIONI, PARIS

Jenny has created this costume particularly for the aviatrice, using a new soft beige suède called "Tarnan," on which a brown tweedlike pattern is printed for the visored cap, the suit, and the convenient matching bag. The leather trimming is red, and the fur collar and cuffs are in nutria to match the lining.

J. Suzanne Talbot makes clear the practical purposes of "Aviateur," an ensemble in gray wool, by pleating the skirt across the back only and revealing gray knickers under the slit skirt. Feminine details, such as crystal buttons, flaring cuffs and a fascinating collar, are not lacking, however.

Frocks From Paris for Campus or Town

The American girl, in finishing school or college, these days, is more than ever alert to the necessity of smart dressing among the always critical fashionwise company of her fellow students. Nor does a modish wardrobe always require a full purse; careful planning of the definite needs of one's frocks, clever thought on a frock's being chic and appropriate for more than one type of occasion and purpose, and a choice of good, though not necessarily costly, material, are essential. Design No. 1362, at right, by Lucile, is cut on simplified princess lines, with a panel treatment from shoulder to hem, which gives flattering height and slenderness; side and back sections have a slight circular flare at the hem. The demure, close-fitting collar, shallow round yoke and buttoned band on the blouse front, and the cuffs, are all smart details. The original is of a gray-green silk crêpe, with yoke, collar and cuffs of beige silk crêpe, buttons are covered with the dress fabric; a marocain, covert, wool crêpe or silk tweed would be equally smart. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

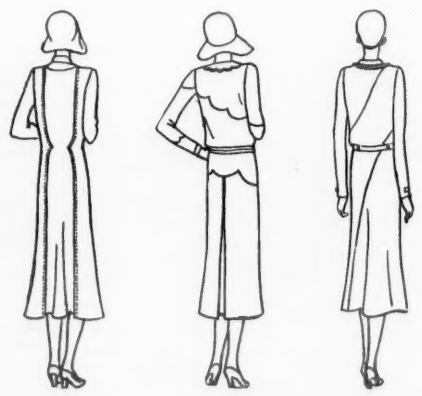
Lucile
1362

Lenief
1380

Lenief
1361

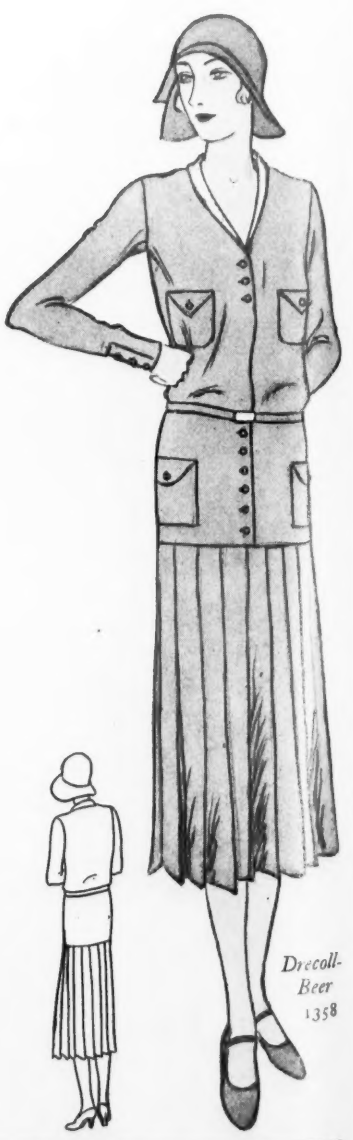
From Lenief come the two designs, No. 1380, center left, and No. 1361, at the left. Design No. 1380 uses the popular incrustation treatment in a scalloped diagonal line, starting on the blouse and extending below the belt, to form a scalloped hip yoke in the back. The frock is youthfully belted and bloused, while the skirt, straight in front, has practical fullness through a deep inverted pleat in the back. Original model of sheer blue woolen, with lingerie collar and cuffs, another spring touch, it would be chic for any fine woolen or heavy silk. Designed for ages 14 to 20, for sizes 32 to 40. Design No. 1361, of a smart sophistication in which the slenderizing elongated diagonal sections are used for blouse and skirt, introduces a circular cut in the skirt portion of these sections. Feminine details are the button trimming on the hip, and frilled collar and stitched belt, both of white crêpe de chine. Originally made of a closely knit navy jersey, either jersey, tweed, wool crêpe, flat silk crêpe or cotton broadcloth would be equally smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Lucile
1376



Design No. 1376, at left, from Lucile's collection, has a decided touch of the nineteenth century in its stand-up collar, flaring smartly, and the jaunty bow tie, the ends of which slip out of sight on the blouse front to reappear on the front of the skirt, giving an emphasis to the vertical lines of the model. The flaring cuffs, wrinkling over the hands, are new. The two side skirt sections, starting as pointed panels over the belt, develop into circular flounces in the skirt, and swagger patch pockets are attached at the hips. A contrasting color forms the bindings. The original model is of flat crêpe in a new rust-rose shade, trimmed with chestnut-brown crêpe; any two contrasting or similar spring shades of flat silk crêpe would be equally modish. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

The house of Drecoll-Beer originated Design No. 1358, at the right. A practical two-piece sports model, with or without sleeves, it has a simple V-necked blouse, buttoned down the front, with patch flap pockets, to give it the semblance of an officer's tunic, as well as its tailored narrow belt and buttoned cuff tabs. An all-round, side-pleated skirt on a camisole top is a feature for active sports. The original model is of a fine green woolen, and this design seems chic for any jersey, tweed material or woolen crêpe, for one of the rough-textured sports silks, for a cotton broadcloth or for one of the spring piqués, either fine or coarse ribbed. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.



Drecoll-Beer
1358

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OUR RESTLESS MODERN APPETITES DEMAND... *change!*

There's variety in 21 soups!

CHANGE. New brightness. A fresh appeal to the appetite each day. Now as never before these are needed to keep your meals fresh and attractive. What wonderful helps are the 21 delicious Campbell's Soups, with all their fascinating variety and irresistible flavors! Ever welcome is that famous favorite—Campbell's Tomato Soup—the soup your appetite never forgets. 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef
		Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Paris Combines Tailored and Feminine Detail

The two designs, No. 1381, the dress, at the right, and No. 1382, the coat at center, right, combine to form an ensemble called by Worth "Feuilles Mortes." The dress is cut with a shaped yoke which forms a pointed panel front and a straight one in back, while there are pleated sections in the waist and the skirt. The coat, Design No. 1382, has a becoming shawl collar, and a suggestion of flare in its skirt, which dips ever so slightly in the back. Once more M. Worth has taken wearable fashion points and welded them into a new whole, with numerous possibilities for variety of material. The original model has its frock of sheer basket-weave worsted, in deep brown, beige and rust, and its coat of heavier-weight tweed-jersey, in beige and rust—which colors explain its beguiling title. The design offers such possibilities as a dress of silk crêpe, shantung, silk tweed, of lacy wool tweed, thin tweed-jersey with coat of heavier tweed-jersey, herringbone tweed, or camel's-hair fabric, if it is to be used for steamer wear. Both dress and coat are designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Worth
1381

Worth
1382

Jenny
1366

Once more the couturiers have added to their general outline of decided femininity those touches which definitely date their designs "Spring, 1930." The three dressmakers whose frocks appear on this page, with either pleated sections, button trimmings at the side, a new cut of skirt or blouse section, and well-thought-out sleeve or cuff details, have developed the style in a manner both individual and original. Design No. 1366, at the left, "Polo," from Jenny, shows a modernistic but at the same time wearable design. It has a square neck, with side blouse buttoning, which repeats the "staircase" line of the deep box pleats in the front and back skirt sections. The asymmetric button trimming of its straight hipline is smart; this model may be short sleeved for sports. The original design, with short sleeves is of yellow crêpe de chine; with long sleeves, it is made of kasha. For a sports frock the new striped silk shirting would be chic, or, for street wear, a silk-and-wool kasha, or a wool crêpe, equally smart. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Jenny
1365

Design No. 1365, at the left, is titled "Flamenca" by its designer, Jenny. It keeps its hipline snug by a close-fitting yoke; the skirt section emphasizes the normal waist by its front point, which buttons over the narrow belt. The blouse has a lower section, which parallels the line of the hip yoke in its graceful curve and point, which give a slenderizing line; the skirt has groups of deep box pleats. The original design is of cardinal-red crêpe de chine; it would be as smart of shantung or striped silk shirting, or of a sheer tweed-jersey. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. At the right, Design No. 1377, one of Jane Régny's practical sports frocks, a two-piece model, has a blouse, softly full above the tailored and buckled belt, with slim-fitting hips. An all-round box-pleated skirt, the pleats stitched down over the hips, attached to a camisole top, is most desirable for strenuous sport wear. Originally of sheer white cotton broadcloth, it would be smart of plain or printed shantung, or striped silk shirting. The shaded sections shown on the design here were finely tucked on the original model; the tucks may be omitted if desired. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Régny
1377

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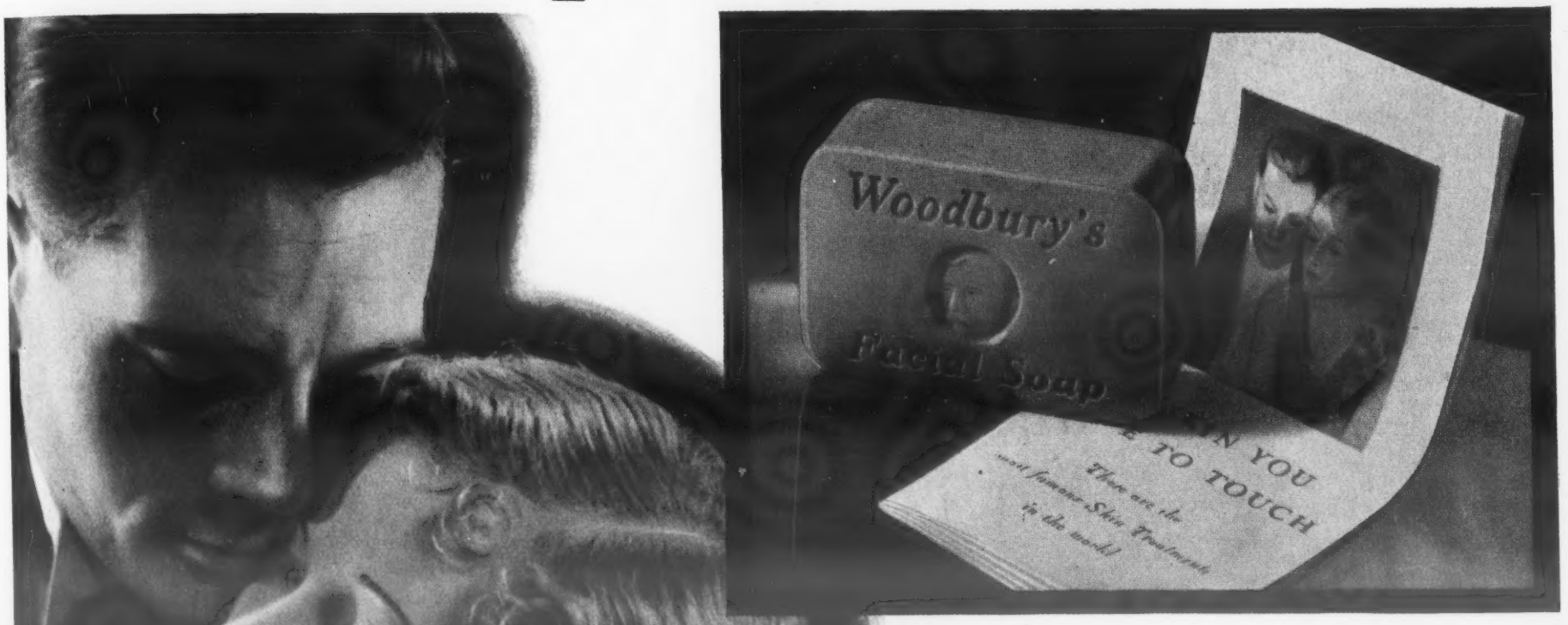
In This Soap -- *the Secret that keeps Pores Unseen*



You can feel it shrinking the pores · · Cleansing deeply · · the very first time you use it!

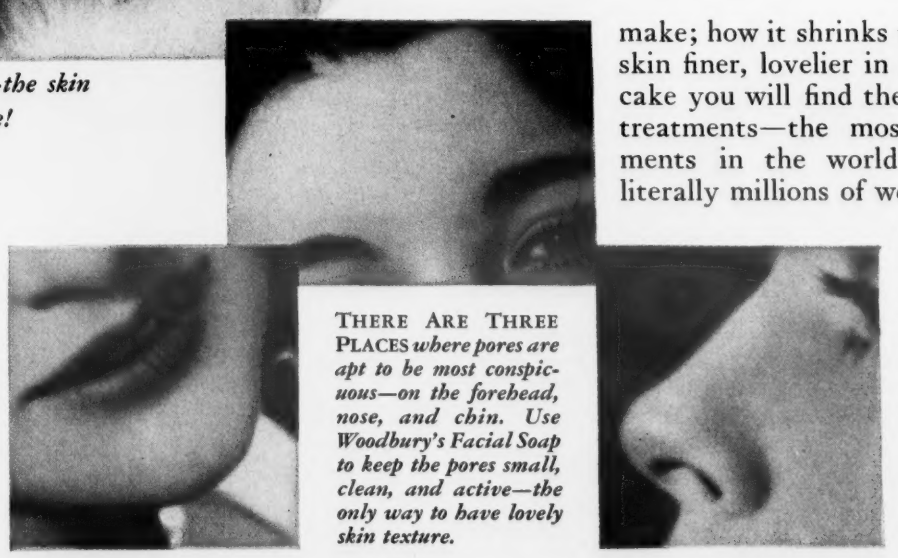
Keep your skin lovely and smooth—the skin he loves to touch—by keeping the pores fine!

BIG PORES, coarse texture—they are almost never seen in a very young skin. Definitely, unmistakably, mercilessly, they say of a woman—"middle age!"

Keep the pores of your skin small and fine! Small, clean, active pores mean lovely skin texture—freedom from blackheads and blemishes.

Even if your pores are becoming enlarged—you can overcome this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This is your opportunity! With the right care you can arrest this coarsening process and make the new skin, as it forms, smooth—clear—fine-textured.

A skin specialist has created the soap that will help you to do this—Woodbury's Facial Soap, which was formulated after a lifetime of study of the skin and its needs. It cleanses so deeply that even by surgical standards it gets rid of every bit of dirt or hardened fatty substance that has accumulated in the pores and caused them to enlarge; and it actually *shrinks the pores* by stimulating them to a healthy normal activity.



THERE ARE THREE PLACES *where pores are apt to be most conspicuous—on the forehead, nose, and chin. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap to keep the pores small, clean, and active—the only way to have lovely skin texture.*

Begin using Woodbury's today! See what a wonderful improvement a few weeks' use will make; how it shrinks the pores—makes your skin finer, lovelier in texture! Around each cake you will find the booklet of Woodbury treatments—the most famous skin treatments in the world. They have helped literally millions of women to free their skin from blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, and other common skin troubles. Let Woodbury's help you, too, to have "A Skin you Love to Touch"!

WOODBURY'S *is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*

Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1805 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

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Formality as Paris Sees it for Spring

Design No. 1374, first at the right, one of Dœuillet-Doucet's adaptable models, has its skirt flat in front, with a yoke dipping to the hemline in back, where the skirt is circular, and the blouse also forms a point. Original of printed crêpe. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Design No. 1370, from Drecoll-Beer, second at the right, uses a double ruffle at the hips, with a dripping circular skirt beneath; the bodice is youthfully simple. Original model of shell-pink satin. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. These daytime frocks offer possibilities for plain, printed, or jacquard silk crêpe.

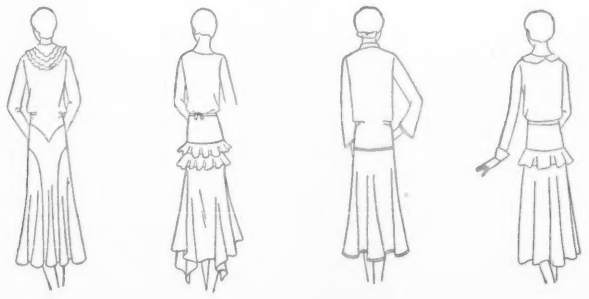
Dœuillet-Doucet
1374

Drecoll-Beer
1370

Lucile
1363

Dœuillet-Doucet
1375

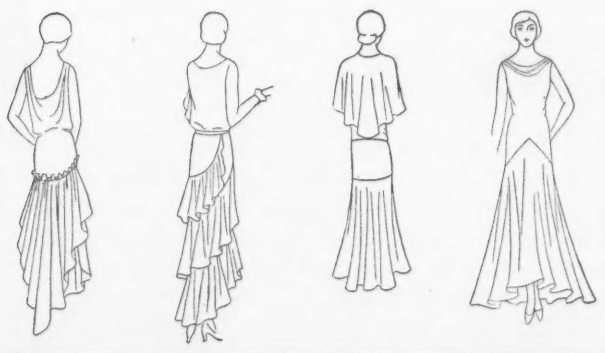
Second, on the left, is Design No. 1363, by Lucile. Its blouse, simply shirred at the waistline, with bows at the neck and left hip, has a fashionable elbow sleeve, with a tight-fitting one beneath. The skirt, circular at sides and back, is bound with the contrasting color which forms collar and bows. Original of chartreuse crêpe. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44. Design No. 1375, a youthful model of Dœuillet-Doucet, includes a tiny peplum below a snug yoke and bloused bodice, and a circular skirt. Original of bright blue flat crêpe. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.



The Dœuillet-Doucet Design No. 1371, at the extreme left, includes the popular full flounces, dipping in back, a V-neckline, gathered at its point, and a cowl-draped back. The original model of larkspur-blue chiffon. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44. Design No. 1373, from Drecoll-Beer, at left, is fashioned with two dipping flounces on its skirt, with a third, in back only, extending to the left shoulder. Original of light blue mousseline de soie. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Premet's Design No. 1369, at right, features the molded pointed bodice, a capelet and full skirt. Original of printed chiffon in pastel shades. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. From Drecoll-Beer, Design No. 1372, at the extreme right, is made with princess waist and voluminous long skirt, while a draped piece forms the décolletage. Original of jade-green chiffon. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Dœuillet-Doucet
1371

Drecoll-Beer
1373



Premet
1369

Drecoll-Beer
1372

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"Ordinary soaps can do great harm"

says the famous beauty expert

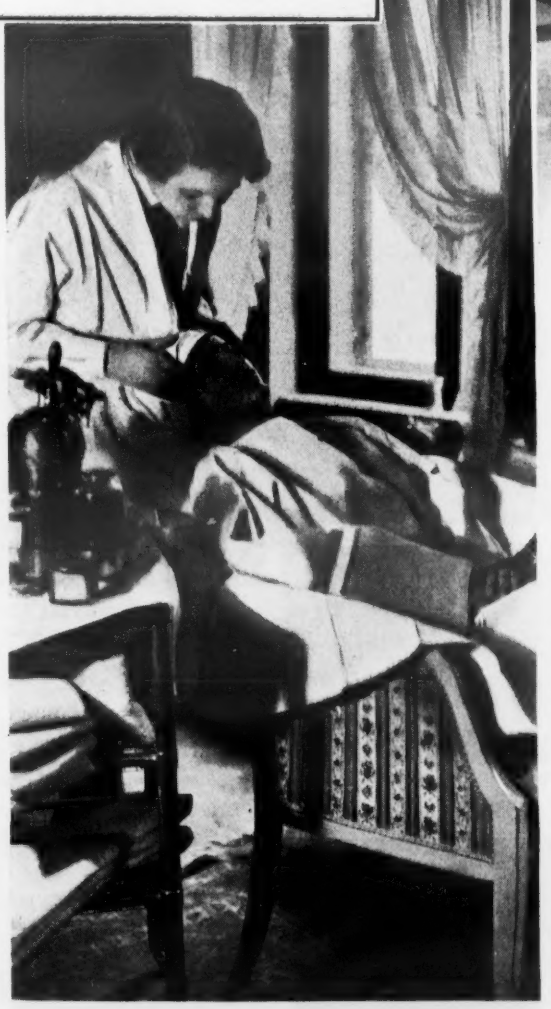
CARSTEN of Berlin

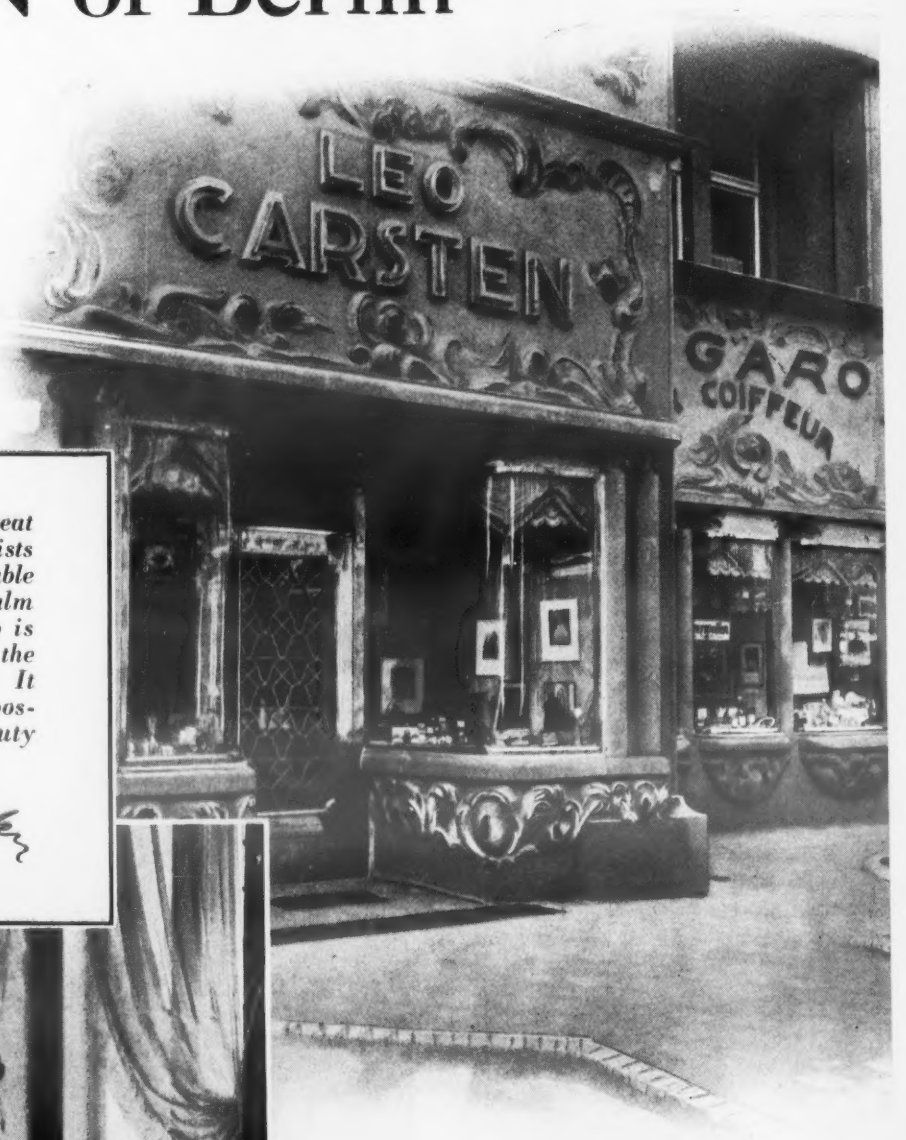
"Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

"Ordinary soaps can do great harm. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils . . . the pure oils of palm and olives. Palmolive Soap is fresh and bland, safe for the most sensitive complexion. It leaves the skin in the best possible condition for a beauty expert's treatment."

Leo Carsten

BERLIN





Facade of Carsten's famous beauty salon on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin . . . one of the most elegant shops on an avenue famous for its smartness.

Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this soap made from palm and olive oil, which is safe, bland, non-irritating.

"NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible *cleansers* for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe . . . located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

18,900 famous experts agree

In this shop . . . in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading capitals . . . the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives . . . no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of those oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

This is the Palmolive treatment

This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation . . . keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

Retail Price 10c

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5143

For a PAIR *of* JOLLY SAILORMEN

too young to put to sea

Here's a nautical room with bunks for two and a compass for a floor

"We'll sail to Spain and back again—yet never swab the deck." For this unique Armstrong Floor, planned specially for this room with several colors of plain linoleum, has a spot-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps it spick-and-span.

EIGHT bells and all's well aboard the good ship *Home*. No coaxing now to get lessons done—and not a hint of mutiny when it's high time to turn in.

A very wise captain of this crew of two has planned a really remarkable room. What red-blooded boy wouldn't be won entirely by the double-deck bunks, genuine ship's lanterns, old sea chest, a "wireless" that works—and a floor that makes you want to sail the seven seas.

That floor effect *is* a bit ingenious. But so is the material of which it is made. Armstrong's Linoleum—yes, the same that has served you in your kitchen and bath for years. The same that today is finding its way into every room of many of the country's finer homes.

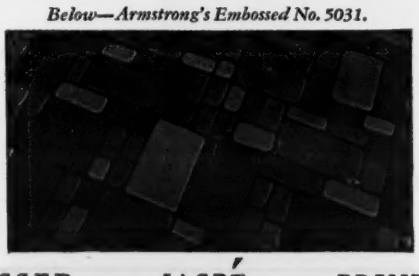
Imagination is the big reason. Imagination in the blending of rich, enduring colors, in the creating of smart, fashion-setting designs. And now, imagination on the part of America's home planners who are discovering in linoleum a welcomed versatility that permits them to fashion their own floors.

Perhaps you'd like to try your hand at floor design the next time you decorate. At least, there's a fascinatingly new story awaiting you if you'll but call at some local linoleum, furniture, or department store. Ask about the new Armstrong Linosets and Linostrips that make it so easy now to plan original floor effects. Learn anew that Armstrong's Linoleum of today is as stylish as the latest Paris fashions, the smartest motor cars.

Plan a surprise room. Why not surprise your family with a really very different room? Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, will help you do it if you write for her latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." It's packed full of novel suggestions that are not hard to carry out. It also brings you a "Decorator's Data Sheet" and an offer of Mrs. Brown's personal assistance. Just send 10 cents to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 927 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Above—Early American Plank Design No. 1.

Below—Armstrong's Embossed No. 5031.



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Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

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Paris Capes are Youthful, Graceful and Chic

Design No. 1360, at the right, by Joseph Paquin, uses a bloused bodice, cut in one with the center back panel of the skirt, where there is a wide pleat. There are two pleats on the skirt front. The pointed collar and flaring cuffs are smart touches. The original model is of beige wool, its collar and cuffs of yellow silk crêpe; the design may be made of a lacy tweed, tweed jersey, wool crêpe, silk shirting or crêpe, or a cotton piqué. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. From Premet is Design No. 1379, at the right center. The capelet is cut in one with the dress, which is designed with a zigzag opening at its front section; this same section becomes the front skirt panel and a wide box pleat. There is a similar cut in the back. Premet's design is of navy-blue woolen, and the model would be smart made of a wool crêpe, silk marocain, plain, printed or jacquard crêpe de chine. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

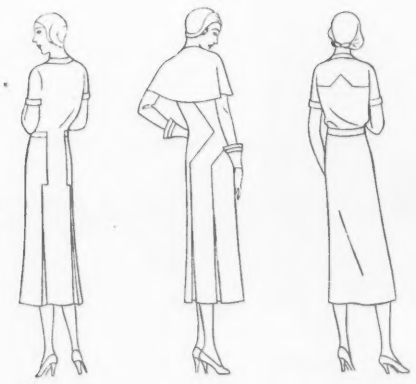
Paquin
1360

Premet
1379

Paul Poiret
1364

As on page 40 of this number, the Parisian couturiers have here proved their genius for creating youthful distinction for the girl who may be in school, college or the business world. She it is, who—with every crowded minute, both in and out of working hours, planned to schedule, and so little time for changing her frock—must plan to be appropriately dressed during her serious hours, and smartly so, afterward, for the frivolous ones. Design No. 1364, from Paul Poiret, at the left, uses a blouse yoke, pointed over the shoulders in front, and individually cut in back. The side sections of the skirt are in one with the front yoke, below which is a circular inserted section. The original model is of a beige woolen, with collar of white piqué; this would be smart of wool crêpe or a sheer, lacy tweed, plain or printed shantung, or one of the new novelty rough-textured sport silks. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

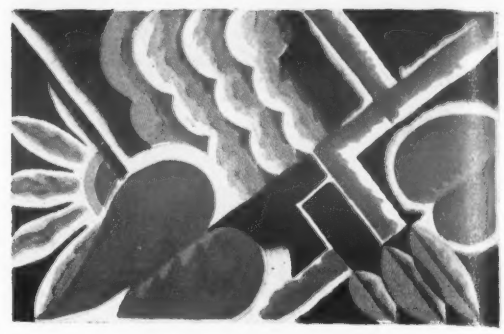
Premet
1368



Design No. 1368, at the left, a frock typical of Premet, its creator, uses a detachable capelet, topped by a cleverly cut collar; darts in waist and skirt give an individual fit, and to the straight panels of the skirt are added circular godets, at the knees. The original model, of sheer woolen, offers equally smart possibilities for using flat crêpe, crêpe satin, a fine worsted or wool-and-rayon mixture. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Another cape ensemble is Design No. 1359, at the right, from Drecoll-Beer. It emphasizes the smart V line in its blouse front and side sections of the hip yoke. The skirt has the new subtle flare at its hemline. The original model is in the refreshing spring combination of light skirt, of a beige woolen, and a darker top, of a chestnut silk crêpe. Any wool—tweed or jersey—or a worsted for skirt and cape, the blouse of shantung or flat silk crêpe, would be smart. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

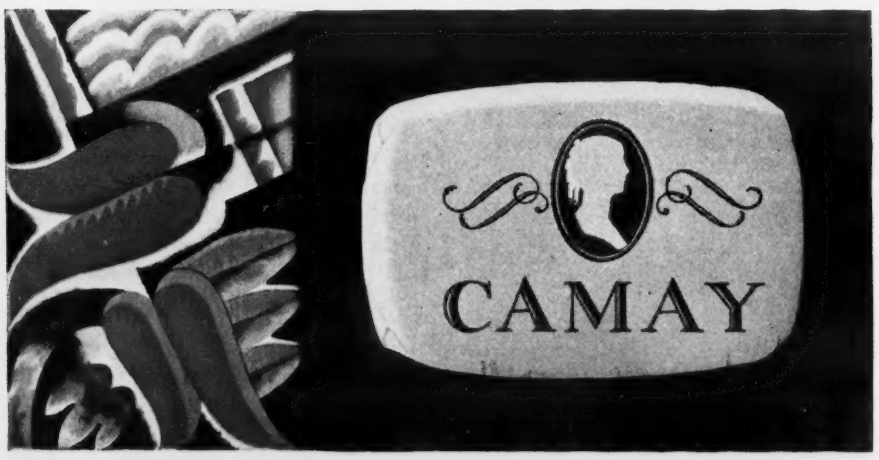
Drecoll-Beer
1359

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.



Unanimous scientific approval by 73 eminent dermatologists★ makes CAMAY America's most talked-of complexion soap

Camay is a Procter and Gamble Soap (called Calay in Canada) 10¢ a cake at any good drug, department or grocery store



Right from the start, I want every one of you to know *just* what this wonderful news means! Really, it's *much* more sensational even than it sounds.

For the 73 eminent dermatologists who have approved Camay represent all sections of the country. By their tests of Camay's effect on different types of complexions, they gave it the most thorough cross-examination a soap could *possibly* have.

In the Middle West, even in towns where the water is hard; in the North and East where, judging from the letters I get, winters must be *quite* severe; in the Southwest where they have *real* winds; in the South where the sun shines its brightest—Camay was thoroughly tested under *all* these local conditions.

And so when these great specialists in skin care unanimously agree that Camay is an unusually mild soap for even the most delicate complexions, you can know that they were talking about *your* complexion, whether you live in Texas or Oregon or Kansas or Florida or New York.

That's what thousands of girls are discovering every day. And that's why, within a few months, Camay has become the most talked-of complexion soap in the whole country.

And I'll give you *my* word that Camay is much more than the *best* soap for your complexion . . . it is the very *loveliest*. It's so exquisitely perfumed and so velvety in its ready lather. Really, I'm convinced that you just can't know what soap loveliness is until you've known Camay!

Helen Chase

★ **What is a dermatologist?**

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness — is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-30, 509 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Jenny *Maggy Rouff* *Louiseboulanger* *Lucile Paray*

In Paris Ensembles Return for Spring

THE long and the short of it, as far as coats are concerned, vary this spring with the time, the place and the woman as well as the individual dressmaker's ideas on the subject.

Generally speaking, coats match frocks, but Madame Jenny has reversed our ideas by the chic success of her unmatched ensemble, "Beau Matin," at the left, above. The seven-eighths coat is pink beige wool, with black velvet collar and cuffs. Under it is worn a fascinating frock of black silk marocain, with a high waistline, fitted hips and flaring skirt. The tucked gilet and cuffs are of white georgette; the belt is of marocain and black patent leather.

The shorter jacket has the largest vote in Paris, however. But even this, with a very few exceptions, is not quite so short as it has been. The jacket of the suit created by Maggy Rouff falls well over the hips. The suit is made of pin-dotted black tie silk, and is called "Ric a Rac." White stitching trims the black fabric, black the white satin blouse.

Louiseboulanger shows for spring several interesting street ensembles in soft woolens, worn with sleeveless jackets. Her model No. 203, second from the right, above, is typical. The frock with high waist and flared skirt is very light soft blue woolen, with scarf ends, collar, cuffs and belt of plaid surah. The sleeveless jacket comes well down over the hips.

The sports type of street suit with three-quarter coat is illustrated in Lucile Paray's "Matin au Bois." The coat and skirt are of soft brown wool, with motifs stitched in red on the sleeves, pockets and back of the coat. A loosely knitted brown-and-red sweater with an attached scarf completes the exceedingly chic ensemble.

Paul Poiret *Maison Lenief* *J. Suzanne Talbot* *Chantal*

Paris Insists on Elegance

THE more formal type of afternoon gown must be elegant, and no longer does Paris permit the same frock for luncheon and for tea. The types of frocks are really divided into those of princess character, and those with boleros, while the tunic frock is gradually reappearing for spring.

Gowns created along princess lines, or at least with the molded bodice, are represented in the first figure at the left—Paul Poiret's "Abbe Galante." It is made in black satin with a touch of white at the top of the wide, surplicelike collar and in the flaring gauntlet cuffs. This gown shows, too, the beauty of line in gowns which accentuate side fullness—here produced through pleats. Side dips continue, as this shows, but the rival is that of continued back dipping as illustrated in the second model, from Maison Lenief, S. A. The designer calls it "Michodiere," and makes it with a singularly attractive type of bolero. Black crêpe de chine with a green hem facing is employed for it.

Another type of bolero is seen in the Chantal model at the extreme right; in fact, this black silk marocain frock gives the princess effect with its flat line at the back and front and the bolero through the movement at the sides of the bodice.

J. Suzanne Talbot creates the tunic frock, second from the right, the major part in ivory satin piped with black crêpe de chine to match the lower skirt, which is quite straight. The front of the tunic is made rather full with cartridge pleating at the waistline; the back is flat and smooth.

You can't help but notice
how much softer and lighter Kotex is

Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains, too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell?

SAFE, SECURE . . .

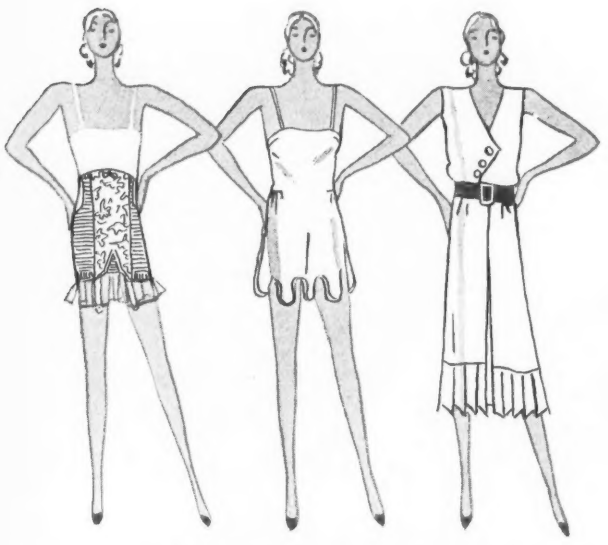
1. Keeps your mind at ease.
2. ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3. ***The Kotex filler*** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
4. ***In hospitals...*** The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
5. Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
At any drug, dry goods or department store; or singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX

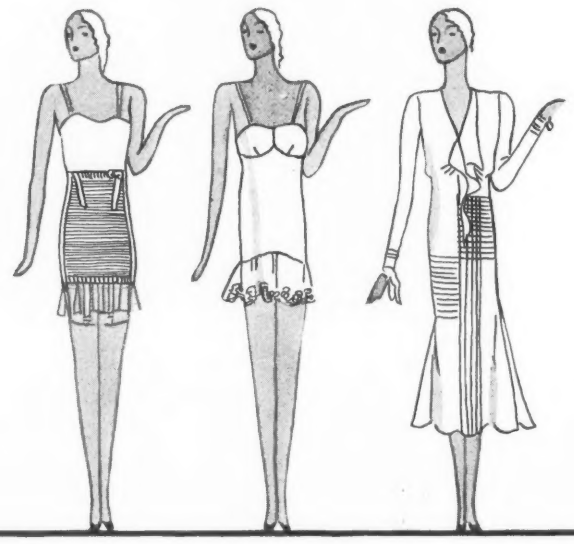
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

These are the Foundations of 1930 Chic



For sports and general morning wear slim young things select: Bien Jolie princess girdle, comfortably short, in elastic and silk brocade; Carter combination, French neckline, wide scalloped leg, flesh pink; Schiaparelli's No. 555, a sports dress in white silk tussor, the skirt forming trousers.

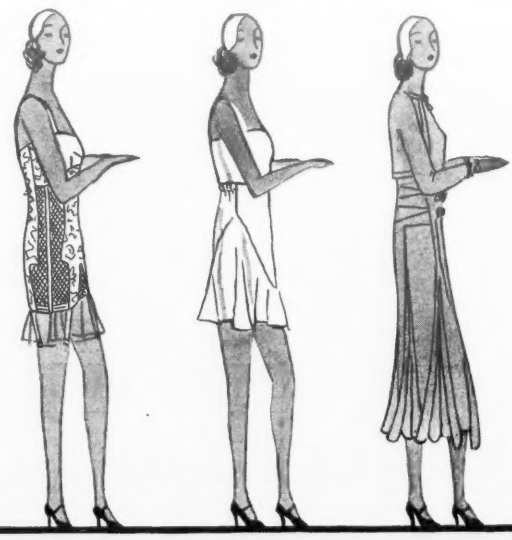
The long-lined curve of the formal daytime silhouette is achieved on a slim figure: Redfern all-elastic fitted step-ins, only two diagonal bones especially designed; Van Raalte Milanese singlette, cup brassière, fitted at the hips, with Milanese glove-silk pantie ruffle; Maggy Rouff's "Tourterelle," in mauve-pink crêpe de chine, the waistline fitted.



The slim and classically long lines of the new evening frocks are founded on: Gossard combination garment, pink satin and hand-loomed elastic, lace bust sections; Kayser flesh-colored Milanese combination fitted on princess lines, godet flares; J. Suzanne Talbot's fascinating black-and-white-satin frock, princess line.

The medium figure bases its lines for sports and daytime wear as follows: Gossard semi-step-in girdle of brocade and elastic, bones in back and front; Munsingwear bloomerette with side-fastening bandeau, pastel shades of rayon; Lenief's "Malakite," in dark green etamine, sleeves, tie white-spotted.

The formal daytime lines demand for the figure of average weight and height: Redfern contour corselette, with new lacing section in center back, well-boned; Richelieu pink Celanese drawers, specially designed front yoke and leg fullness; Jane Régny's chic No. 135, of purple-blue crêpe de chine, with bolero.



For average figures the evening mode is low back, high waists; Bon Ton princess-line garment, pink batiste, slide lacing feature in back; Van Raalte singlette of lacy glove silk fitted around bust and hips, chiffon glove-silk panties; Augustabernard's stunning No. 532, of dark dahlia-purple crêpe de chine.

The case for the becomingness of the new lines to the heavier figure is a strong one: Bien Jolie girdle, specially designed high princess waistline, rayon brocade and elastic insets; Munsingwear left-side-opening bloomerette chemise, cuff snaps, pastel shades of rayon; over these practical garments, J. Suzanne Talbot's smart gray-and-black-tweed ensemble.

The heavier figure wears fitted lines with ease: One-piece Charis foundation, molding the figure by adjustable lacings and abdominal belt; Gordon princess-line Milanese combination, pastel shades; Worth's frock of black mousseline.

In the evening, the heavier figure is molded into the curves of the new silhouette: Spencer-all with Swami bandeau top, boned silk or rayon brocade with deep elastic gores, high waistline; combination for evening, Kayser's "Solo," Milanese on princess lines, wide panties; Anart's black evening frock, with graceful and flattering cape-sleeve effect.

"It is the inevitable result of the combined action of effective detergents," said the bachelor Professor.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Watkins, mother of four.

"It's extra help!"

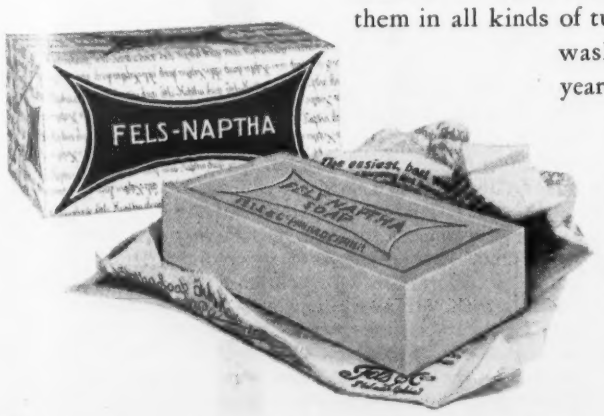
MRS. WATKINS doesn't think much of using long, strange-sounding words in talking about an old friend like Fels-Naptha. "Effective detergents, indeed!" says Mrs. Watkins. As though she didn't understand far better than any college professor just why Fels-Naptha made those smudges on his shirt disappear entirely—and without hard rubbing!

"Here, Professor," says Mrs. Watkins, respectfully, but firmly, "take this bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell it. That's no what-ever-you-call-it—that's naptha, and plenty of it.

"Naptha and good soap working together—that's what makes Fels-Naptha give you *extra* help every time. I've washed clothes every way there is to wash them—boiling them, soaking them in all kinds of tubs, and now in these new washing machines. For ten years Fels-Naptha has helped me get clothes as white and clean and sweet as anyone would want to see—and no hard rubbing either, even on children's clothes.

"I use Fels-Naptha for cleaning work around the house, too—for washing woodwork and linoleum, windows, and dishes—in fact, just about everything that needs soap and water. One thing I certainly do like about Fels-Naptha is that it never hurts my hands. It—

"Oh, do you have to be getting back to your own work, Professor? That's too bad—it's a real treat to have a little chat with someone who, as I often say, *knows* as much as you . . . Mind, now—any time you think any part of your washing needs *extra* help, you can be sure it's getting just that! For as long as I'm here—so is Fels-Naptha!"



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FREE—*Whether, like Mrs. Watkins, you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its* extra *help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.*

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L. H. J. 3-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

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Fill in completely—print name and address

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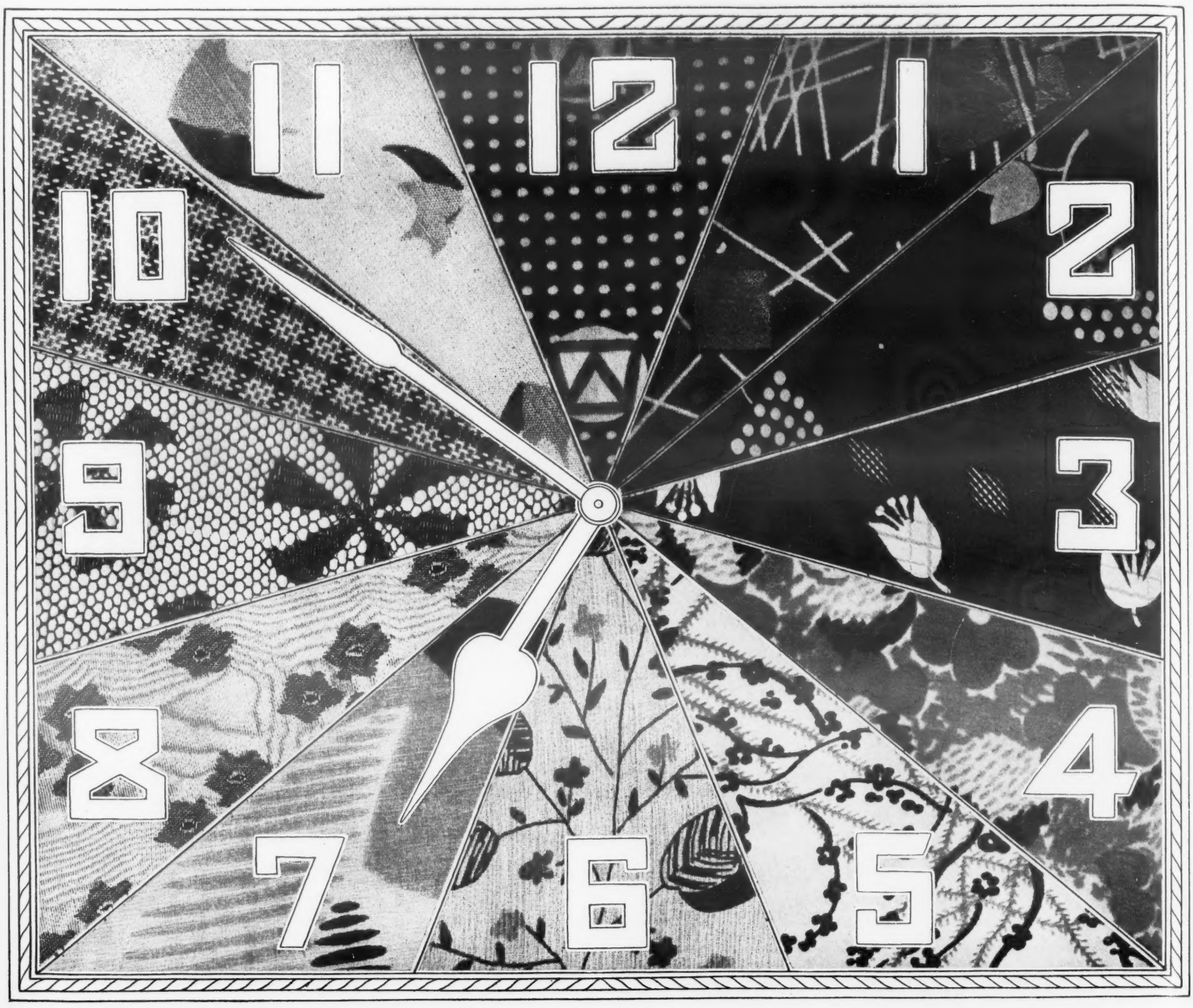


Silks as Well as Lines are Specialized

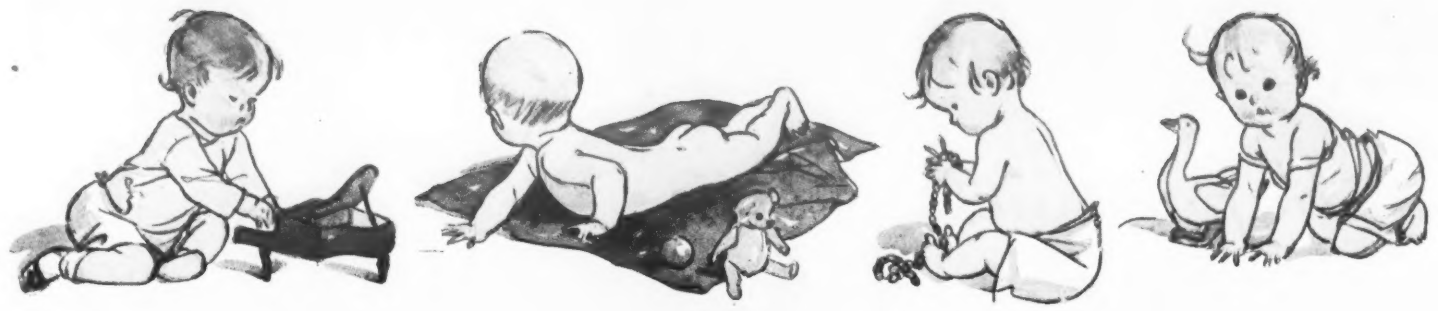
Every Hour Has its Particular Texture, Design and Tone

THE spring silks are well in line with the fashion dictum, "The right frock for the right occasion." They cover a wide range of surface textures, from the heavy weaves, like homespun, through the rough sports silks, such as the shantungs and heavy supple ribbed-surface silks, to the finest of the thread laces and the sheerest of the new season's sophisticated flowered chiffons.

For summer sports wear the plain colors easily take the stellar rôles: these may be the pure-dye crêpes, such as Skinner's, which is made in a range of sixty-four shades, shantungs, and the striped silk shirtings, made in an unusual range of pastel colors, such as those from Stehli with a variety of stripe combinations. For sports, also from Stehli, is a silk of a homespun-like weave—shown at ten on the clock. For a summer jacket ensemble of print and plain combined, is the shantung print from Corticelli, at eleven o'clock. The town-and-shopping-wear frock is always smart if made of one of the tailored patterned prints, such as Cheney's—at twelve o'clock; or a small patterned jacquard design, with overprint, such as the one from Duplan—at one o'clock. The plain flat crêpes are equally in good taste, made in some spring version of a bolero dress, or an ensemble with capelet, jacket or three-quarter coat for street wear.

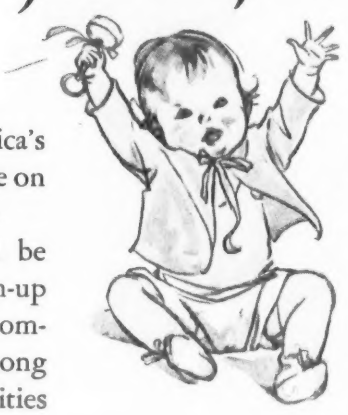
For the afternoon occasion one may use a printed Pussy Willow, such as the one from Mallinson—at two o'clock—with a small classic design and smart foulard effect; or a jacquard, such as the one from Haas Brothers, with overprint, in a small light flower, on the fashionable darker ground—at three o'clock. The silks designed for these hours offer an equally large choice, both in color and types of design for each individual. The series of Safari prints, based on African inspirations, by Belding Heminway, such as the thorn-vine pattern—at four o'clock; or one of the Cheney Brothers' bordered designs, designed by Lazarska, the Polish artist, whose batik designs on wood furnished their inspiration, are both delightful, though totally dissimilar. There are also the delicate traced designs, as that found in the Jersey Silk Mills print—at five o'clock—a "Truhu" silk which is absolutely washable in every color.

The evening fashions present more opportunity for individual interpretation than they have done for many a season. Always, however, there is skirt width, attained by a variety of means, subtly or frankly. These frocks may be created of soft chiffons—usually printed—flat crêpes, satin-backed crêpes, or of the supple moires, or plain or printed taffetas; all these fabrics are equally smart. There is the bouffant type for evening, sponsored so cleverly by Louise-boulanger, but more difficult to wear, except by the very young or slim. For this the printed taffetas are chic, either in the well-defined patterns, or the more hazy warp prints. Haas Brothers have designed a series of printed chiffons and printed taffetas, in the identical designs and colors, to be made into evening ensembles of frock and wrap. For the spring dance dress of flowered chiffon there is the daintily figured one, with flower-and-black-leaf design, from Marshall Field—at six o'clock; or a large-patterned design, of brush-stroke effect, in three shades of one color—at seven o'clock—from the General Silk Corporation. The dignified type of frock, formal, with sweepingly wide skirt, could be particularly good of the moire, with small jacquard design, from the Celanese Corporation—at eight o'clock. One of the most amusing of the spring's new coarse-net designs is the lace of Bemberg—at nine o'clock; this fabric, from the American Bemberg Corporation, also has that quality of not losing its freshness with packing, desirable for the traveler.



Come into a beauty conference with 10,000,000 babies

they will give you complexion advice - free!



We've persuaded a few of America's youngest bathing beauties to pose on this page for you—without pay!

Perhaps you think it would be difficult for them to take grown-up problems seriously—especially complexions! Yet really they are among the most eminent living authorities on this very subject. All rosy and smooth and contented from their morning baths, they gurgle and squirm and kick. They display their whole and perfect complexions to any and all beholders. But this is *not* mere vanity. This is their way of saying a very simple truth—

"Ivory Soap-and-water is a perfect beauty treatment for very sensitive skins."

And you'll find that doctors everywhere know this simple truth, too. They prescribe Ivory Soap for sensitive grown-up complexions just as confidently as they recommend it for the care of peach-blossom babies. And this is their whole reason, packed in one sentence—

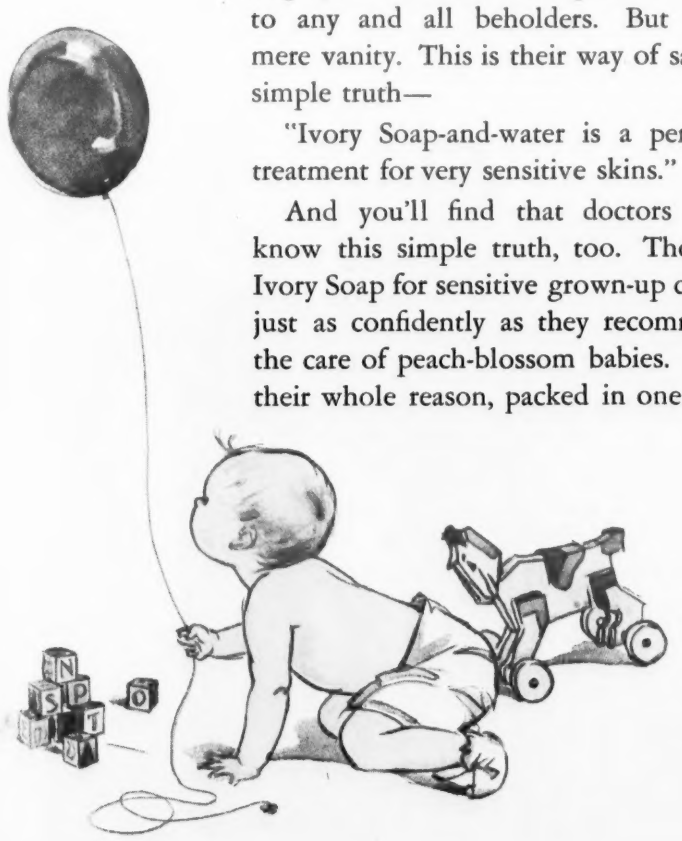
"Only washing with a pure soap and water really cleanses the pores."

Naturally, they advise Ivory Soap because they know it is *pure.*

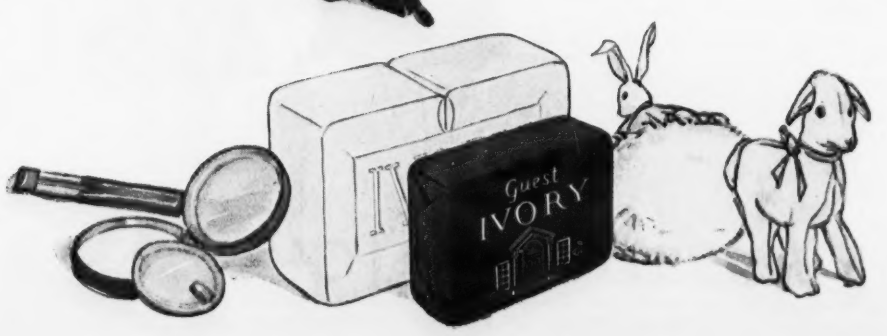
So, while you're doing all the other things that make for skin-beauty (such as drinking lots of water, taking brisk outdoor exercise and sleeping eight full hours each night) don't forget that a daily thorough cleansing is every bit as important! Every night, let Ivory's pure cloudlike foam clear away every trace of powder and rouge that tends to clog the pores.

Then when your face feels so fresh and smooth and silken, you'll know why Ivory keeps ten million babies from having a single complexion worry! PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free—A little book on charm. What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The "why" of wrinkles. Send a post card for *On the Art of Being Charming,* to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VJ-30, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



DOROTHY HOPE SMITH



IVORY SOAP

- kind to everything it touches -

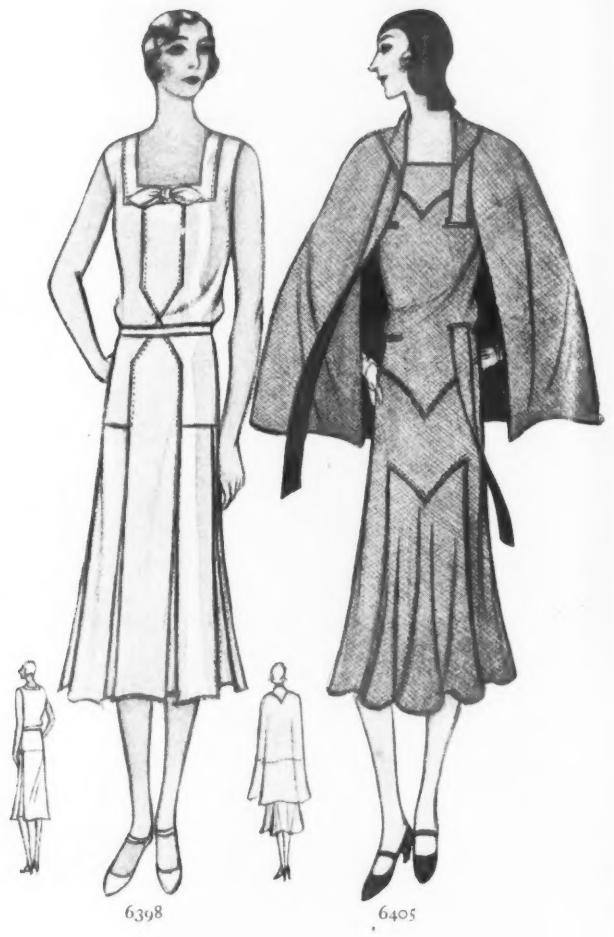
99 44/100% PURE · IT FLOATS

Details of Spring Importance

AGAIN we see emphasized in no uncertain terms the fashion axiom that each function and time of day must have the frock or, better still, the ensemble best suited to it. Sometimes the differences in the types of dresses are subtle, but frequently the fabric which is used helps in this selection. For the businesslike person and occasion the shirtwaist frock, Design No. 6420, second from left, below, would be good of lacy tweed, while if made of fine covert it would serve for a more formal time. Likewise the skirt, Design No. 6402, second from right, below, of similar tweed, with blouse, Design No. 6401, of shantung, is strictly informal, in good taste for business hours. If this combination is made, respectively, of a fine worsted crêpe, with silk crêpe accompaniment, it takes on a more formal air.

The two ensembles, Designs Nos. 6404 and 6405, first and third from right, above, are well suited to the more formal morning occasion if made of fine wool crêpe or one of the many wool-and-rayon mixtures; making them of any heavy silk crêpe or marocain or a plain and printed combination immediately classifies them with informal afternoon wear. The evening frock, Design No. 6403, at left, below, would be smart for wear with a hat, for informal restaurant dining, if designed of a flat silk crêpe or crêpe satin; but if a panne satin, georgette or flowered chiffon were used, the frock becomes suited to a less informal evening occasion.

6404


6398 6405

Design No. 6403, at left, is for evening, with its pointed circular skirt, graceful in its four sections and flattering lace yoke. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Above, Design No. 6404, at left, uses a becoming neckline, an unusually shaped hip yoke, to which the circular skirt is attached, and a loose swinging jacket dipping in the back. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44. Design No. 6398, center, above, designed for active sports wear, has chic, in its square neck, waist insets and generous box pleats. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. At right, above, Design No. 6405 includes tight-fitting hips and circular skirt godets in its frock, and adds the popular cape for usefulness. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Design No. 6420, at left, below, a shirtwaist dress, includes the season's tailored details, and a skirt combining close-fitting and circular features. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. Second from the left, below, Design No. 6399, features the fashionable bolero and subtle skirt flare. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. Second from the right, below, are Designs Nos. 6401, the blouse, and 6402, the skirt. The blouse uses a becoming round neck and small jabot; the skirt, on a fitted yoke, has two inverted box pleats in front. The blouse is designed for ages 14 to 20, and the skirt is designed for 26 to 36 waist. Design No. 6400, at right, below, has a blouse with feminine collar, and a pleated skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

6403

6420 6399

6401 6402 6400

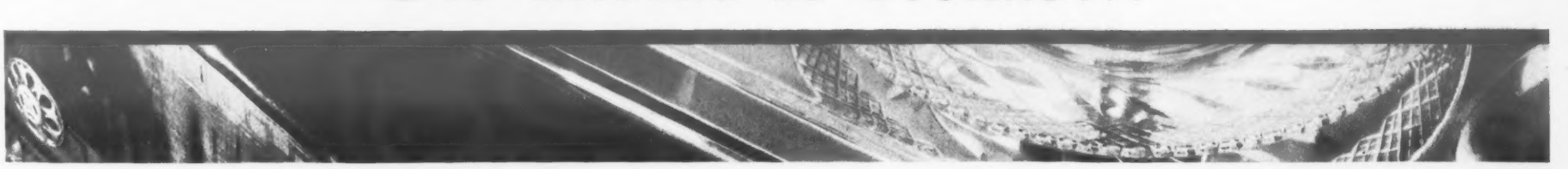
Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City. Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents.

Says One Guest:

"It has the fragrance of cider..."

says Another:

"It's smooth as Cream..."



SAYS A THIRD:

"And it tastes of apples and spices. It makes me think, all at once, of sunny hillside orchards and spice-laden tropical breezes . . . of 'my old Kentucky home' and 'the road to Mandalay.'"

You, too, can surprise your guests with the luscious tang of Lippincott Apple Butter in many dishes.

Its refreshing spiciness makes it quite wonderful as a seasoning *baked into* meats. It adds a new touch to Sunday suppers when it's served as a condiment with cold cuts. It always sets mouths watering when it's spread thickly on hot tea-biscuits. And as a pie-filling . . . ! It makes, altogether, so many delicious desserts . . .

And what's good for your guests is good for your family. Your husband will clamor for it at his breakfast as well as in the evening. And it's really one of the healthiest foods in the world for your children, whether at meals or with between-meal snacks.

Lots of the most careful mothers give it to their children every day when they come home from school . . . a thick layer of Lippincott Apple Butter on a piece of lightly buttered bread.

If you haven't a jar of it on your pantry shelf . . . a tall jar with a big, red apple on the label . . . why not telephone immediately to your grocer and order "Lippincott Apple Butter"? And do this, too — write for our book of tempting apple butter recipes — meal-time surprises that you'll want to try.

These will make guests want to come again

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER CREAM PIE

½ cup Lippincott Apple Butter
1 pint milk — 1 cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon — 3 egg yolks
Thickening (use ½ cup flour)

Cook mixture until thick. Pour into a baked pie-crust. Cover with meringue made from whites of 3 eggs.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER SNOW

1 egg white
¼ cup Lippincott Apple Butter

Beat white of egg until stiff. Mix Lippincott Apple Butter in gradually. Pile lightly on glass serving-dish, chill, and serve with steamed custard or cream.

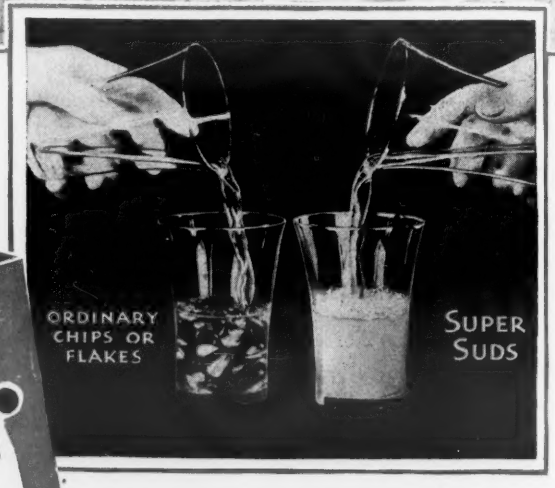
THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

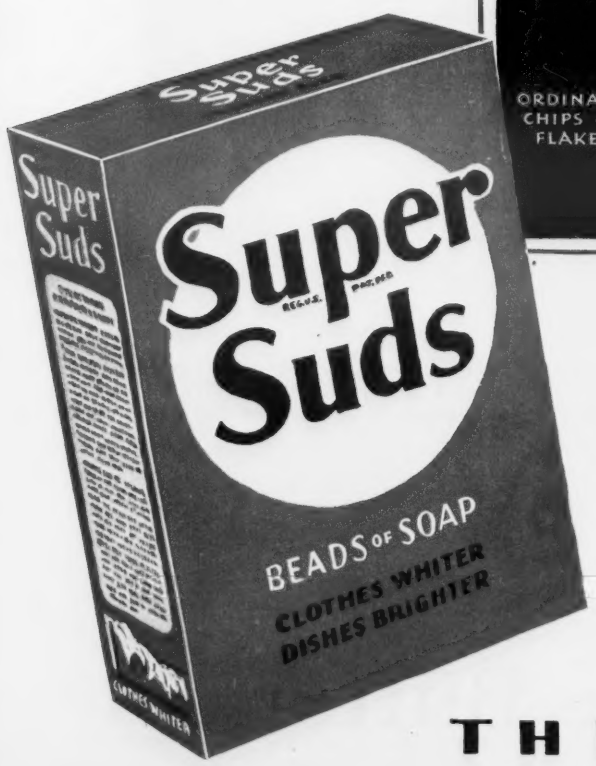
Lippincott Apple Butter

© 1930, The L. Co.

New "Bead" Soap *gives* instant, lasting suds.. faster washing *no dishwiping*

Super Suds is the only "bead" soap made. Use it for laundry work, for all cleaning tasks where you need swift, safe, effortless cleaning.





That's why "soap in bead form" cuts dishwashing time in half.

BEADS—a new form of soap. Incredibly faster than bars, chips or flakes. A soap that gives lasting suds. Whether water is hard or soft, hot or cold. The first soap ever made to dissolve instantly—completely. The only soap that cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 important ways.

1. *Saves "waiting for suds."* No stirring . . . coaxing . . . heating water extra hot. Instant suds, always. Even in water cool enough to keep the hands soft and white.

2. *Washes dishes clean faster.* This speed soap releases instantly a rich flood of lasting all-through-the-water suds. These do what top suds alone can never do. Wash dishes clean with lightning speed—because they work *below* the surface where the real job of cleaning must always be done.

3. *Saves dishwiping.* Because this soap dissolves *completely,* every trace is carried away in rinsing. No tiny bits of half-dissolved soap remain to streak dishes. No soap-film is left that must be polished away. Dishes drain dry to shining clearness without the touch of a dish towel. No wiping necessary.

Soap sprayed from towers

This new speed soap is called "Super Suds." Because it gives not only instant top suds, but instant *lasting suds all through the water* as well. It is made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. In falling the soap forms into millions of tiny hollow beads with walls 4 times thinner than the very thinnest chip or flake. Only by this method can soap be made so thin that it will dissolve instantly . . . completely.

And only instant dissolving soap can get to work instantly.

Please Make This Test

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into rich, soapy, lasting suds. Instantly every drop of water becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float undissolved or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

The most economical soap

Super Suds is more economical because every bead is used—no half dissolved soap is thrown out with the dishwater. And also because every box of Super Suds holds 10 brimming cups of the fastest soap ever made—and costs you but 10 cents.

Resolve to waste no more time with slow dissolving soaps. Your grocer has Super Suds. 5130

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP 10¢

Three hats are included in No. 6367; designed for ages 10 to 16 years and for head sizes 21 to 21¾ inches.

The Youngest Generation

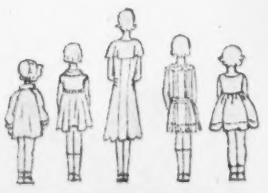
Fitted Lines and Capelets

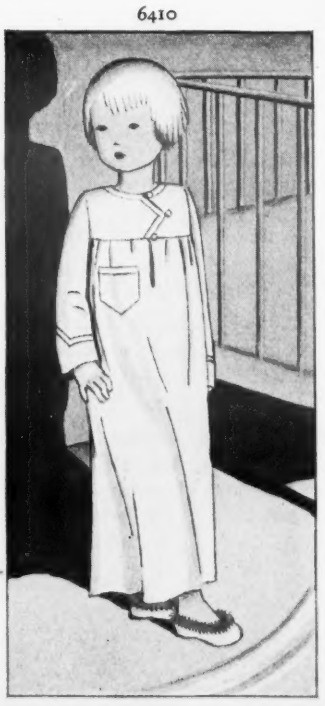
6413 6368 6412 6414 6371 6411 6409

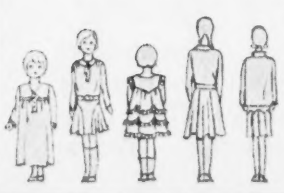
6410

6408

Design No. 6413, above, at left, uses a yoke, attached by fagoting to circular sides and back; designed for ages 4 to 10. Design No. 6368, next, for the sophisticated early teens, adopts capelet, and princess shirrings at waist; designed for ages 13 to 17 years. Design No. 6412 is fashioned with side pleats, braided belt, and lace yoke and skirt border; designed for sizes 8 to 14. At left, Design No. 6408 includes a little girl's coat with raglan sleeves and a poke bonnet with scalloped brim, both designed for ages 1 to 4 years. At right—Design No. 6410, the yoked nightie, includes a full skirt for warmth and convenient breast pocket; designed for ages 4 to 12.







Design No. 6414, center above, is smart, with its asymmetrical neckline and yoke, bow trimming and skirt border; designed for ages 4 to 10 years. Design No. 6371, third from right, above, has a capelet and circular godets; designed for ages 6 to 14 years. Design No. 6411 is dainty, with its rows of ruffles, tiny sleeves and V-shaped yoke; designed for ages 2 to 6 years. Design No. 6409, above, includes boyish collar and pockets and circular skirt; designed for ages 8 to 14. At right—Design No. 6393, a jacket ensemble, has bow trimming and box-pleated skirt on its frock, and a finger-length jacket; designed for ages 13 to 17 years.

6393

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City. Children's, 25 cts.; Lingerie, 25 cts.; Girls', 30 cts.; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cts.; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cts.; Ensembles, 40 cts.

A new dish-

for women who know about

Amazing new form of Chipso washes dishes a new 1, 2, 3 way. *Chipso Granules* are special rich suds in steam-dried form—ready-prepared for a speedy dishwashing. No waiting for suds—no scrubbing at food particles—no wiping! Chipso Granules can easily save you 10 minutes each dishwashing.

THESE tiny soap particles look almost like a powder—but aren't a powder. They are really a brand-new form of the famous Chipso flakes which millions of women use on washday.

This new form of Chipso gives suds that are just as *rich*, just as *lasting*, as the original flaked Chipso. *But*—Chipso Granules have been *specially prepared for dishwashing*.

The speedy 1, 2, 3 way with dishes

Chipso Granules are rich suds in steam-dried form, ready-prepared for dishes by a wonderful new process. They practically do your dishwashing *for* you as you will discover. Here is the 1, 2, 3 way to save time with Chipso Granules:

1. You add water to Chipso Granules and put your dishes into a fluff of rich, lasting suds.
2. A few moments' soaking in these rich suds will melt food particles and grease away like magic. A swish of your mop and your dishes are clean!
3. Stack your dishes and pour hot water over them. And you're through! You needn't wipe. Glass and china dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

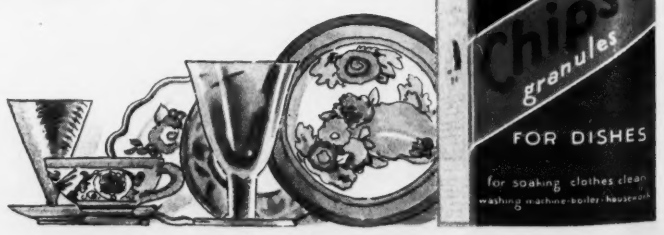
Your actual dishwashing will be a matter of a few brief minutes. And what a saving for your hands!

A compact soap—thrifty to use

Chipso Granules are not bulky—they are compact steam-dried suds—no waste. You can get from your grocer today a big 25¢ box that will do all your dishes for a month. Isn't this a very economical way to save your time and your hands?

Chipso now

GRANULES



washing story

Chipso's help on washday

You find Chipso washdays shorter and easier for two good reasons. (1) These thin flakes actually do *more work* per minute because the suds are so *rich.* (2) Chipso suds *keep on working until you rinse,* because the suds are so *lasting.*

CHIPSO, in the original thin, snowy flakes, is the most popular packaged soap in the world, and washes more clothes every Monday than any other flaked, powdered or similar soap. Women have discovered that Chipso really does make washdays shorter and easier.

Richer, more lasting suds

The difference between Chipso and other soaps you may have tried lies in the *Chipso suds.*

The suds of many soaps fall when you put your soiled clothes into them. They may even disappear entirely, and then your soap has practically stopped working. But Chipso suds are *lasting* suds. Even extra-soiled clothes don't wear out their rich, dirt-loosening energy. Chipso begins to work the moment you put in your clothes and keeps on working until the last garment is ready to rinse. *You* work less, because Chipso suds work *more.*

Chipso has been made of materials carefully chosen to give extra-rich suds. That's why Chipso suds last so long and loosen *all* the dirt so quickly. That's why you can hang a Chipso wash on the line by 10 o'clock. That's why your clothes have a better color.

And because Chipso is such a *rich* soap, it goes a long way. The big box will do four or five washings, at a great saving of your time and labor. And what a beautiful wash! You'll even notice that colors are fresher because Chipso suds are rich, not *strong.*

in 2 forms

PROCTER & GAMBLE

The Patch Box

Exercising for the New Silhouette

By MARGUERITE AGNIEL
Author of The Art of the Body

THE mere possession of a slender figure does not necessarily mean that it will grace the new mode. On the contrary, the woman of most generous build and of good proportions can rejoice at last that provided she carries herself well she can often wear the new gowns with more dignity and assurance than her slimmer sister who walks or stands badly.

The straight lines and form-fitting silhouette present a problem to both types when they find their figures bulging out in unexpected places! For even the thin women, whose discrepancies of figure have not hitherto been a cause for worry, have suddenly discovered the presence of protruding abdomens, lumps on the hips and lack of a waistline. Their determination to "reduce" is none the less strong for in most most cases it is not their total weight that is objectionable but the "lumps" in their figures which are revealed in such clarity by the new silhouette.

PHOTOS. BY TOWNSEND

Exercise 1. Arching the back like an angry cat, then relaxing the abdomen and hollowing the back in this position is an excellent treatment for weak abdominal and back muscles.

In the case of the really fat woman, reducing is necessary, of course, but the majority of women need to be taught how to stand and walk correctly. And this can be done only by strengthening the muscles that will make correct posture and walking possible.

By firming and strengthening the muscles that fill out the mold, so to speak, and creating an unbroken line in body, the "bumps" will be magically lost in the proper distribution of weight. The thing to aim at is intrinsic unity, whether in a thin or rounded figure—and both can be equally beautiful, in the same sense in which a Zorn or a Rubens can rival a Botticelli.

Exercise 2. Stretching up from this crouching position to all fours, in imitation of the cat's stretching movements on awakening, exercises the spine and the muscles of the abdomen and back.

How many times do we have to be told that it is the way in which we wear our clothes that is so important? Not only should we be aware of the ridiculous figures which round shoulders, protruding abdomens and other defects of posture give us but we should be concerned over the bad effect they have upon the general health of the body.

In the matter of correct proportions, the configuration of the shoulders is of great importance, as they are the principal key to to the hang of a frock. But exercises for the shoulders alone will not correct the bad habit of stooping, so long as the back and abdominal muscles are too weak to hold the body erect. Nor will artificial devices, such as corsets, accomplish this result alone, unless measures are taken to strengthen these muscles during the hours when the artificial support is not worn. It must be remembered that poise is a natural sequence of flexible and symmetrically developed muscles and they can be strengthened by exercise. If the use of the mechanism concerned with the carriage of the body is correct, the tone and strength of the great abdominal muscles will not permit of bulging diaphragms and puffy abdomens which are being revealed so generally nowadays by the 1930 silhouette.

But before you try to correct your bad habits of posture, be sure that you know what correct posture is. Health authorities agree that we should stand with the head up, chin in, the chest up and out—but not held stiffly—shoulders back with the lower blades held in and down, not elevated. The abdomen should be held in and taut, the body well stretched from the waist, the feet placed evenly and toes pointed straight ahead, the whole body inclining slightly forward.

To hold the body erect by suddenly assuming a correct position whenever one happens to think of it is by no means the same as so training the muscles to strength and firmness that they will do their work of their own accord, although much can be gained by taking the correct position consciously from time to time. In overcoming any defect of the figure, it is necessary to remember that the body is one organism, each single part contributing to the whole and all influencing each other.

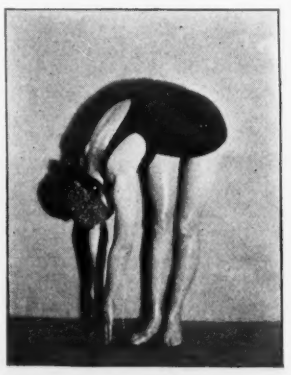
A simple test for correct posture in standing and in walking is to balance a book on your head and walk around the room. As is generally known, the peasants of southern Europe, notably those of Spain, owe their superb carriage to the water jars and pitchers they have carried on their heads for centuries. This erect carriage is characteristic of the Spanish people, and is exemplified emphatically in their dancing. The position which the body must assume in order to prevent the objects from falling on the floor is a good one to follow all the time. After you have become proficient at this, you can try balancing pans of water on your head. This is a real achievement, and is perhaps more safely practiced in a bathing suit!

WEAKNESS of the back and abdominal muscles is largely responsible for bad posture. One of the best ways of strengthening these parts is by means of muscular contraction, which prevents circulatory stagnation by squeezing the blood back in the general circulation, thereby relieving congestion and providing less opportunity for stagnation to occur. Inactivity of this part of the body is responsible in great part for constipation and the sagging down of organs which create protruding abdomens.

An exercise for this is to kneel with the hands on the floor, elbows straight, with the legs from the knees to the hips at right angles to the floor. Now arch the back as high as possible, as a cat does when angry, at the same time contracting the muscles of the abdomen. Hold this position for a short time. Now drop the abdomen and hollow the back. Alternate these movements and repeat ten times. Exercise 1.

The next movement is to draw the body backward from this position as if you were going to sit on your heels. Now slowly rise forward to the all-fours position again, keeping the abdomen hollowed and thinking of the base of the spine as the functioning motive; imagine each vertebra unfolding separately. Stretch the spine as much as you can. Keep the head and neck relaxed. This is for strengthening the muscles of the abdomen and back and a valuable exercise for the spine, an adaptation of a cat's movement upon awakening and especially good, as the body is not forced to work against gravity as it is in the upright position. Exercise 2.

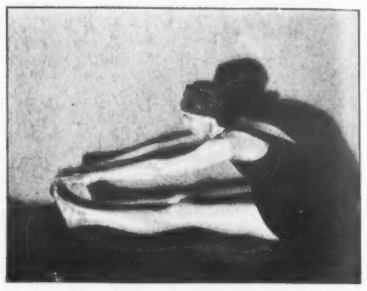
Another exercise for strengthening the muscles and reducing the abdomen and waist consists in standing with the feet together, knees straight. Lean over, with arms relaxed, and twist the body to the side, to the back, to other side and return to front in a continuous rotary movement of the torso. This exercise should be performed vigorously from ten to twenty times at intervals during the day. Exercise 3.



Exercise 3. Waistlines may be reduced by standing with legs together, knees straight, and twisting the torso, arms relaxed, in circular movement.

The same exercise can be made more strenuous by starting with the arms over the head and describing a semicircle in the air as you swing them to the side and touch the tips of the fingers to the floor. Don't worry if you can't touch the floor at the first try. The main thing is to give a vigorous stretch and a swing to the body, even if you get only halfway down.

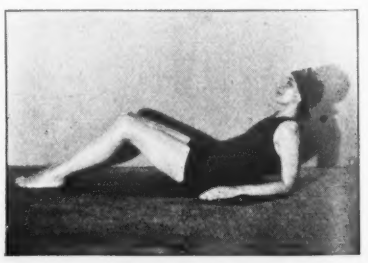
A reliable old stand-by for strengthening the muscles of the back and abdomen, as well as helping to reduce these parts, is to rise slowly from lying flat on back position to a sitting posture, keeping the feet down. If they won't stay down of their own accord they can be hooked under a bed rail or a heavy piece of furniture. While doing this exercise, tense the abdominal muscles as much as you can. Lie flat on your back again, relax and repeat the exercise about ten times. A further adaptation of this simple movement is to reach over and touch the toes. Exercise 4.



Exercise 4. Another excellent attack on the troublesome waistline begins flat on the back; with legs kept flat on the floor, rise to a sitting position and over until finger tips touch the toes.

Rolling has often been advised for reducing the hips, and though it has a value of a sort, it has the disadvantage of hitting the spot to be reduced only once in each revolution of the body, whereas staying in one spot and "rubbing" the offending lump of fat against the mat or rug, it stands to reason that it comes off sooner! From the lying-flat position, turn over on the side, lean on one elbow, relaxing the body thoroughly, using the spot to be reduced as a pivot. Rub first one hip about twenty times, then the other. Then both at the same time. Exercise 5.

The movement is lengthwise of the body, not from side to side. The more time you devote to this exercise the quicker results can be obtained. The idea is to feel yourself moving rhythmically as a whole. The body should be thoroughly relaxed while practicing this movement.



Exercise 5. Concentrated hip massage may be effected in this position and produces gratifying effects. Elbows are used as rests, the body being kept relaxed, and braced against the feet.

Stand on the balls of the feet with knees bent and pull in—or contract—the abdomen as much as you can, at the same time bowing the back as you did in the first exercise. Continue this movement until the back is stretched to its full length—and the abdomen is drawn up by the tension of the muscles—and the feet are flat on the floor. The head simultaneously resumes its erect position and the body assumes an easy standing position. In the beginning it is easier to perform these movements separately at the count of one, two, three. One, rise on toes with knees bent; two, pull in abdomen; three, straighten knees back and shoulders simultaneously with placing the feet flat on the floor. After sufficient practice the counts may be omitted and the exercise may be accomplished in a rhythmic wave-like motion of the body which flows gracefully into the upward movement. Exercise 6.

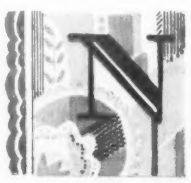
Exercise 6. The body as a whole is stretched, the abdominal wall lifted and the legs exercised by this stretching exercise done on three counts.

In addition to stretching the whole body, this movement strengthens and lifts the abdominal wall, improves the legs and stretches the diaphragm. All the exercises should be practiced either in the bare feet or with heelless soft sandals.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Barbara Stanwood will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding care of the skin or hair. The service is confidential and no charge is made for it. Letters should be addressed to Miss Stanwood in care of The Patch Box, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

a 2 EGG CAKE with a 4 EGG TASTE

BUT, don't try to make it with ordinary flour!



NO ORDINARY FLOUR can promise you this:

With fewer eggs than usual, you can get a better cake!

Proof? Look at this recipe. You know that such a recipe, made with ordinary flour, would mean just one thing . . . *the plainest of plain-Jane cakes!*

Yet . . . try it, using Swans Down Cake Flour! *We are willing to risk your first impression of what Swans Down can do on this simple two-egg cake.* For . . . out of your oven will come . . . try it and see! . . . a marvel of a cake! Fluffy and velvet smooth and delicious . . . perfect . . . in every way! Cake you'll be proud of!

In order to get anywhere near as good a cake, using ordinary flour, you'd have to forget economy—change the recipe—two eggs wouldn't be near enough!

Naturally, there's a reason for such a difference as that. Read these simple facts about flour:

Why SWANS DOWN . . *with fewer eggs . . can give you* BETTER CAKE

All flours contain gluten. In ordinary flours which are milled primarily for yeast bread, the gluten is tough, elastic. Though excellent for the slow action of yeast, this gluten is altogether too resistant to the "quick" leavens—egg whites, baking powder, such things—used in cake.

Swans Down is a *cake* flour. It is made of soft winter wheat because only in this wheat can you get the most delicate of glutens—*gluten which is quickly, perfectly responsive to the leavens used in cake.* And the difference in Swans Down doesn't stop there. Swans Down is sifted through silk, till it is 27 *times as fine as ordinary flour!*

Now you can see why the simplest economy cake, made with Swans Down, is lighter and finer than a more expensive cake, made with ordinary flour! Now you can see why Swans Down wonderfully improves not only your butter cakes, but sponge cakes, angel foods, *all* cakes! Now you can see why Swans Down permits you to save on eggs and shortening, and still get a better cake. Though Swans Down costs a trifle more per cake, it more than "pays its way," in what you save on other ingredients. And gives you . . . finer cake!

Send for this wonderful recipe booklet
(*Free sample included!*)

Send 10c for "Cake Secrets" . . . the most complete booklet on cakes you ever saw! It contains 127 perfect recipes. With the booklet we'll send you a *free* sample of Swans Down Cake Flour—*enough for a cake.* Send today.

LIGHTNING LAYER CAKE . . . (2 eggs)

3⅓ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, unbeaten
Soft shortening as needed
1 cup milk
2 cups sugar
½ teaspoon lemon extract
½ teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Break eggs in cup and add enough shortening to fill cup. Put all ingredients into mixing bowl and beat vigorously 2 minutes. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Spread a white frosting between layers and on top of cake. Sprinkle each layer and top thickly with Baker's Coconut. Southern Style. (All measurements are level).

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Make These Tests **when you make your first Swans Down cake**

LOOK AT THE CRUST! *Touch it! It is ever so crisp and tender . . . daintily thin . . . springy under your fingers! Swans Down makes an amazing difference, in crust alone!*

NOW CUT YOUR CAKE! *Look at its grain. Did you ever see anything so fine and even? Swans Down cakes are so light and fluffy, that* feathery *is the only word to describe them!*

NEXT, BREAK OFF A MORSEL! *Press it gently, to feel its texture, so tender . . . so delicate! Never tough or "bready" . . . Here is one of the most striking characteristics of Swans Down cake.* It feels like velvet!

AND NOW TASTE IT! *Light . . . fine . . . delicious . . . here is cake worth the making! Here is . . .*
CAKE AT ITS BEST!

SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR

Send for wonderful recipe booklet

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC.
Evansville, Indiana

L. H. J. 3-30

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for a copy of your recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets." With the booklet please send me a *free* sample of Swans Down Cake Flour.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____
Fill in completely—print name and address

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

In Canada: Address Igleheart Brothers, Inc. The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

The London Mode in Miniature

By **MARY MARGARET McBRIDE** *and* **HELEN JOSEPHY**

LITTLE girls of the British Empire are wearing pink this season. Last spring they wore yellow—and for the same reason that their choice is now pink—because it was the favorite color of their small blond Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, who may some day become Queen of Great Britain.

Actually the princess, dubbed Lilybett by herself before she could talk plainly, is a good deal more interested in her fat pony, Daisy, than she is in party dresses, whatever the color, but despite her indifference, her attire pretty well determines whether there'll be world-wide shirring, tucking or smocking in little-girldom. This infinitesimal royal highness began to influence the mode from the cradle, for her mother, even in such a painstakingly hygienic and practical age as the one in which her daughter was born, believed in frills for babies, especially girl babies, and dressed her own accordingly. The result has been that all succeeding crops of English infants have spent the first three or four months of their lives wrapped in delicate clouds of hand-embroidered nainsook and real lace, for all the world like their Victorian grandmothers at the same age.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The most enchanting frills of all are to be seen at fashionable weddings.

The reversion to frills had the support of a very powerful element in the English household—Nanny, the queen of the nursery. Once a princess had stamped "longies" with her approval, Nanny seized upon them and now grudgingly clips off the skirts of her charge a bare inch or two at a time. Long skirts lend an air of luxury and every Nanny rebels if her baby isn't smart and costly-looking.

The park is the center of youthful life in the great city. Most children spend six or seven hours of the day there, rolling hoops, sailing boats or sleeping in prams. And about three every afternoon, there is great excitement, for the fairy princess, H. R. H. Elizabeth herself, dressed perhaps in her favorite pink-satin bonnet with pink-silk frock and white-furred coat to match, drives through the park in an open carriage with her mother and nurse. The British public gathers at this hour to look at her and she kisses her bit of a hand to them and displays her dimpled, irresistible smile.

These smartly tailored knickers are of fine-check suiting; the shirt and tie are of wash silk. From Debenham & Freebody.

Mothers and nannies, even while they are saying "bless her little heart, isn't she the loveliest ever!" are avidly noting every button and ruffle of her costume and next week there is an outburst of homemade replicas. Manufacturers, too, familiarize themselves with the details of her wardrobe and turn out models which duplicate as many features as possible.

At the same time that the princess drives in the park, small future dukes, duchesses, and the like, are doing a promenade there, dressed in their best, and usually accompanied these days by their mothers; for the Duchess of York appears in public so often with her child that she has set a new fashion for society mothers and made almost obsolete a story that used to go the rounds.

© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The little "Princess Lilybett," granddaughter of King George, arrives at a children's party in Grosvenor Square.

It seems a rich woman, walking in Hyde Park, met a nurse wheeling a beautiful child in a pram. The woman was so struck by the appearance of the child that she asked to whom it belonged.

"Why—to—to you, ma'am," stammered the amazed and flustered nurse.

Mothers find amusement in planning their offsprings' clothes since elaborate party dresses have become smart.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Six picturesquely dressed attendants leave the church with the bride and groom.

The standard party dress of the season has a short, fitted bodice, puff sleeves and gathered skirt. The best-liked colors are softest pastel shades—pale Elizabeth pink, of course, then blue and eggshell—though this year is seeing for older girls a good deal of bottle green, burnt orange, gold, red, even black, as a background for vivid floral patterns.

The variety of handwork on these tiny frocks is something at which to marvel.

Buttonhole work is used in novel ways, as, for instance, for wide slits at the waistline through which the sash may run. The English, after their loyal fashion, cleave to sashes which tie in the back in huge bows.

Handmade shirring is used for tiny yokes and puffed sleeves and also in rows to give diminutive skirts enough body to stand alone. Cutwork, appliquéd ribbons, inserts of contrasting material and flowers also abound.

Party capes are an important item in the wardrobe of London's youngest feminine set. The shops show many small party dresses in taffeta or ninon, with accompanying capes of velvet in matching or harmonizing color and lined with the same material as the dress. We also saw a white-rabbit party cape just ready to be packed and sent to a nobleman's little daughter at the family country seat.

Party dresses are nearly all fitted at the waistline. The best children's shops do not cut things to hang from the neck, believing this likely to give even the prettiest little girl a gawky look.

Most of the royal children of Europe, even from as far away as the Balkans, get their party clothes in England. The prices they pay are rather royal, too. Little dresses not more than twenty inches in length may cost sixty, seventy-five or even a hundred dollars. One house, which goes in for handwork and advocates childish material, cut and finish, never copies its best models more than twice. Its customers pay well for exclusiveness.

Brother and sister wear tailored tweed coats from Debenham & Freebody.

Undies for these fairy frocks resemble concoctions of marshmallow and whipped cream. The smart little girl wears a wee silk bloomer-and-slip combination almost like Big Sister's, the bloomers edged in net frills, tied with bows.

The little English girl's party slippers never have heels and are mostly of gold or silver kid cloth.

The littlest boys, four and under, are wearing for parties all-crêpe de chine suits or crêpe de chine blouses and velvet shorts—straight open trousers, knee length. The shorts are usually in color and the blouses white, with ruffles hand-stitched in color to match the trousers.

The most enchanting frills of all are to be seen at fashionable weddings. Every big marriage has child attendants; in fact, some brides ask only children to stand up with them as did Lady Anne Cavendish last fall. The pages on this occasion wore red trunks and hose, with red velvet capes hanging from their shoulders and the child bridesmaids had red medieval frocks. Such costumes undoubtedly influence the everyday mode, too, for the exact reproductions of historical Shaksperian or Victorian costumes in velvet and silk prove so entrancing that they are often copied in modified form for general wear, as in the puff sleeve and bouffant skirt.

A London beauty parlor specializes in making children up for weddings, and the

(Continued on Page 67)

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

English babies are bonny and healthy, as this young two-year-old at play on the beach bears adequate witness.

CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; permanently correct acid mouth; or, itself, firm your gums. These are things only a dentist or physician can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is misleading. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. But in Colgate's you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you need the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start

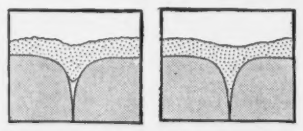
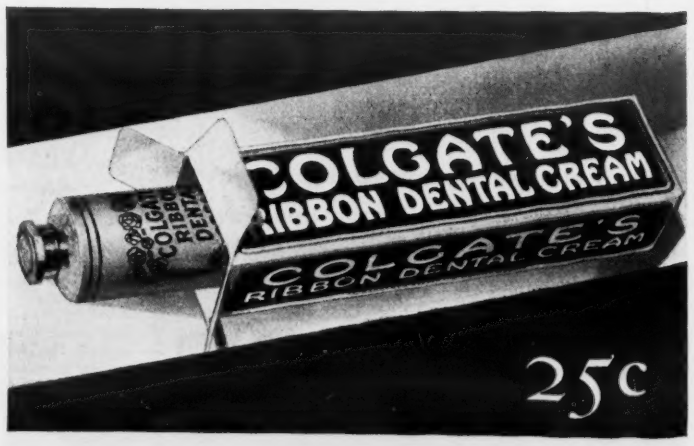


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



Has your mirror

ever murmured...

"MY *dear, you are lovely, of course, but, candidly, I have noticed a little falling off of late! There's a* dullness *to that pretty skin of yours that no rouge can cover* quite *convincingly; there are dark circles under your eyes that no powder can completely hide; there's even lack-lustre in your eyes themselves—that used to be so bright! I'm afraid, my dear, that your Dining Table is doing damage that your Dressing Table can't repair!*"

Now you'll like Bran

The cameo-like beauty of today—flawless, revealing, natural—how quickly it betrays the slightest infraction of Nature's laws!

Unless the system is thoroughly freed of waste-matter from day to day, the effects of its accumulation are very soon apparent.

The skin is apt to become dull and lifeless—even blotchy; the eyes to lose their lustre; the whole face to reflect the unnatural condition within.

The pleasant *way to build a background for beauty*

Every woman knows the value of bran-bulk in promoting regular, normal elimination of beauty-destroying impurities . . . *And more women eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world!*

Small wonder! These crisp, golden flakes are miracles of flavorful goodness! You'll thoroughly enjoy this way of adding bran-bulk to your diet.

Serve Post's Bran Flakes regularly—as a cereal, with fruits or berries—in delicious muffins—and *see* how much better you'll feel and look!

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

PHOTO. FROM LAFAYETTE LTD.

Miss Jane Orde, daughter of Lady Eileen Orde, and granddaughter of the Duke of Wellington, wears a party frock of taffeta.

(Continued from Page 64)

like. Experts in this place fluff and curl the hair and very delicately tint the small faces. This practice inspired a recent cartoon in Punch which may seem funnier in England than it does here. The artist depicted a tiny girl, just home from a party and telling her father all about it.

"Oh, daddy, it was tragic!" she lamented. "Just as I arrived, I realized Nanny had forgotten to brush my eyebrows!"

Except for state occasions, English children of all ages are strictly tailored this season. Even Princess Elizabeth, who generally plays in a small private park back of her home, then doffs the pink-silk ruffles of public appearances and is seen appropriately tailored in brief two-piece suits.

The play clothes seen in Hyde Park these nippy early spring days are of two distinct types. One is of wool, strictly and beautifully tailored and rather somber in color. The other would seem to be worn by miniature advocates of the Brighter-London movement, for it consists of gayly colored knitted sweaters, pull-on style, with caps to match, and white leggings. Rabbits and lambs adorn these costumes and the caps are trimmed on top with big tassels.

Little girls from six years up are varying this costume by pleated blue serge or tartan plaid skirts buttoned on white underbodices and worn with jerseys or knitted blouses. Slightly older girls wear jumper suits with cardigans to match, and tailored tweed, or tweed and stockinet frocks.

The street exterior of boys and girls between the ages of two and seven is this year amusingly twinnish. A severely tailored coat of tweed with a velvet collar, the girl's coat buttoned to the left and the boy's to the right, is a popular model. The more dressy, or perhaps merely brotherless, little girls are wearing spring coats cut with a flare. Leggings to match and round, turned-down felt hats complete the costume.

For warm spring days, which are much less frequent in England than in America, both boys and girls will wear gingham, also Irish linen and Manchester cottons with small floral or geometric patterns.

Woolens used for children's coats include Bradford cloth, which has great durability; West-of-England woolens, which have a soft velvety finish; Scotch tweeds, the small designs of which are adaptable for children; kasha; Irish homespuns, which are washable and give endless wear; woolen marocain, which is dressy; and hopsacking, which is pliable, and also for dress.

On Bond Street in London is the most famous children's tailor in the world—Rowe's, of sailor-suit fame. The Bond Street branch turns out only children's clothes, and outfits boys and girls from kindergarten years through their teens.

All the children of royal European families, in the days when there were a good many more crowned heads than at present, were clothed at Rowe's, and young King Michael of Rumania now gets ridiculous little dinner coats, lounge suits and sports clothes there. Usually his nurse comes over to order for him, but on the important occasion of going into his first long trousers he came himself and proudly demanded two extra pockets which he needed for storing certain private possessions.

The Prince of Wales wore Rowe sailor suits, as did the Duke of York, Prince George and Princess Mary. The princes of Sweden and Italy, Lady Astor's boys and Jackie Coogan are others who have been, or are now, on the Rowe books. Every child for whom a garment is made gets two fittings and enjoys them.

The clothes of English and American boys differ in all ways—not only as to style and cut but even as to material. The modern English boy prefers looser clothes, for one thing, not so much belted nor so high-waisted as those of the American boy. Also, the English boy uses knickers or plus fours only for sport, and in no material except tweed.

Undoubtedly one reason that the adult British man is so well dressed is that he is taught to wear dress-up clothes so early in life. A fitter who goes to America for his firm tells us that the English boy begins at nine to choose the materials and style for his clothes, while the American boy at that age is still indifferently wearing what others select for him.

Until he is eight, the English boy is kept in shorts and Marlboroughs, the latter what we should describe as little brothers to the morning dress coat and gray trousers of adults. From eight to thirteen, he wears Eton suits for dress occasions, long-trousered ones after he is ten and long trousers for all occasions after eleven. With the Eton on Sundays and holidays goes a top hat and usually a black waistcoat and black tie, though on very dressy occasions the young fop substitutes a white waistcoat and white tie.

At the age of nine or ten, the first dinner coat is purchased. And with it until the boy is thirteen are worn white waistcoats, white bow ties and Eton collars for state occasions. After thirteen, wing collars, black ties and black waistcoats are correct.

Tails are worn as early as fourteen or fifteen. At smart public schools, morning coats and gray trousers are worn as soon as the boy is considered tall enough, and silk hats are worn even with Eton suits.

The English boy's beau ideal of style is the Prince of Wales, and on the whole he is as slavish an imitator as his little sister who now wears frilly pink because Princess Elizabeth has it on in the picture of her that Nanny keeps on the mantelpiece!

WIFE loses her good disposition. Husband threatens to leave. Help wanted!
BANK PRESIDENT tortured by sleeplessness. Finds no relief on golf course. Help wanted!
SECRETARY loses chance for promotion. Too tired to keep going. Help wanted!

Postum answers thousands of "Want-Ads" every day!

UNLESS you know Postum very well, you'll wonder how it can come to the rescue in so many varied cases. For all you can see in the cup is a tempting, golden-brown drink—and all you can taste is deliciousness! But ask the millions of people who drink Postum every day. *They'll* tell you how it has helped them!

Many of these men and women didn't know, at one time, what it was to enjoy vigorous health. Some were troubled by sleeplessness—others by indigestion, ragged nerves, or headaches. In every case, help was wanted!

One by one, these men and women realized that the cause of their troubles was—*caffein*. So they eliminated caffein from their diets, and drank Postum instead. Almost at once, sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion, and headaches gave way to radiant health! Do you wonder these men and women still drink Postum?

Perhaps it never occurred to you that caffein could cause your own sleepless nights. Perhaps you never blamed caffein for your "nerves" and headaches. But make this test! Instead of caffein, let Postum be your mealtime drink—for thirty days. Before that time is up, you'll find yourself sleeping like a log. You'll find yourself feeling better—looking better, too!

Postum contains no caffein. It is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted. Its flavor is mellow and smooth—*distinctive*. Drink Postum plain—or add cream, and watch its rich brown color change to gold. You're sure to like this delicious drink. You'll want to make it your lifetime friend!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. © 1930, G. F. Corp.

Post Food Products

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P—L. H.J.3-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.* The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

EVER SINCE AMERICA WAS YOUNG THE NAME BAKER HAS BEEN A GUARANTY OF SUPREME QUALITY!

—and it still is!

The Cocoa that's best for the Children is best for you, too!

HOW much those little bundles of activity — the children — need the gentle, glowing benefit of a steaming cup of Baker's Cocoa!

You, yourself, know how soothing and refreshing a cup of this best of beverages can be.

Indeed Baker's has been the American family's traditional refreshment for generations!

Your grandmother enjoyed the same superfine Baker Quality—the same Baker Purity—the same creamy-smooth chocolate flavor — that you buy today, for even when our cocoa beans came home from Southern seas in clipper ships they were the *best* cocoa beans the world produced!

And even when a great water-wheel turned the simple machines of the first chocolate mill in America, every step in Baker manufacture was performed with the same painstaking care that is the rule in our vast plant today!

Perhaps that is why you have *always* had confidence in Baker Quality—perhaps that is why you don't really need the assurance of most modern dietitians that "Baker's is best!"*

Best for your children and best for you — for in every fragrant cupful there is the extra nourishment of the world's best cocoa, the bountiful food-value of milk and the soothing glow of warmth.

Serve it often!

WALTER BAKER & CO., INC., Dorchester, Mass.

*Recently chosen as the *Best* Cocoa by 78% Professional Nurses; 79% Home Demonstration Agents; 82% Home Economics Teachers; 63% School Lunch Room Managers; 67% Hospital Dietitians; 87% Editors Women's Magazines.

BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

TO PAY MORE IS EXTRAVAGANCE TO PAY LESS IS FALSE ECONOMY

Smartness Aloft

(Continued from Page 21)

skirt, a hip-length or three-quarters coat of tweed or smart woolen material, and a sweater blouse to match. Two fresh blouses in your bag will take up very little room, but will give your fellow passengers and yourself the impression that you are freshly dressed.

A small rug in tweed or wool matching your coat, lined with dark solid color, and with a slide-fastener-closed pocket for your feet at one end will keep you very snug during the trip—or any subsequent motoring—and will often be welcome on your bed, as an extra blanket at night, during your travels. Such small rugs are easy to carry, and made in tweed to match your travel coats become smart accessories instead of cumbersome trappings.

Luggage is the hardest problem of all. A certain amount of weight is all that you are allowed, and if you yourself are heavy your baggage must be extra light. A tiny person fits away much more easily into a plane. Those who are heavy must practice the eighteen-day diet that everyone talks to me about in America, or put their toothbrushes in their pockets.

Luggage Must be Light

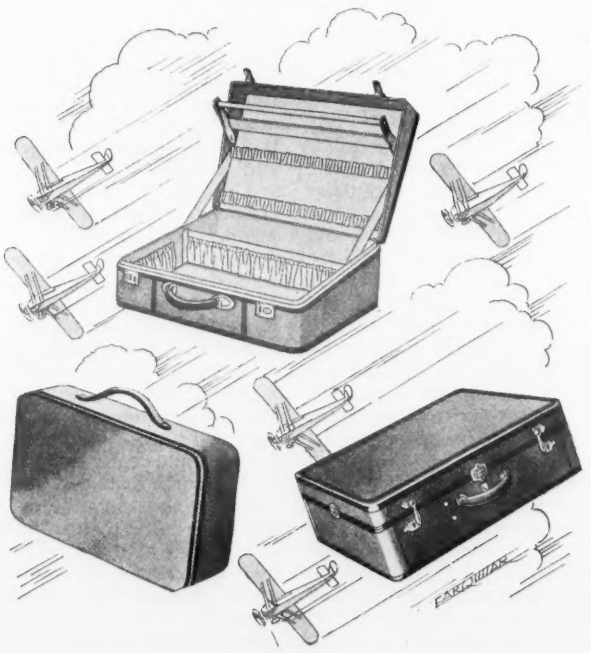
SELECT luggage, then, for weight, first—I have seen some very smart suitcases made particularly light for the air-minded—and put in a minimum. For your appearance the two blouses—simple ones, without pleated frills to muss—a simple, easy-to-pack silk frock, which will go well with your topcoat and your hat, an extra pair of light shoes, handkerchiefs, underwear, gloves, stockings and your toilet articles. Incredible as it may seem, you can be smartly dressed for days with this equipment. For your amusement put a pack of cards into your bag, a book, or a writing case. Conversation in a plane is impossible. For your comfort take cotton to pad your ears under your hat, or even better, balls of wax and cotton; in Paris we call them *quics*, and use them at night when city noises interfere with sleep. They protect your ears from the shock of the noise without affecting your hearing too much. Take also for your comfort one or two lumps of sugar and a tiny bottle of iodine. Two drops of iodine on a lump of sugar is an old and sure cure for nausea and seasickness.

A small fitted handbag—not a dressing case, but literally a handbag which you can carry yourself without difficulty—gives you all your toilet articles within easy reach. In your lap or at your side it is much easier to open than your big bag, which will undoubtedly be out of reach during most of your trip. Powder, comb, fresh handkerchiefs, clean gloves, even an extra pair of stockings, all go into it conveniently.

Looking Your Best

AVIATION travel is no longer pioneering. It is warm, comfortable, luxurious—and it is clean. Over and above limiting yourself as to the weight of your luggage your clothes problem is not a particularly difficult one. You will look best in your favorite tweeds, your favorite colors. Wear them, making sure that they are not only becoming but simple. If they are simple, simple in the extreme, they will look smart, because they are suitable. If you avoid elaborate pleats—particularly in back—and unnecessary furbelows of all kinds, fabrics that are easily mussed, you can step from your plane as well turned-out as you began your journey—which is the ideal of every traveler.

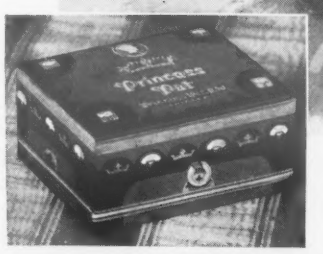
Just as one notices on the great liners from Europe to America that the most experienced travelers are the least conspicuously dressed, the women avoiding the elaborate fur coats, chiffon stockings and high heels, just as the men avoid that opposite extreme of tennis shoes, enormous knickers and larger caps, so one finds that in air travel the same standards of conservative dressing are important. Not only is aviation no longer pioneering, it is fast becoming as matter of fact as motoring. In London one of the great shops has opened a new department where planes themselves as well as costumes and luggage are sold. And so, no yachting caps on board ocean liners nor helmets—unless you are piloting—in planes, or you will seem very much more like the heroine of a musical comedy dressed for her third act entrance than a well-turned out and experienced traveler.



Special designs in aviation luggage are being demanded for the wardrobes of the air-minded. The minimum weight that will allow maximum contents is of course the chief factor in design. Six or eight dresses may be carried in the Migrator Featherlite suitcase shown at the top of the sketch, with the added convenience that when packed any one dress can be removed without disturbing the others. It is of glazed Irish linen trimmed with special lightweight cowhide. At the left, is a lightweight oblong Daisy Travel Case, of lizard-grain du Pont Fabrikoid, closing with a Talon slide fastener. A shoe compartment and a specially designed dress holder accommodate a wardrobe in the very light Wheary Aviatrix at the right.

Are You Powdered to YOUR Satisfaction and HIS ?

Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not altogether please. Still you must use powder.



The aristocrat of powder boxes. Luxurious and beautiful, with exclusive drawer feature shown in pen sketch below.

Be assured of this: once you try Princess Pat—with its exclusive base of soft, caressing almond—you will say, *not* that you couldn't get along without powder, but that you couldn't get along *without Princess Pat powder.*

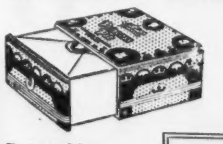
Just the Invisible Beauty You've Longed For

It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel," visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

How, you may say, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; the expensive imported powders are not like it.

The Exclusive Almond Base is the Chief Difference

Usual powders are made with a base of starch. Princess Pat does not criticise. But believes the more costly, the more soothing, clinging almond infinitely superior. Millions of women using Princess Pat believe this too. For Princess Pat goes on like a caress, as softly as a rose brushed across the cheek. It has a certain "pliancy." Thus when you smile, Princess Pat remains supremely smooth over the smile lines. It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect skin. *Of course* it clings longer than any powder you may try.



Patented box—opens like drawer.

Keeps the Skin Healthy—Protects Against Blemishes

You really select powder for *immediate* beauty, for make-up that is *perfection itself.* This perfection Princess Pat gives. But, in addition, the almond base is *good for your skin.* Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes and softens,* is delightful to the most sensitive skin.

Princess Pat prevents coarse pores—and blemishes. Its almond, held in contact hours and hours with the skin, is constantly bringing *permanent beauty.* And you'll definitely notice all these advantages. Select your cherished weight, medium or light, and your favorite shade, and let Princess Pat delight you. Seven Shades: Olde Ivory, Flesh, White, Brunette, Ochre, Mauve, *Summer*tan.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

With Princess Pat powder use the extremely beautiful Princess Pat Rouges. Shades: *Summer*tan, English Tint (orange), Squaw, Medium, Vivid, Theatre and Nite. New! Princess Pat "Inner-Tint" Lip Rouge colors inside moist surface of lips, too.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept. A-1323
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat Powder, as checked.

☐ *Summer*tan ☐ Olde Ivory ☐ Flesh
☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve

Print Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

Make the night-test

And prove that your love for coffee need never cost you another wink of sleep!

IF YOU are one of the millions who can't drink coffee at night—if you are one who must say a regretful "No" to the steaming fragrance of an evening cup of coffee—then you should make the night-test.

For the night-test will prove—to your complete satisfaction—that there is one coffee that you can enjoy even at night—at any hour of the night—and sleep like a top!

What is the night-test?

The night-test is as simple as it is convincing: simply drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret.

And how does Sanka Coffee enable you to enjoy coffee—at any hour—without being kept awake? Because Sanka Coffee is genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. And caffein, as you know, is the one thing in coffee that can steal your sleep.

Drink Sanka Coffee—and sleep!

The night-test will prove that Sanka Coffee won't keep you awake. It will prove, too, how delicious Sanka Coffee is. For Sanka Coffee is a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. So rich is Sanka Coffee in flavor, so tempting in aroma, that coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly. Your grocer sells it—always fresh, ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today. © 1930, S. C. Corp.

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine

Delicious

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

TEST SANKA COFFEE ON THIS MONEY-BACK BASIS

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee with this unconditional guarantee: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left in the can and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

The Climb

(Continued from Page 15)

knew to his pupils, and yet he was a man the perfection of whose technic had made him famous. He knew, himself, how to sing, but he couldn't make others sing; consequently he was the means of misdirecting more voices than a man with a lesser reputation.

We all know what we are doing. We are all filled with vocal tricks for the public—our own particular craftsmanship of delivering our own notes in our own individual way; but what is acceptable and rare in Mary Garden, passed on to another, may result in a glaring fault. A man or woman who knows music fundamentally but who does not sing and therefore will not inoculate you with his or her vocal antics is the best teacher. My present coach is Richard Barthelemy, who was fourteen years with Caruso and never left his side during that time.

We finally chose Mme. Mathilde Marchesi, and I worked one month under her. At the end of that time she went away on a vacation, and on her return, when I went back to her, she did not even remember my name.

"Very well," I said to myself. "If that is all the impression I have made on the woman who expects to instruct me, her interest in me certainly cannot be very keen."

So I wrote her a polite note telling her I would take no more lessons. Her answer came back in the following words; as I have the letter, I repeat them accurately:

Mary Garden: Don't cry until you get out of the woods. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
MATHILDE MARCHESI.

Now what do you think of that? However, I would have returned to her in spite of her not recognizing me had I thought it to my advantage, but I decided it was not. I didn't want to be a coloratura, and that was what she wanted me to be; but like Molière, "I took my own where I found it." Here he was in the person of a Spaniard, Señor Trabadello. He was an electrifying personality. He had that peculiar and rare gift of communicating to me exactly what he wanted to express, so that everything became illuminated and alive.

I was living now in a small room in the home of a French family on a side street near the Arc de Triomphe. The father was a professor of music, and two daughters both taught it. With myself, we comprised the household.

An Arduous Routine

THEY spoke not one word of English, nor I of French. The program of those early days, with few exceptions, was like this: A lesson every day but Sunday, and that in the mornings for one hour. In the afternoons, as regularly as clockwork, a teacher came to me for the preparation of the French language, and at odd times in between, I studied French diction. To speak French so that one becomes familiar with it as a mode of exchange of thought is an entirely different matter from learning to sing in French. Afternoons, a short walk and back home again for work, which meant certain rôles must be studied. When one wishes to become a singer, there are many things to be considered aside from singing. I rarely had an opera score out of my hands and would study the *mise en scène* and other countless details. I worked always six full hours a day, but out of that six I practiced vocally but one.

The rest of the time the whole of my life was built about my music. When I first went to Trabadello practicing at home was forbidden me. I was going through a correcting process. You'll rarely find a student that will obey the maestro in this one thing.

After a bit I was given permission to sing a few exercises—no words—fifteen minutes of this only; then half an hour's repose, then another fifteen minutes, making one half hour in all.

After three months of a faithful following of this order, a young student's knowledge of voice plan should be such that she can then put her words on the notes—not before. If you want to succeed in any endeavor you must think it, and eat it, and live it until that desire is instilled in every breath you draw. I did.

Every morning before the lesson I was on some preparatory study that was related to what I was attempting to do. During this period I avoided the two pitfalls so common to American students—a herding together, for the sake of companionship, where English and not French is spoken, and those numerous opportunities to sing in private so generously provided without pay by society that do a student no earthly good.

Life is Like Leaves

YOUTH is a time that is tragic in its ardors, tragic in its carelessness. It is one of the tragedies of youth that it feels and suffers without understanding. It has no concern for backward looks or forward ones, either. In my *pension* near the Arch, I was so happy! Poor and young and unknown, but terribly happy. I occupied a dear little room hardly big enough to turn around in. How I loved that room!

The day came when I knew all its dimensions—its height, breadth, width and the deep blackness of its hole. There was cause for discouragement. I had been one year and a half now in Paris. My teacher had told me I would before this have an opportunity to sing at the Opéra Comique. Nothing had materialized. The supports I had been led to believe I could rely upon had been withdrawn. My teachers were now instructing me gratis and had been for some time.

I was walking long distances to and from my lessons because I could not afford to pay what it cost to take a bus. My father was at this time in no monetary position to take over the expense of my remaining in France. I knew this and wrote nothing of my situation, fearing I would be forced to return home. Home and failure were tangled up together in my mind.

I had come to an impasse in my life where I must think, and it took a lot of thinking. I had arrived at a very precarious path; it spread out into all directions, but I had to choose one—a very definite and decided one.

This day I turned into the Tuileries Gardens. It was a bleak, chill one in November—no sun, no sky, no warmth. My dress was very thin and I was very cold. I walked under the gilded gate between Mercury riding sideways on his winged horse and Fame blowing her golden trumpet. The paths of the gardens were covered with fallen leaves. I stood watching them, when a gust of wind came along and scattered them. They would go on a pace and rest awhile. Soon another little flutter would come, another upheaval, and so it went. Some of the leaves stayed soaked in the rain and mud of the gullies, and never lifted themselves at all. Others soared high in the branches. That hour there was created in my mind a simile that never has left it: Life is like leaves; blown by winds—not by chance, but all with a premeditated plan and purpose. You wonder what the plan is, but it is there. I am as certain of it as I am of the air that gives me life.

One thing hammered through my consciousness, and that was, nothing outside

(Continued on Page 72)

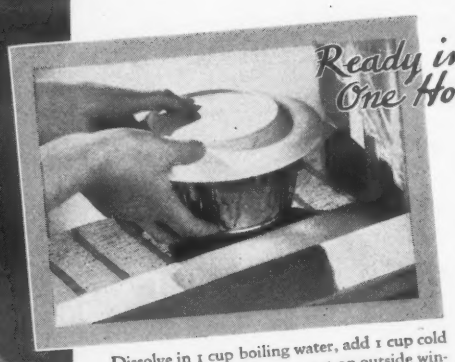
A New Food Invention . . . *Quick Setting* Gelatin

Ready in 20 Minutes

Mix as directed on package. Chill in freezing tray of electric refrigerator. Cut in cubes and serve with cream—plain or whipped.

Ready in 45 Minutes

Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup finely crushed ice. Stir until ice melts. Pour in mold, set in pan of cracked ice.



Ready in One Hour

Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup cold water. Pour in mold, cover, set on outside window sill on cold day (below 40°). Or pour in individual molds and chill in electric refrigerator.

Ready in ½ Hours

Mix as directed on package. Pour in wide shallow mold; set on bottom of electric refrigerator. (In ordinary ice box, allow about 2 hours.)

Ready to unmold in HALF *the usual time . . . and the flavors are much more delicious*

TODAY'S food news, madam, is about a wonderful new quick setting gelatin . . . that jells in half the usual time.

It's an entirely new formula—and it's called Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert.

You can see from the photographs above how fast it works. Twenty minutes to an hour and a half . . . while, ordinarily, prepared gelatins made the usual way take a number of hours, and even then sometimes fail to jell.

With Royal, you prepare your gelatin dessert in 3 minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. At dessert time it's ready to serve—firmly set, yet tender and quivery. Sparkling . . . glowing with color.

This new Royal is not only quicker—it's more delicious. The flavors are true-to-the-fruit. And always fresh . . . for Royal is never allowed to grow stale on your grocer's shelf.

It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands, Inc.

Children love it—and it's good for them, too

Doctors recommend gelatin, especially for children. It aids digestion, and it's rich in a valuable growth-promoting element. So let the youngsters have all they want. Serve it frequently . . . at least once a week. There are dozens of ways to include this health food in your family's daily diet. Combine it with vegetables, or fruits . . . it makes attractive, wholesome salads.

Make a Royal Gelatin Dessert tonight. Serve it plain, if you wish . . . or garnished with whipped cream, custard, fruit or nuts.

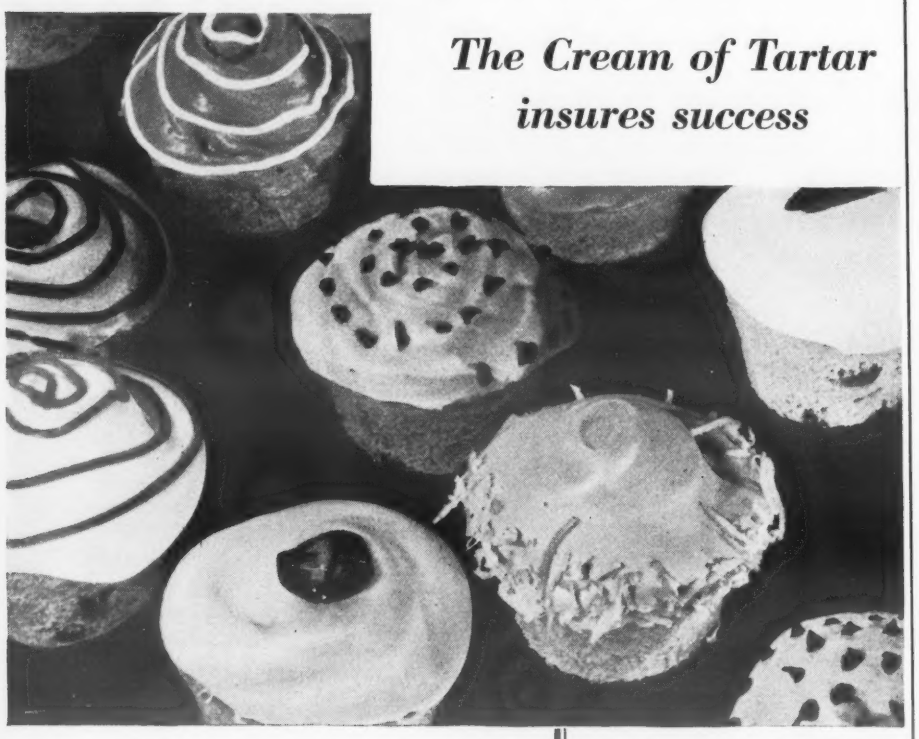
Be sure to get the quick setting kind

Remember, when you buy—all gelatins are not alike. If you want the quick setting kind—the kind that tastes like real fruit—ask for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert. It's made by the makers of the famous Royal Baking Powder. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

In the red box—the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can. Five delicious flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

Anyone can bake these light, tender cup cakes . . . with ROYAL



The Cream of Tartar insures success

Nothing "plain Jane" about these delicious cup cakes! Pertly topped with their fluffy frostings, they're quite at home even at the most formal parties.

And they're so easy to make . . . with Royal. Even if you're new at the baking business. The reason is—Cream of Tartar.

This precious ingredient insures perfect results every time. Makes all your cakes unusually light and tender . . . with an extra fineness of flavor and texture that lifts them far above the ordinary.

Cream of Tartar is a pure fruit product. Made from the luscious grapes grown in southern France. Remember—when you buy—that Royal is the only nationally distributed baking powder that is made with Cream of Tartar.

For your next bridge tea or Sunday supper, make Royal cup cakes. Serve them frosted . . . or warm from the oven, lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar. Either way, they'll put the stamp of success on your party!

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Please send me a free copy of the new revised edition of the famous Royal Cook Book.

Name_____
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City_____ State_____

MASTER RECIPE FOR CUP CAKES: Cream thoroughly ⅓ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating well. Add yolks of 2 eggs and ½ teaspoon vanilla extract, and beat well. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder* and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture 1 cup milk, a little at a time, alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in greased cup cake tins, or in paper baking cups, in moderate oven at 375° F. about 25 minutes. You'll find many delicious frosting recipes in the Royal Cook Book.

*Be sure to use Royal, for which this recipe was planned.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure.

(Continued from Page 70)

of death was going to send me back to America. Nothing was going to undo those months of hard grueling work, of concentrated study, of self-denial. "Neither snow, nor rain, nor gloom of night." In spite of desperation, in spite of limitation, in spite of despondency, that work was going to stand. If courage was courage and God was God, it *would* stand. And it did!

In Paris at this time lived one of the loveliest of women of her day, celebrated not alone for her great beauty but for her voice. Massenet wrote the opera Thaïs for her, and Esclarmonde. She was their first interpreter. Being born in California, she had all the color and warmth and inner glow these Golden State women have. That was where my leaf blew.

I had left the Tuileries and had walked up the Champs-Élysées; no answer had come to my "What road must I take to gain what I want?" But life, that molds you in its own inscrutable way, had the reply in the carriage that stopped me, for in it sat Sybil Sanderson. She had known my family in Scotland. I had seen her many times, but up to then with no great degree of intimacy. She stopped her victoria and it wasn't long before she had the whole story from me. The promises that faded into nothingness, the discouragement, the awful waiting; the impatience of youth, its rebellion, its arrogance, were in the whole situation. To think that one could mount and soar without first a trial of the wings!

She asked me to come and stay with her a month. She had just lost her husband. Her spirit, somehow, by this death, no longer bore her body so strikingly, so gallantly. Sybil Sanderson used to walk like a winged Nike plowing through the world.

How shouting youth can become in a flash! A streak of silver light in your sky, and you ride with it. A thundercloud of rain, and you're drenched with its torrents!

Her apartment was just off the Champs-Élysées. The splendid large piano in the drawing-room was mine to practice on. The downpour had ceased for me, and the heavens were radiant again; in fact, they shone for both of us, for with my youthful abandon and my high spirits, the unconquerable gayety of youth's immortal outlook on life, I made her laugh. Youth is so gorgeous, so magnificent in its flights! I was constantly flying.

Carré, the Master

WHEN the month was up, she asked me to remain with her. Like all celebrities who have once gained the hearts of the French people, her house was a Mecca of not alone fashionable, but artistic, Paris. One met everyone here who had earned the right to come.

One day on my return to the apartment, Miss Sanderson said to me, "Albert Carré, of the Opéra Comique, is coming here to dinner this evening and you are going to meet him."

A composer who had won a Prix de Rome had just written an opera. His name was Gustave Charpentier, and his opera was called Louise. This had been accepted by Carré, and that night he could talk of nothing else. He was full up to his neck in the work and its presentation, and, like all genius, it was riding him to the death.

I saw him twice after this, and one evening he asked Miss Sanderson and myself if we would like to come to a rehearsal. Would we *like* to come? I was wild with joy at the offer. If there was one thing that could have made my life more full, it was to witness a rehearsal at the Opéra Comique; what is more, to see it directed in a manner in which few operas are directed by a great man in a great way—by Albert Carré.

I am going to speak of this man later, although words part with their values in trying to sum him up. He was the one vital influence in my life. Men like Albert Carré are no more. He was what is called a *maestro de la scène*. He belonged to that race of men who lifted the theater to its present elevated place, and who are slowly dying out.

We went and I thought I would lose my reason with excitement. Tremendous, passionate and French, the whole score raced with a rapturous, ecstatic pace. Bold and daring in its modernness, the soul of Paris was poured into its text and its tones were emotional speech. Charpentier had smashed all operatic formulas here. He was the trail blazer for a new French school—the school of music drama. He took the breathing of a nation and wrought it into sound. The people of the streets, the workers, the shopkeepers. The proclamation of Charpentier's creed of freedom strides through the whole score. This girl, she was a brave spirit—no frenzied rebel. I burned with every move she made. I understood her. As it affected me that night, so it has always affected me with a wild enthusiasm.

After we had sought M. Carré and thanked him for his courtesy in allowing us to hear the opera, he turned to me suddenly with his controlled ironic face showing but faint interest, and said, "Miss Sanderson tells me you have been studying for the operatic stage. Will you come tomorrow morning and sing for me?"

The Opéra Comique

AT ELEVEN on the morning of the next day I went down to the Opéra Comique, and without one trace of nervousness I sang for him one aria from Manon and one from Traviata. He did not turn to me and say I had a marvelous voice, or that he was enchanted with my singing, or that I had a wonderful future; not at all; that was not Carré's way. He sat looking at me for a few minutes appraisingly without one shade of approval or disapproval on his chill still face. As I grew to know him, I found the stiller and cooler he was, the better pleased.

Without compliment or talk, he offered me a two-year contract at two hundred and fifty francs a month, that sum being equal to fifty dollars. That moment! That moment! Triumphs, victories, successes, glorious nights, great names—they all go to make their part of the whole of a life that is choked full of the vehemence and the clatter of what the world terms a brilliant career, but once they are gone by, they pass out of my recollection like last year's mimosa blooms.

But that moment lives for me because tucked away in its small victory was the assurance that I was just starting on the first tread of the steps that were leading somewhere. I had a contract with the Opéra Comique.

If there was a theater on earth that stood as a supreme expression of perfect achievement in all it did, one might point to the Comique. It wasn't a theater, but an arena dedicated like a religion to an art that gave faultlessly everything that came into its radius.

The chief difference between the Grand Opera, or what Parisians simply call The Opera, is that at the Comique spoken dialogue is sometimes allowed. This was where Carré dominated; this was the great contribution he brought to the directorship of the Comique—the fineness of his unmatched dramatic instinct. He had one singleness of purpose, and that was to think only in the coinage of drama. This remarkable man—he was life in a dramatic mood.

I was working, studying hard, practicing on the large grand piano in the big drawing-room of the Champs-Élysées apartment and was waiting—waiting—waiting. Heavens! Does time give us any harder task to do than wait? I had occasion to meet Carré again, and was speaking to him with all the enthusiasm I really felt for the Charpentier opera, when

(Continued on Page 74)

"For quick mixing—The Wesson Oil Polar Cub"... a practical appliance for the modern kitchen, a home size electric power beater made and guaranteed by the manufacturers of the Polar Cub Electric Products. Simple to handle and to operate. Easy to keep clean. Saves time and energy. Assures perfect results quickly. For beating, whipping, mixing—eggs, cream, batter. For use wherever an even rotary motion is required. Ideal for making mayonnaise. Makes mashed potatoes fluffy. Price in the U. S. A. $11.95 delivered. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

VELVET WAFFLES

½ cup Wesson Oil • 2 cups flour • 4 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs • 1¾ cups milk • 1 teaspoon salt

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks until light, stir the milk into them and pour in the Wesson Oil. Stir this mixture gradually into the dry ingredients, beat well, then fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff and dry. Bake on hot waffle iron until medium brown in color.

CHOCOLATE WAFFLES

½ cup Wesson Oil • 2 eggs • 2 cups flour
1½ cups milk • 4 teaspoons baking powder • ½ teaspoon salt
2 sq. melted chocolate • 1 teaspoon vanilla • ¼ cup sugar

Sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder together. Beat egg yolks and add to milk. Combine mixtures, add Wesson Oil and melted chocolate. Fold in beaten egg whites last. Serve plain or with ice cream.

With **WESSON OIL** you can actually make creamy waffle batter **in five minutes!**

Wesson Oil—a light, clear, absolutely pure salad oil—will make your waffles rich, tender, and wholesome. And making them the Wesson Oil way will save you time and work.

Eat a waffle made with Wesson Oil and you will say, "Delicious!" Make a waffle the Wesson Oil way and you'll find it so convenient and quick to *pour* to measure and *stir* to mix that you'll never make waffles any other way.

Just sift your flour, salt and baking powder—takes one minute; beat egg yolks until light, stir milk into them, pour in Wesson Oil—takes you two minutes; add to dry ingredients, beat and fold in beaten egg whites—takes two minutes. A total of five minutes—rarely more. (It used to take that long to get out the can, pry the lid off, spoon out the shortening, and *melt* it in the frying pan!)

Make waffles the Wesson Oil way, of course—but try Wesson Oil too for other shortening purposes and for all your frying needs as well as for delicious salad dressings. Our little booklet "Everyday Recipes" tells you how. Sent free upon request—address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

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Given free choice of good things, husbands by millions choose coconut pie!

Now new thrill comes to coconut pie lovers. Baker's *moist-packed* coconut, SOUTHERN STYLE, makes favorite pie better than ever.

From coast to coast, the verdict is the same. In New York, Chicago, San Francisco—in lunch rooms, cafeterias, restaurants—wherever men eat away from home, wherever they can choose exactly what they want, there's where they cast an overwhelming vote. . .

For coconut pie!

Men love it! Ask the head of any restaurant. Ask the man who bakes for the restaurant. Ask any man who sits at the lunch counter. Ask your husband. They'll tell you something that you may not have realized. *Men have a regular craving for coconut pie!* They want it often, not just once in a while. They want it far oftener than they've been getting it at home!

But now that you know, why not set before him a coconut pie this very day? It can be the most wonderful pie that he's ever tasted. For today an improved way of packing makes coconut far creamier, far more delicious!

At the Savarin lunch counter, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, as in all the Savarin restaurants and lunch counters throughout the Pennsylvania system, coconut pie is an outstanding favorite.

If he loved coconut, before . . . wait till he tastes

Baker's Southern Style!

Here is the greatest advance that was ever made in coconut packing! Baker's Southern Style comes *in a tin!* Because of this, every shred is kept so marvelously creamy and fresh and fragrant and tender, it is for all the world like fresh coconut, fresh grated from a milky shell. You'll love it, not only for pies, but for cakes, puddings, all your coconut favorites. Baker's Southern Style Coconut makes even the simplest dishes *just perfect!*

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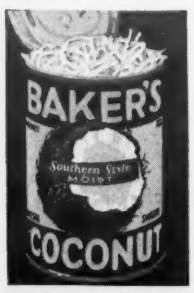
COCONUT CUSTARD PIE

3 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
3 cups milk, scalded
1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Line pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt and sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut, and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. *(All measurements are level.)*



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(Continued from Page 72)

he turned to me, saying quietly, "Why don't you learn it?"

He surveyed me critically for a moment. "I think you would make a very interesting Louise."

"M. Carré. Would you—would you let me study it?"

"But certainly," he replied. "It will be excellent training for you."

Five weeks from that hour I knew the rôle of Louise backward, forward, sideways—all proportions. This was the beginning of Sybil Sanderson's illness, and I saw that my practicing troubled her, so I would go into my own room and tap out with my foot the music while I memorized the score. I did this for hours at a time.

No matter what was done with it, it would not have fazed me. If The Star-Spangled Banner had been played as its accompaniment, or the Marseillaise, it would have been an impossibility to have thrown me off the key. The score was mine—nothing could rob me of what I once made my own. Nothing did.

Miss Sanderson left for her villa at Nice, and I went back to my beloved little room in the Rue Chalgrin.

I was allowed now to attend the rehearsals of Louise; to be there was a schooling one would not soon forget. The air that charged them was an atmosphere of work, of a sort of consecrated intentness. At this period at the Comique was another great personality, great in whichever way you sketched him, great in comprehension, great in the fineness of his musical perception, great in character. This was André Messager, the *chef d'orchestre*. When the ministers of state—for in a government theater all directors are chosen by election—had appointed Carré to direct this important theater, knowing his unfamiliarity with musical scores, they gave to him this man to balance him.

So when Carré wanted to take a situation and pour into it every ounce of dramatic blood it could hold, Messager, the balance wheel, would say, "But there are measures you cannot so disregard. You cannot attach a dramatic action to that tempo. There are rhythms that will not permit it."

Opportunity Knocks

THESE two men, so artistically attuned each to the other, worked like an exquisite mechanism in a faultlessly adjusted watch, and so was formed one of the famous copartnerships of the artistic world.

Once, and once only, I saw it in danger of being rived apart. At two o'clock on a Friday afternoon on the thirteenth of April—and then there are people in the world who look on these dates as fatal—a letter was brought me with the stamp of the Comique on the envelope. Even to this day when I am in Paris in April, and the odors from the flower carts fill the air and the hum of the city gets into my blood, I am reminded of that moment and my leap of the pulses at what I read.

People—my own family, my friends—are constantly amazed because they find in me a lack of emotionalism. They want my eyes to fill and my throat to choke on certain climaxes in life. Well, I don't. I never have. Life didn't make me that way. I have emotions, but not that particular brand. But I thrill—that's what I do. Pulses in my body soar when my spirit soars, and I am lifted up far beyond anything slovenly emotions can do for me.

The letter from Carré read:

> Will you be at my office at six o'clock prepared? It may be necessary for you to sing Louise tonight.

I answered immediately, on a card:

> Will be at the theater promptly at six.

When Louise was given to the public, that is where Carré had his splendid opportunity, for he put it on as a great musical drama, not as an opera, and it had met with the triumph it deserved.

Mlle. Marthe Rioton, who had an exquisite voice, was intrusted with the rôle, and was a lovely Louise. She had already made an instant success. I want to emphasize this because it made the obstacle that was to follow so much more difficult. She had been subject to colds, and Carré was not always sure of her. Promptly at six I presented myself at the Comique at Carré's office. Not having the money to renew my wardrobe, I was reduced to two frocks to my name. I put on the least shabby of the two, a tailored suit, trim and cut on good lines. When I saw Carré, he gave me a ticket for a seat.

Mlle. Rioton sang like an angel. I was so absorbed in the opera, I never noticed that when the curtain rose on the second act Mlle. Rioton's voice was rather faint, and when the scene changed—there are two scenes—one could just see her mouth open, but could not hear one sound. Then I knew. I kept my eyes glued on the small stage door that goes into the orchestra pit.

To Sing Louise

VERY soon out of it appeared a little old man, peering about with near-sighted eyes. It was M. Vizentini, the stage manager of the Comique. I immediately left my seat and approached him.

"Are you looking for me, M. Vizentini?"

"Yes, yes, Mlle. Garden," he replied hurriedly. "M. Carré is on the stage and wishes you to come at once."

When I reached Carré's side he said to me: "Make ready to go on immediately. Mlle. Rioton cannot continue."

Here was presented a stupendous task. A raw girl who had never been instructed in the traditions of the stage, who had never been tutored in its conduct—that conduct hedged about by rules and laws and prohibitions—who had never been behind the footlights, who had never even rehearsed with an orchestra, who hadn't the faintest notion how to put make-up on her face, was going to sing before the most exacting, the most critical, the most demanding audience in the world, because at the Opéra Comique one had a right to demand the best. This house was at the very pinnacle of its distinction—it was the moment of its greatest glory. It was the ambition of every girl to sing there. It seems inconceivable in the light of its illustrious prestige that such an incident could happen as happened now.

I was absolutely controlled, and very, very calm with that concentrated calmness that comes in moments when the body pulls itself taut as though gathering all its forces to meet some hazardous and anticipated event. I had just finished saying, "At once, M. Carré," when André Messager, the *chef d'orchestre*, came toward us. He was gesticulating like a madman. He turned on Carré with these words:

"Never can you do this. You will not so insult the Opéra Comique by letting an unknown American girl sing Louise. You will not show so little respect to a French audience by giving them an unprepared singer. No, no, no! I will not conduct!"

He spoke with rapidity, as only an excited Gaul can speak, and his face was very white.

I turned to Carré, saying, "What is the matter with him?"

Carré's face seemed troubled, but at the same time it, too, had become very set, and he replied, "He says you have not even rehearsed. He is afraid."

Afraid! I stepped over nearer to Messager.

"M. Messager, you have nothing to fear. I am not one bit nervous about it, and so you ought not to be. I know this opera well backward, yes, backward—every note of it. If you'll only have a little confidence in me ——"

He never answered me, and his lips tightened ominously. His baton was still in his hand. I looked back at Carré, not knowing what to do. Carré made a step

(Continued on Page 76)

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Choicest fruit . . . from the world's famous fruit centers . . . right at your fingertips in your nearby A&P Food Store.

SUN-KISSED orchards . . . miles long, miles wide . . . endless rows of trees heavy with ripe fruit. Right to the heart of the world's famous fruit centers goes A&P to bring you the best of fresh, canned and dried fruits.

For example, in Florida and California . . . America's greatest fruit states . . . A&P has its own purchasing offices to establish direct contact with grower, canner and packer. A&P's own buyers study harvest after harvest, for they must get the best, right at the source.

Each A&P Food Store is, in effect, a nearby orchard ready to provide you with fresh fruits in season and canned and dried fruits at all times. And because A&P employs the shortest, lowest-cost methods known to bring foods from their source to the counters of its stores, A&P's prices bring you substantial savings.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

The Symbol of the World's Foremost Food Service

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

DOCTORS' WIVES KNOW..!

Jane P— and Robert S—, typical of healthy babies whose fathers are doctors.

For their babies' things they use LUX

WHO in the world gets better care than the babies who have doctors for fathers?

So we asked doctors' wives (scores of them) what they found the very best, very safest way to cleanse babies' wee garments. And 91% of all those asked said—"We use Lux!"

Child specialists, maternity centers, baby experts, all advise Lux. Lux has none of the harmful alkali so many soaps have—therefore Lux never irritates the baby's sensitive skin.

Woolens and diapers washed with ordinary flakes or chips, or rubbed with cake soap, become stiff and harsh—and may cause chafing. Ordinary soaps just aren't pure and gentle enough for babies—doctors' babies, your baby, any baby!

Little Gloria B—'s mother keeps her small garments soft and sweet with Lux.

DOCTORS SAY:

"Lux is safe for babies' things . . ."

(Continued from Page 74)

forward, and pointing to the baton, he said:

"Lay that down if you want to. Mlle. Garden sings." Then with ice embroidering the edges of his voice, "*Je suis le maître ici.*"

There was a minute's pause between these two men. Messager's face never gave an inch or relaxed its setness—one of those devastating pauses—but after another second's wait he bowed to me coldly and left the stage.

That he should have been apprehensive was easy to understand, for a dangerous situation was about to occur that was enough to freeze the courage in anyone's veins. I had no orchestral training—a gigantic drawback. I had never been academically coached in any stage rôle. I had not rehearsed with the other members of the cast, yet without direction, without adequate costuming, I was about to step into a leading part which was one of the celebrated successes of the French musical world.

I was shown a dressing room, and the wardrobe mistress hurriedly slipped the third-act dress over me, the one with the white lace fichu, so large that it was the only thing that bothered me. They made up my face for me quickly, because I didn't know how to proceed about it, while outside the gentleman in evening clothes, the one who announces all important events, was communicating to a restless audience the information that Mlle. Rioton was unable to continue, but that Mlle. Mary Garden would proceed with the opera. This announcement was received in icy silence. The audience was hostile and contemptuous and ice—ice. They had never heard of Mary Garden, nor did they care who she was, and for a short period it seemed as though they were undecided whether to wait and see.

The curtain rose as I stood all ready on the stage and all that engrossed the eye were white disks. These disks were the white-bosomed shirt fronts of the men, for this was the day when an audience came *en grande tenue* to the opera. They bothered me, and to relieve my sight I turned my back on them and walked up the stage. Never in the history of the tradition of opera must such heresy take place.

I reached the upper part of it, self-contained and undisturbed, with my mind as controlled and poised as the little instrument called the governor on a dynamo. I said to myself distinctly, and I said it in English, "It's your time now or it's never going to be your time."

The Great Moment

WHATEVER is behind the phenomenon of consciousness was directing perfectly and was controlling perfectly with infinite precision what was given me to do. Now this was the strangeness of it all. I came back slowly, and facing the audience, rested my arm lightly on a chair. I set my eyes on Messager's enigmatic face, and there it was—my moment. No one could interfere with it, no one could annul it. It was fantastic, the absolute sureness of the feeling I had.

These minutes were mine—mine to create in exactly what was purposed me to do, and the power that gave them would sustain and maintain them without fear or anxiety. Nervousness, fright? Never!

"And nothing shall stay these messengers from the full completion of their appointed rounds."

In the last act I dressed in my own little tailored suit I had worn to the theater that evening.

I have been many times taken into the custody of a fine emotion that has come from the acknowledgment of an enthusiastic audience. I have flamed with excitement from their shrill cries and waving arms and huzzas. I have been breathless with the thrill of vociferating throats and had my flesh tingle from the delirium of their crying adoration, but never will the memory of that night's acclaim leave me. Things like that can't happen to you and you forget them.

A Triumph

I DIDN'T at first take in its real meaning, this tornado of noise, this hurricane of sound that came like an avalanche as I was told to step before this crying wonderment and acknowledge it. And when I did, that whole hostile icy crowd got to its feet and made me the *amende honorable* as only this race knows how to do.

Ah, human beings! How little they are—and how grand they are!

It shrilled and rent the air, a pandemonium of payment for victory. As I heard it shouted then, so have they always shouted it, "Marygardenne! Marygardenne!" in the French way.

And then André Messager, the man who a few moments before doubted my ability, who feared my readiness, did an action so fine, so big, that it will be remembered until I remember nothing more forever.

He rose, and with his baton in his hand, turned to his orchestra, that famous orchestra, and said to them "*Debout!*" and as the whole of them silently rose to their feet in salute, he held his baton high in the air, and so they all stood, an impressive tribute of the highest compliment a *chef d'orchestre* and his staff can pay.

So there passed into musical history one of its most dramatic and stirring events, the Mary Garden debut. Garbled, distorted, this was the way of it, and this is exactly what happened. No wonder the incident has lived in operatic annals! It deserves to live, for it was a triumph not alone for Mary Garden but for what application, grit and resolution can do.

It was pure chance that Charpentier himself was in the theater that night. They tell me he was calm and poised when the announcement was made a stranger was to sing. They also told me he was the first who sprang to his feet and shouted, "Bravo, Mademoiselle Gardenne!"

We are living in a world that has no time for weaklings. It destroys the lazy, the soft, the "always-going-to-but-never-do-its." But to the ones prepared for that psychological moment, it lies in your lap; no one is so honorable, so generous a paymaster as the old world. I found it a gorgeous one at that moment. I find it a gorgeous one now.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Garden. The second, These Couriers, will appear in an early issue.

Next Month

Kathleen Norris

Says

Adopt a Baby

—and if you are without little ones in your home you will find her arguments the most convincing you have ever read.

In the

APRIL JOURNAL

Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

To Set or Wave Hair

TO set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use Glostora as follows:

Put it on with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on.

You can then press the wave in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

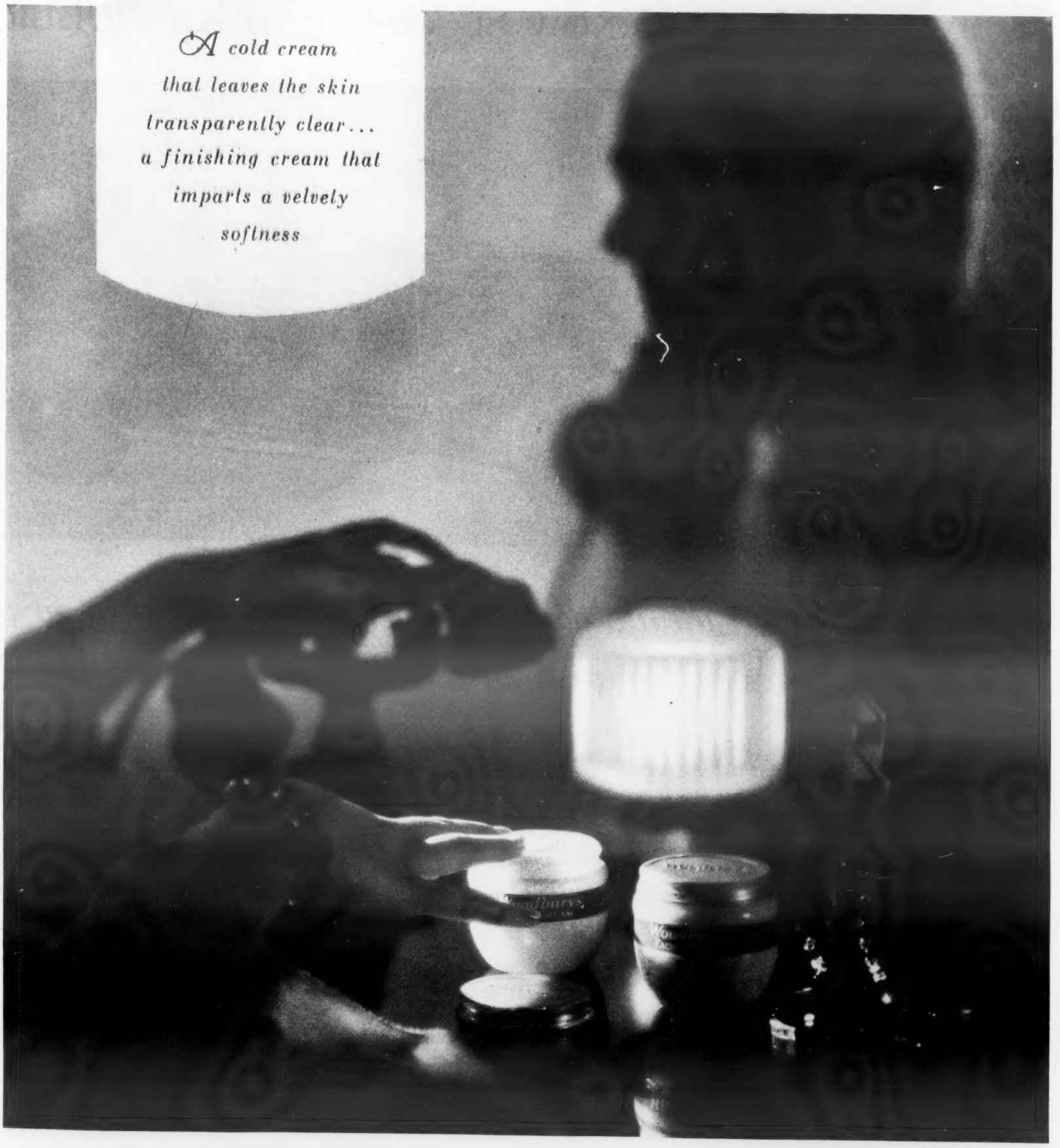
Waving your hair in this truly professional way does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

A cold cream that leaves the skin transparently clear... a finishing cream that imparts a velvety softness



"... in just one hour ..."

how eagerly he said it! And how happy you are that, after all these months, he still remembers. But when he looks into your face again . . . will he see a complexion as youthfully fair and clear as it was then? . . .

Perhaps not quite so fair . . . perhaps not quite so clear . . . for you have not been quite so faithful in caring for your skin . . . already it is showing marks of neglect. Dull, murky, drawn about the eyes. And your pores . . . will he notice that they are a trifle conspicuous?

Then reach for those never-failing aids, there on your dressing-table. Begin at once the treatment you know will restore the clear and radiant look to your skin.

Cover your face and neck with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. Quickly it penetrates down into the stifled and sluggish pores, coaxes out the make-up and clogging impurities. Now gently rub it out . . . your skin is stimulated—refreshed because it is clear and clean. You see the immediate improvement—feel it.

And finally, before powdering, apply just a touch of Woodbury's Facial Cream. Fluffy and greaseless, it tones your skin—leaves it soft and pliable.

The two Woodbury Creams come to you from the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap—authorities on skin beauty and skin care. And, because so many women use these creams regularly, you will find them on sale everywhere. Or, we will send you a trial set and Woodbury's Facial Soap, upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. J-3, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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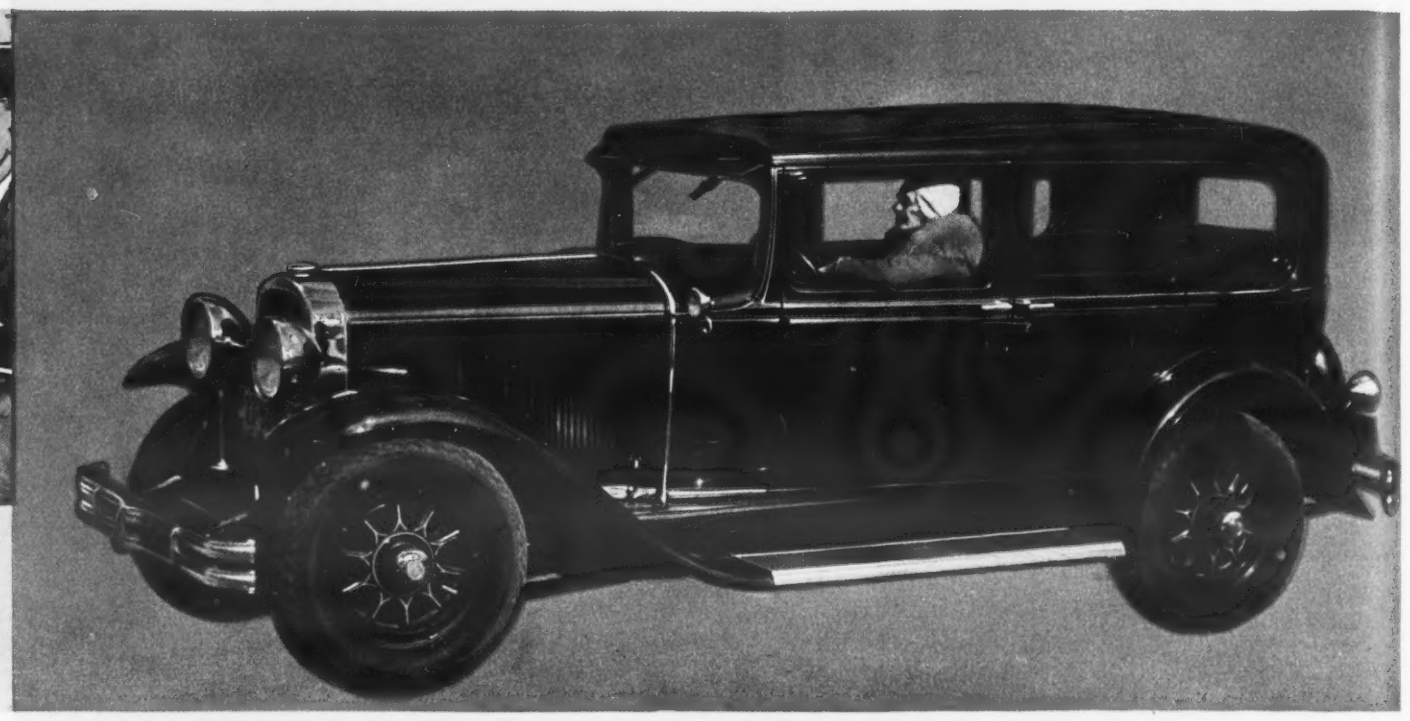
THE *TWO* WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*
WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

WOMEN KNOW SUCCESS! AND KNOW BUICK!

"Among taxpayers reporting annual incomes of $100,000 or more, individual women paid more than four hundred seventy-five million as compared with approximately four hundred million for men."
—*from an analysis in the New York Times*



Their innate good judgment causes women to buy twice as many Buicks as any other fine car

The successful woman . . . and her name is legion in this new day . . . could not possibly manage a home, a business, or an investment any more adroitly and capably than she chooses her motor car.

And the car that whisks so smartly along, under her skilled guidance, is most often a *Buick* . . . for more than twice as many women buy Buicks as any other car priced above $1200.

Innate good judgment inspires their choice: judgment of style, expressed in Buick's modish Bodies by Fisher—judgment of performance, expressed in Buick's Valve-in-Head engine—judgment of value, expressed in a thousand and one enviable features.

But most of all, *judgment of reliability*, for what woman does not prize the knowledge that her Buick will continue to operate smoothly and surely wherever and whenever she drives, in snow, rain, or sunny weather! This, after all, is the Buick advantage of advantages.

You will find Buick the ideal car to own and to drive—and the fact that discerning women everywhere buy more than twice as many Buicks as any other fine car is the best of all possible proof.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
CANADIAN FACTORIES
McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, OSHAWA, ONTARIO
BUILDERS OF
BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick

Your Buick Dealer will gladly demonstrate the new Buick models. There are three new series and three new wheelbases, with 15 body-types priced from $1260 to $2070, f. o. b. factory. All are available on the extremely liberal General Motors time payment plan.

I Gotta Wings

(Continued from Page 6)

to grow some that will flower about Christmas."

"You're loopy, dear," said Amy.

Jane stuck to her point and Amy departed on Tuesday with her luggage and her maid and her boxes and her car and everything that was hers. Jane promised on her hand of honor to follow directly her bulbs came from Holland and were safely planted. Before that happened, she saw, as she had wished to, the hills wearing their first caps of white snow.

She looked at herself in the mirror after Amy had gone. Her clothes were certainly quaint. She laughed at them herself. With pardonable pride and a little laugh, she knew that she was really a lot better-looking than Amy. Her skin was better. Years of the soft Highland water and the absence of London grime and smuts had done more for her than all the doctoring had for Amy. Her hair, being fair, did not show the gray like Amy's did, and her figure was better, because she took lots of exercise. Nothing like bending about gardening to keep you straight and slim. Amy sat around too much.

"STILL, I'm fifty, and there's no getting away from that," said Jane. Funny how quickly one was fifty. Why, it only seemed yesterday. . . . She shook her head impatiently. What was the use of thinking about yesterday? Better, as Amy said, fill your life with today. A complete change, that was what she wanted. And she would get some new clothes. Certainly she needed them. She looked into her wardrobe and laughed. Those terrible tweed skirts, those old-fashioned jumpers and blouses. Those ferocious turbanlike hats of hers. Looked upon with an impartial eye, they were moldy. Very moldy. Yet she had a tenderness for them all. The fact was those were the sort of clothes she liked. She couldn't for a moment picture herself in Amy's things.

She put on her garden hat. Passing a mirror she caught a glimpse of herself in it, and she laughed, suddenly remembering how Bob had called her Don Q. in that hat. Wasn't it true too? Indeed she had a look of that famous bandit, with her aquiline nose and that ferocious hat. But, then, it had never been designed for beauty. Merely to keep the bees out of her hair when she worked in the garden.

Her bulbs came on a Wednesday. She spent a happy afternoon putting them into their bowls. Christmas hyacinths and lilies of the valley. Daffodils, tulips and freesia.

"They will flower when Bob comes back. And Claire," she said to herself. She must never think of Bob these days without thinking of Claire along with him.

She packed her trunks and went to London.

AMY had a house in Eaton Square replete with every modern convenience, but Jane thought it distressingly noisy.

"Darling," said Amy, kissing her, "this is splendid. So nice to see you. But you must positively come and get some decent clothes before we do anything at all. If I take you around like that, people will think I have imported the witch of Endor."

They went to see Madame Elise that very afternoon.

The pretty, slim mannikins postured before them.

"Now that," said Amy suddenly, "is your dress. Madam, let me have that black velvet back again, please."

Jane roused herself. She had not been paying attention. The mannikin passed in front of her wearing a black velvet coat and skirt. The skirt was very slim and cut up one side. The coat fitted snugly over the hips and shoulders. A white satin jumper went with it, from the neck of which a cascade of white satin frills formed a jabot. There were frills at the wrists also, and diamond buttons.

"Smart, very smart," said Amy. "The very thing for you."

"My dear Amy, I would feel like the Prince in The Pantomime."

"Oh, but nonsense, madam ——" The dressmaker raised her podgy little hands to heaven in remonstrance. "Madam could have it made a little longer if madam wished. But madam has such a beautiful figure. That is indeed madam's dress. Would madam care to see the model on?"

Jane would have laughed at the idea, but Amy rose with determination and shepherded her into the fitting room.

"IT'S no good being obstinate about it, Jane. You cannot come to a place like this and expect them to make you the dowdy sort of clothes you have got used to wearing. And once you know what it feels like to be decently turned out, you will get over your squeamishness."

The dress was a marvel as far as fit went. And it certainly made her look younger. She could see that. Only she did not like it. She did not feel like herself.

"And my legs," she said, horror-stricken. "I can't show my legs like this."

But Amy ordered the dress for her. There was no use arguing. She merely gave in so far as allowing Jane to have it an inch or so longer.

"I shall never, never wear it," said Jane.

"Rubbish," said Amy, and took her to the hairdresser.

They took down Jane's long silky hair in which the gray showed so little because of its fairness. Sudden tears filled her eyes, remembering the dear things Bob used to say about her hair. Remembering, further back still, that other Bob, and that long-ago magical night when he first took it down for her, and wound it around his wrists and hands, and said . . .

She pulled herself back. One did not remember those things. Not ever. Like precious jewels, they were locked in safe custody inside her heart. No need to remember. She knew they were there.

"Madam would look so well shingled," said the girl. "It would make madam look years younger."

JANE rose to her feet, her long hair streaming all round her. Over most things she gave in to Amy, but over this, never.

"My dear Amy," she said, "if you mention such a thing I shall walk out into Bond Street here and now, just as I am if I cannot find my hairpins. I do many strange things to oblige you, but part with my hair ——"

The girl laughed and soothed her gently. Next, hats.

"I can't get you the sort of thing I had in mind, since you are so obstinate about your hair. No decent hat will fit you, with a mass like that at the back of your head. But you'll look very distinguished in this."

The hat she chose was a black tricorn with a paste buckle.

"Black is your color," said Amy. "Obviously—for day wear. But not for evening. Flame-colored evening dress, I think."

She made Jane buy a dress of flame-colored chiffon, and shoes and stockings to match. Underthings of gossamer, with little rosebuds and pink ribbons.

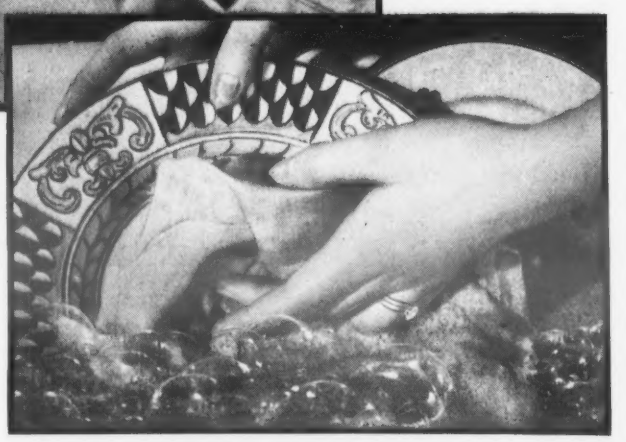
"Suitable for Bob's Claire," thought Jane as she unpacked the things. Dear old Amy, she was being awfully kind. She was doing her best for her dowdy sister. One must not discourage her.

"Why," said Amy, seeing Jane dressed for the first time in all her finery, "you're

(Continued on Page 81)

"Do Women with Maids *have* Lovelier Hands?"

(Below) Actual photograph of the lovely hands of a woman who does all her own work —gives her hands the simple beauty care described below.



(Above) Hands of a woman whose 3 maids relieve her of all housework. (Actual photograph.)

We asked 305 Famous Beauty Shops

"Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?"

WE put this question to the experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country . . . here is the answer they gave us—

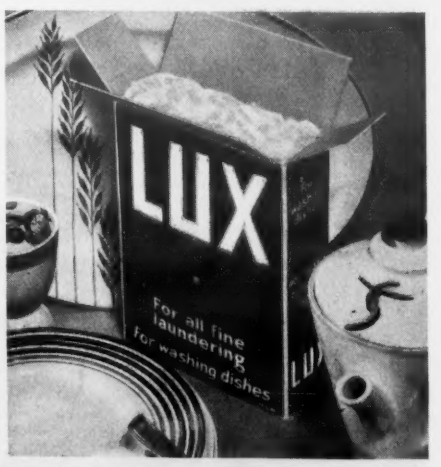
"With all our experience we *cannot* distinguish between the hands of the woman who has servants to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan. Lux gives real beauty care."

Right in your dishpan

Isn't it wonderful to know that right in your dishpan you can have beauty care for your hands? . . . that Lux for all your soap and water tasks means hands as truly lovely as those of the woman of leisure and wealth?

Here is the reason—Lux suds are so very gentle and bland they protect and soothe the precious beauty oils of the skin . . . keeping busy hands smooth, white, adorably young looking. In spite of housework!

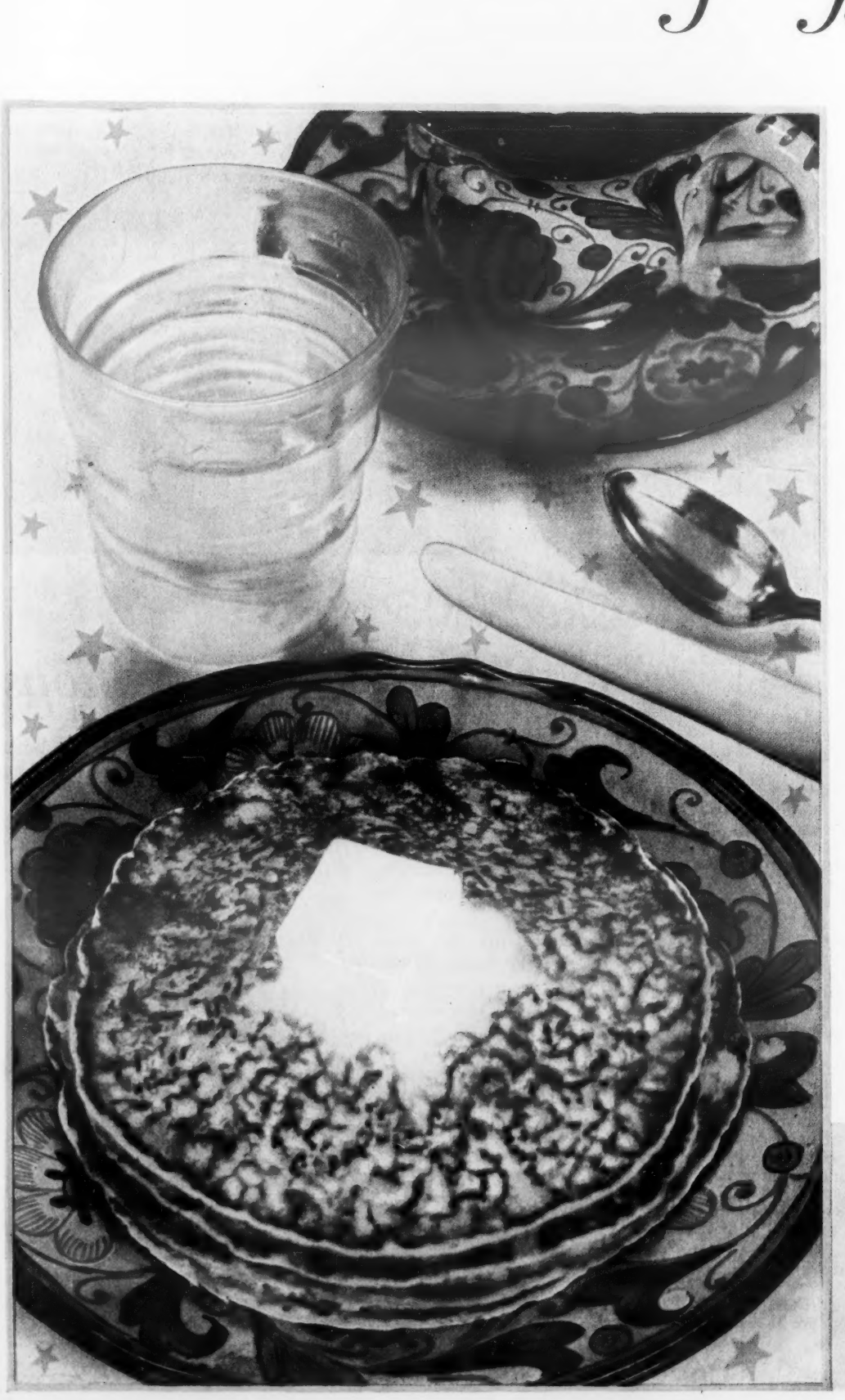
And remember—this beauty care costs almost nothing! Lux for your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!



The wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known . . . Lux in your dishpan. Keeps your hands smooth and white for less than 1¢ a day!

Lovely Hands for Less than 1¢ a Day . . .

4 flours make these quick, easy pancakes .....*fluffy-light*



The recipe that Aunt Jemima guarded years ago

Ready mixed, for your convenience! These four flours that made Aunt Jemima's pancakes the talk of the Old South . . .

Golden, tender . . . and so quick! Now millions of women have learned *this easy way* to make their families happy with luscious buttered rounds.

Aunt Jemima's treasured recipe, shared with no one while her master lived . . . now ready mixed for you in Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. So easy to have her success. To serve the same pancakes with which she delighted the old plantation owners!

Corn flour. Rice flour. Rye flour. Wheat flour. In just the right proportions. That's why you can make them quickly and easily . . . these tempting, wholesome pancakes.

Give your family this treat tomorrow! Just whisk up some milk (or water) with Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. Drop your cakes on the griddle. They're done before the coffee boils!

Ask your grocer for Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. If it does not give complete satisfaction, he will refund the purchase price.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

We are often asked, "Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; and Peterborough, Canada

TUNE IN ON THE AUNT JEMIMA RADIO PROGRAM

FREE—*To get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just fill out and mail the coupon.*

The Quaker Oats Company,
Dept. A-32, St. Joseph, Missouri

☐ Pancake sample ☐ Buckwheat sample

Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from Page 79)

positively pretty. Now we must take you round; give you a good time."

Claud, Amy's husband, said amiably, "Yes, take her round, dear. Amuse yourselves," and smiled benignly at them. But he did not offer to come too. He had long ago tired of the amusements of London, and liked to spend his evenings in the big library, at peace, with a book. That explained Harry.

HARRY was a sleek man with a boyish face and good clothes and manners. Jane had no idea where he came from. He was vaguely supposed to be something in the City, but it could not be anything much, because he was at Amy's beck and call and came at any hour of the day that she wanted him. He took Amy everywhere—to theaters, to dances. He seemed to be extremely fond of her. But then Amy had always had a way with men. They had always danced round her, and apparently age made no difference to this mysterious whatever it was she possessed. Jane was a little astonished that Claud did not mind. She supposed she was Early Victorian, but it came to her with a stab that she would have hated it desperately if that other Bob who died long, long ago had seen her doing this, and had not minded.

Amy said, sucking her gold pencil, "I must find someone amusing for you."

"Oh, my dear—I'm all right. I don't want to be amused."

"But you must be. It's part of the prescription. Besides, we can't go around to shows just three. It looks silly."

Jane hadn't thought of that.

Amy said suddenly, "Tony—that's the man."

"Who is he?"

"A friend of Harry's and mine. He used to take me out once in a while before I knew Harry. He's a good sort. Older than Harry. You'll like him, I'm sure. He's a stockbroker."

Tony appeared that evening, complete with theater tickets, after a telephone conversation with Amy. Jane thought that mighty obliging of him. She liked him better than Harry. For one thing he was not so pink and sleek and pleased with himself. He was more mature. He must have been well over forty, and his nice lean face had a tanned and out-of-door look that made him most attractive. He seemed to take to Jane at sight. He looked at her as Jane was well aware no man had looked at her for quite ten years.

THEY went to a night club that night. In a vast underground chamber they sat round eating and drinking, whilst a negro with a banjo sat on a stool in a pool of light on the dance floor and sang to them:

"I gotta wings,
You gotta wings;
All God's children gotta wings."

Amused, Jane looked round. Were these God's children, these black-coated white-fronted perspiring men, these slender undressed young women? Sealing-wax-red lips and nicotine-stained fingers. Bob's Claire was probably just that sort. She must try to get used to it. "All God's children gotta wings." The refrain ran in her head, and made her think, for no reason she could imagine, of her bulbs in bowls. They must be sprouting now. Lovely clean green spikes poking up out of the fiber. Next month the lilies of the valley would flower. She felt suddenly homesick and stifled. She ought to be enjoying herself, but she wasn't. A silly old woman sitting there dressed as a girl, and thinking of bulbs in bowls.

Tony Bellairs said, "Shall we dance?"

"I can't do any of these newfangled dances," she said.

"I'll teach you."

She was light as a girl on her feet, and knew it. Tony said, in her ear, whimsically, "Can't dance, hey?" He laughed, his cheek against her hair. He was a dear, Tony, but vaguely she knew this was not the sort of treatment she instinctively wanted from him. Tony was years younger than she was. He was treating her as an equal—even as his junior. She ought to have liked it, but she didn't.

It was an astonishing thing the way he liked to do things with her. Night after night. Sometimes they went with Amy, but often they didn't. "Let's go," he would say. "Just us two, by ourselves." The first time he said it she looked at him in surprise, flushing suddenly. There was something in Tony's manner she had not known for years. Was it possible he was imagining himself in love with her?

THAT was ridiculous. She said so over and over again. But as weeks went by she had to face the fact that it looked very like it. If Tony wasn't in love with her, then he was giving a most wonderful imitation of it. And why should he do that? His manner toward her was so attentive that Amy noticed it and said,

"I declare you've made quite a conquest of old Tony. More than I was ever able to do. Didn't I tell you it was a mistake, burying yourself up there? You're a young woman still. Have a good time and amuse yourself, that's what I say. If only you'd have your hair touched up, or shingled, you wouldn't look a day over thirty-five now."

Jane maintained an obstinate silence, as she always did when this subject was mentioned. On it alone she remained adamant.

"If I were you I'd marry Tony. He's poor, but you've got plenty, so what does it matter? You could have a jolly good time. He comes of good family and knows everybody in London."

Marry Tony! The idea made her pink with embarrassment.

"My dear Amy, he hasn't asked me."

"I am quite sure he will."

Well, why should she not marry again? Certainly it would be better than a life of loneliness, Bob off somewhere, far away from her, with his Claire. And Tony was a dear. From the first she had thought that. He wasn't anything like her Bob, that other Bob whose memory lay deep and sealed within her heart. It would just be a sort of a—business arrangement.

Glamour crept into her life. She began to go on shopping expeditions of her own. She bought some lip salve and touched up her lips. Was it an improvement? She thought so, but could not be sure.

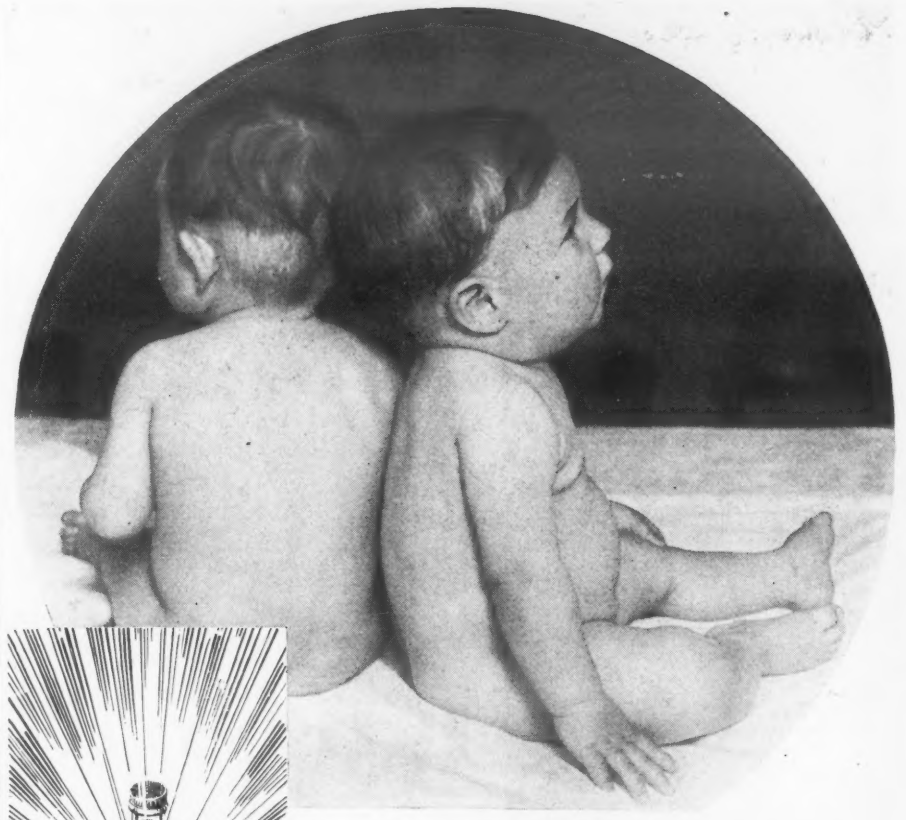
And Tony came round daily and looked at her with that expression in his eyes that quickened her heartbeats. She had not seen it for so long.

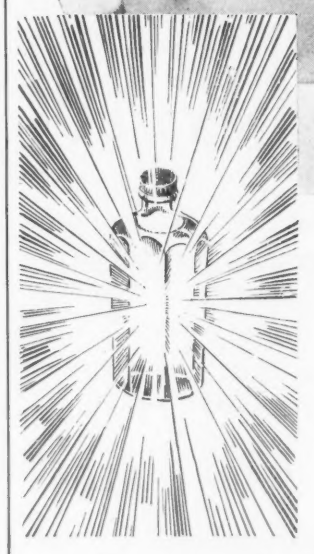
BOB would be home with his bride in a little over a month now, but she no longer cared so much. He was no longer the only thing in her life. She would have to go up to the glen for a bit and entertain them, but she was sure Claire would never stand the loneliness of the country after the gay life she was accustomed to. There would be no need to stay away long. And perhaps Tony could come with her. She wouldn't feel so out of

The Joke

By ELIZABETH C. WHERRY

I'VE looked myself over and over,
And I don't see where it can be,
But something must be on me some place
For Dad said the joke was on me.





- Strong little backs
- straight little legs
- well shaped heads
- fine full chests
- sound even teeth

Bottled Sunshine builds them!

To most people, it is an interesting scientific discovery. To mothers of babies, it is vital news . . . this story of a strange factor in sunshine which babies must have to build straight bones and sound teeth.

This factor is known as Vitamin D. Without it, your baby cannot utilize the milk and vegetables that you so painstakingly prepare for him, to build good bones and teeth.

Of course sunshine is the greatest natural source of Vitamin D.

But under modern living conditions, it is hardly possible for your baby to get enough sunshine directly on his bare skin, to supply the Vitamin D he needs.

Clouds, fog, smoke and clothing shut out the precious rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. These rays cannot even go through ordinary window glass.

You cannot depend upon sunshine as a day-in, day-out source of supply. But there is something you can depend upon. Good cod-liver oil—*Bottled Sunshine!*

In good cod-liver oil there is an ever abundant, constant supply of Vitamin D. This is why cod-liver oil has come to be as regular a part of infant feeding as milk and orange juice.

Baby specialists are always insistent on the use of *good* cod-liver oil, because they know that different oils vary in their content of Vitamin D.

Squibb's is a favorite with physicians because it is guaranteed to be very rich not only in Vitamin D, the bone-and-tooth-building vitamin, but also in Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to certain infections.

Be sure that your baby gets a cod-liver oil that has been tested and proved to be the highest quality. Your physician will tell you that there is none better than Squibb's.

A New Mint-flavored Cod-Liver Oil

Expectant mothers also need Bottled Sunshine to protect their own teeth from decay, as well as help build good teeth and bones for the coming child. Squibb's new Mint-flavored Cod-Liver Oil is so easy to take—try it. You can get it at all drug stores.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York — Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

Shall we send you this booklet?

It is FREE

● E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dept. L3, 80 Beekman St., New York City

Please send me a copy of your booklet—FREE—"*Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine.*"

*Name*_____

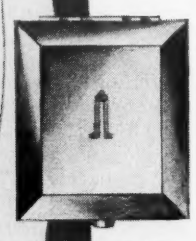
*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

accent barbaric

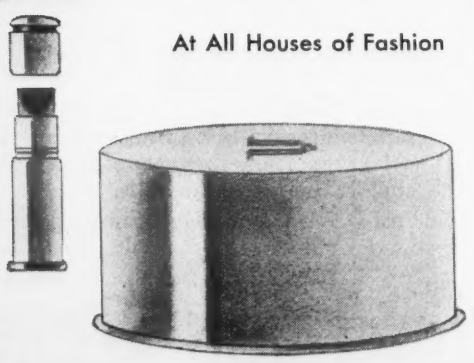
A glittering, almost savage splendor characterizes this colorful costume jewelry . . . flashing, square-cut stones worked into necklace, ear rings and bracelet . . . gay, wonderous trinkets . . . cherished ornaments of legendary queens.

And Lenthéric powder . . . soft, clinging, incredibly becoming . . . in shades from pearl white to sun-glorious tan . . . to temper with a more studied accent this so engagingly primitive mode.



Face powder in silvered boxes, with puff, from $1.00 up—lip sticks at $1.50—compacts from $1.50 up — and perfumes, in fascinating modern bottles, as low as $2.50.

At All Houses of Fashion



Lenthéric PARIS Ses Parfums

PARIS SALON, 245 RUE-SAINT HONORÉ . . . NEW YORK SALON, FIFTH AVENUE & 58th STREET

it if Tony came with her. If only he would broach the subject before Bob returned.

She stood at the window looking out into Eaton Square. There was a wedding on at the church down at the corner. She could see the red carpet, the striped awning. She thought, "Wouldn't it be funny, if I, too . . ."

Amy came in and threw a sheet of paper onto the table.

"I've made it up for you," she said. "I always settle quarterly—it's more satisfactory. I told Tony I'd fix it with you the same as I do with Harry."

Jane picked up the paper and stared at it. She felt her face burn suddenly and asked, "But what on earth is it all about?"

"It's your bill with Tony. That's what you owe him, dear. For the last three months. He's charged you the same Harry charges me. It's quite usual."

THEN seeing Jane's blank face, she laughed suddenly. "My good Jane, what an ape you are! Why, who do you suppose pays for the dinners, the flowers, the chocolates? We do. And we've got to pay them something extra for the pleasure of their company too. Did you imagine they do it for nothing? How green you are! They are poor men, my dear, and we are rich women."

Jane said, "How perfectly beastly."

"There's nothing beastly about it at all. It's a business arrangement. We want men to take us out. They want cash. It's done every day. You surely don't suppose they did it for love, do you? Women of our age. My dear soul! Tony has grown very fond of you now, but in the beginning I assure you it simply was that he had to live."

"You said he was a stockbroker."

"So he was—is. But all that is ever broke, as far as I can see, is Tony."

"I see—I see," said Jane. "You're quite right. I am a fool. I didn't know men did that sort of thing. You are quite right. I am out of date. I will write a check at once. And, please, I never want to see him again, Amy."

"But we've arranged ——"

"I don't care what we have arranged. I'm sorry, Amy, but I can't help it. In any case I'm going home next week, because Bob arrives."

"Well, you really are an ass! I only hope the loneliness of the north will bring you back to your senses. When you come back you will have calmed down, and be glad to have Tony take you around again—even if you have to pay for it."

After Amy had gone she sat down and laughed. Laughed, but presently there were tears in her eyes. The vanity of her. But she had had her lesson. Nothing like this must ever happen again. It might be fun at the time. It might seem glamorous and romantic, but, oh, the taste it left in your mouth!

She started packing that afternoon. Amy thought she was coming back, but she was not coming back. The whole business was silly. Far, far sillier than devoting one's life to one's children. She wanted the old life. Those comfortable old clothes, those jolly fierce hats. Her bulbs in bowls. The blue of the Loch.

Tony came in.

FIRST of all she felt like asking him to go, but his face was so white that she felt sorry for him.

"Mrs. Bartelmy—Jane, I want to explain."

"I don't think there is anything to explain," she said gently.

"Oh, yes, there is! I never meant Amy to give this to you. I meant to explain everything after I had spoken to you. I wanted to ask you to marry me. You must know that that has been in my mind."

She stood with her back to the window, looking at him. Tall and lean and handsome. She saw it all now. He wanted a permanency, and she, possibly, was the least trying of any of the women he had taken about. Not too bad to look at, and with lots of money. She knew just what it was worth, this talk of love. This trying to resuscitate for business reasons a beautiful thing that was long ago dead.

"You have paid me a great compliment, Tony," she said. "But I shall never marry again. And in any case I must be nearly ten years older than you are."

"What do years matter when a man loves?"

"It would be kind to go," she said gently.

POOR Tony! Trying so hard to love in the right direction. For reasons of state. When you thought of that other time, that other courtship, with all its sincere loveliness. She could not even think of it in the same breath with Tony.

All the same, she had to tell Amy.

"And you refused him?"

"Of course I did."

"Jane, you are an utter fool. You could have had a jolly good time."

"I don't believe I'm built for a good time. I've been longing to get back home for weeks now, for the oddest reason. You'd never guess."

"What reason?"

"I put some bulbs in bowls before I came away. I want to see them flower."

Amy said shortly, "Jane, you're loopy."

Jane went upstairs, humming unconsciously under her breath the song the negro had sung at the night club, sitting in a pool of light:

"I gotta wings—I gotta wings. . . ."

Over the quiet garden the hills rose, blue with distance and wearing snow caps. Below them the Loch lay very blue. Like a bit of the Mediterranean trapped inland. From the sunshine on the window ledge flowers nodded at her. They were all in bloom, and Bob was coming tomorrow.

She went upstairs and opened her wardrobe. She took out the flame-colored chiffon and tore it up into shreds. It was nice and soft and would make the most excellent dusters. The underthings with their rosebuds and pink ribbons and laces she laid aside for Bob's Claire. Then she took out the velvet suit.

Whatever could she do with it? Only one thing was certain: She must not let Bob come across it in her wardrobe. She smiled and called Alice, the little maid.

"A present for you," she said, enjoying the girl's surprise and delight.

Jane put on her garden clothes. She was herself again. The past few months seemed like a quaint disease. Amy might call that life, but she didn't. She preferred the country and old clothes, and her own house, and bulbs growing in bowls. She pulled the ancient hat down over her hair. Yes, there she still was, looking for all the world like Don Q.

SHE met them on the doorstep dressed like that. She thought, "Claire must like me as I am, or not at all." The car door opened. The girl who came out was little and slight and shy. Her soft fair hair was knotted in the back of her neck. She looked hardly more than a child herself. She looked up at Bob's mother, half frightened. And Jane thought, "Like a little flower. A lily of the valley"—and took her into her arms.

Then Bob's bear's-hug enveloped her, and his voice said, laughing, "I was so frightened, darling, from what Aunt Amy said, that you might have gone all young, like so many mothers. But you are just yourself."

"Just myself," she said happily. Thank God, she had recovered in time! In the drawing-room Claire gave a little gasp of delight.

"Oh, look! Look!"

She ran to the window ledge where the bowls of hyacinths stood, the freesias and lilies of the valley.

"Oh, Bob," she said, wide-eyed like a child, "only look at them—flowers in wintertime!"

Jane laughed and kissed her.

"I think you and I are going to be friends," she said.

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The 4-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

Superior in Performance . . . yet so easy to control

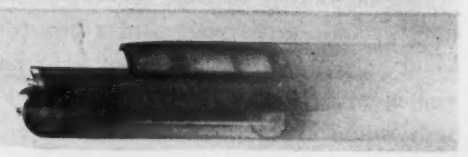
For a car which few, if any, can pass on the road, on a hill or in traffic, the New Oakland Eight exhibits truly surprising ease of handling. A gentle pressure brings instant response from the wheel. An unhurried, easy motion of the hand shifts gears without a trace of grinding or jerking. A light depression of the brake pedal is sufficient to bring the car to a smooth, silent stop. Eight-cylinder flexibility and smoothness conserve the driver's energy in traffic and encourage complete relaxation for others in the car. Quite as important as this physical comfort is the mental ease which comes of knowing that the New Oakland Eight is thoroughly reliable in any situation. Because its basic design is so sound, you need never be concerned about Oakland's mechanical efficiency. To match the New Oakland's inner excellence you will find beautiful, sturdily constructed bodies by Fisher. Long, low lines accentuate their fleet appearance. Attractive Duco colors display their smart styling to best advantage. Spacious, beautifully upholstered interiors add to their comfort. General Motors and Oakland combined their resources in producing this fine eight-cylinder automobile to sell at a reasonable price. You will find it a most pleasurable experience to see and drive the New Oakland Eight. Plan to do it soon.

$1045
AND UP

Seven body types. Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Co.

Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Oakland Eight.

superior performance



Women have long discovered how wonderful Jergens Lotion is for keeping their hands soft, dazzlingly white. Now they are using it to give their arms, neck, shoulders the same lovely whiteness and smoothness.

HANDS... ARMS... SHOULDERS.. SMOOTH...GLEAMINGLY WHITE...

FAULTLESS!—your skin should be when you wear a winter evening dress. Arms, neck, shoulders should be white as milk, silken soft and smooth.

Thousands of women who have found Jergens Lotion wonderful for their hands are now using it to give their shoulders, neck, and arms the same lovely whiteness and smoothness.

Jergens Lotion quickly removes untimely streaks of summer tan—gives your skin a beautiful even texture. Make it a regular accessory of your bath, as so many women are doing! It should be used right after the bath, while your skin is still moist and glowing from vigorous toweling. Apply it freely to arms, back, neck, shoulders, rubbing it well into the skin. See how lovely it will make your skin for the evening toilet.

Jergens Lotion will keep your hands smooth and soft all winter, no matter how much you use them. Two famous skin restoratives, long used in medicine, give it wonderful power to heal roughness, chapping, any kind of skin irritation. It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it at once.

Get a bottle today, and learn how wonderful it is for overcoming the roughness caused by winter weather. Fifty cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE · a new trial bottle · a beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3005 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "*Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection.*"

Name_____

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City_____ State_____

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride

WHEN you tear the last February leaf off your desk calendar, and find March first staring at you in its place, doesn't that make spring seem thrillingly close at hand?

Of course, to many of you spring has actually arrived by March; but to those of us who live in colder climes, there are still a good many bleak and wintry days to endure before there will be early crocus gleams in the grass, or the red swelling of young maple buds on bare branches outside our windows, and the joyous, outdoor life of spring and summer we are eager for starts again.

However, there will be days, here and there this month, when the sun will be so warm and enticing that we shall begin to think longingly of spring coats, new clothes and picnics. —MARGUERITE ASPINWALL, *Sub-Deb Editor.*

New Lingerie

AFTER summer finally arrives, and all the world moves out-of-doors with rackets, golf sticks, paddles or bathing suits, there never seems leisure for sewing, does there?

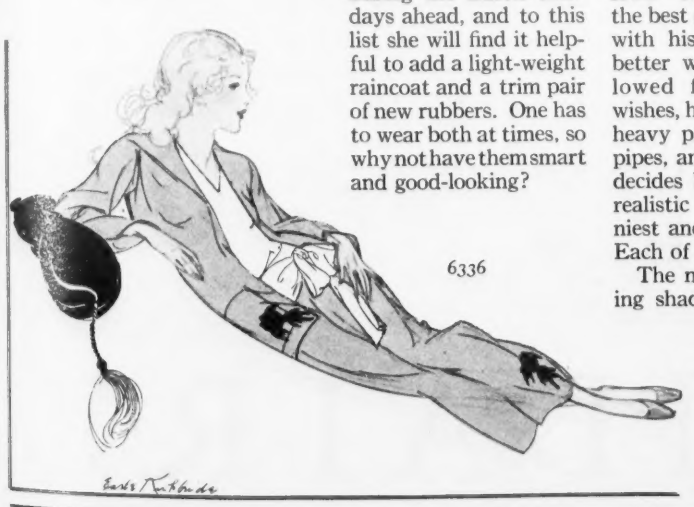
So while there is still a little time of waiting hanging heavily on impatient hands, consider the later needs of your wardrobe.

If you gather several of your particular chums together you can really get a good deal of amusement out of cutting and sewing—when materials are colorful and alluring, as materials are today, and you are fashioning some such dainty conceits of the Paris designers as the three-piece pajama suit, the new, smart little dressing gown and the slimly fitting step-in our Fashion Editor helped me choose for your page this month.

The pajamas, Design No. 6396, would be quite enchanting in a very gay printed silk for coat and trousers, with a plain color for the sleeveless blouse and the tricky little embroidered fish motif, Transfer No. 686, on jacket and trousers worked in a contrasting shade. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 52. The negligee, Design No. 6395, is chic in rose or maize. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42. The step-in, Design No. 6336, might match your favorite dance frock. There is a tendency to match underthings to frocks, you know. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

For Spring Storms

HERE are two suggestions for aiding the up-to-date young Sub-Deb to brave securely the stormiest of spring weather. March is proverbially a changeable, blustery month, with sun and rain—and sometimes snow—alternating swiftly, so it is wise to make preparations for its well-known contrariness. In March, too, the schoolgirl is making plans for replenishing her wardrobe during the Easter holidays ahead, and to this list she will find it helpful to add a light-weight raincoat and a trim pair of new rubbers. One has to wear both at times, so why not have them smart and good-looking?



6336

The tangerine silver-finish silk coat shown here is cut on well-tailored lines, and is youthfully colorful, light as a spring and summer wrap should be, and yet entirely serviceable too. It has strapped cuffs, deep pockets, belt at the natural waistline, and a becoming, rolled collar that will look well on all types.

The brown moire rubbers we are illustrating with the raincoat are as well cut, trim, and becoming to the Sub-Deb's busy feet as the coat to her slim young self. They are so light and flexible that one can slip them off, if the day clears unexpectedly, and roll them into a hand bag out of one's way. An interesting feature of this particular rubber is that it is made with an elastic binding strip about the top, to keep it smartly fitted against the pump or slipper underneath, which, of course, makes for that enviable, eminently satisfactory air of being always well groomed, which the Sub-Deb of today insists upon in her costume.

By the way, we recently brought out a second edition of our booklet, Rainy-Day Smartness, which contains a number of suggestions for the Sub-Deb's wardrobe.

A Shadow Evening

THE invitations are written in rime on white correspondence cards as follows:

Our shadows do not have much fun—
They follow us around.
Where'er we go they have to go—
It's dull work, I'll be bound.

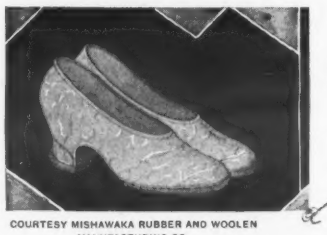
They want a chance to frolic, too,
And so we now invite
Your shadow to a party
At our house Friday night.

Name and address are added to this and the card is decorated with charming little silhouettes. If one is not an artist these may be traced from suitable figures in the advertising pages of the magazines and then filled in with black ink. Or they can be traced on black paper, cut out and pasted on.

On the evening of the party, as each guest arrives he is taken into the "studio," where he "sits" for his shadow's picture. To do this, he is placed so that the shadow of his profile is thrown on a paper pinned on the wall. There must be but one light in the room, and that a strong one, to insure the outline's being clear. The "photographer" traces around the shadow and later the silhouette is cut out. These shadow pictures are numbered and pinned up around the room. Each couple is given a pencil and a card, on which they put down the numbers, and the names of the persons whose shadows they believe each one to be. The couple whose list is most nearly correct score a point.

A contest in shadow artistry follows. This is to see who can throw the best shadow picture on the wall with his hands. The results are better when five minutes are allowed for practice. If anyone wishes, he may use helps cut out of heavy paper, to make hats, canes, pipes, and the like. The company decides by vote which is the most realistic picture, which is the funniest and which the most artistic. Each of these scores a point.

The next contest is in recognizing shadows. The men all retire behind the curtain and one by one walk in front of the light, while the girls guess to whom the shadows belong. And this is not so easy as it would seem, for any disguise is allowable. It is also allowable to move the light up or down, thus making distorted shadows. With the light high, a dwarf will appear on the screen; with it low, a pair of abnormally long legs will step high in a grotesque manner. After the men are through, the girls take their turn.



COURTESY MISHAWAKA RUBBER AND WOOLEN MANUFACTURING CO.

ARIEL CROQUET—LIGHT-WEIGHT BROWN RUBBER

COURTESY THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY

SILVER-FINISH SILK COAT

6395 6396

The next event is shadow moving pictures. These will not require many actors, as the same person can take several parts. There is almost no limit to the accessories that can be made. Animal heads, crowns, wings and even scenery and stage properties can be made from heavy paper. Pillows make the thin fat, and stilts make the short tall. The main thing is to keep the profile to the audience. Any well-known fairy tale can be acted out by the shadows, or an original pantomime may be worked up. Tableaux may be given, and local hits will create laughter. There should be an announcer, who makes appropriate remarks or tells the story as it is being acted.

Shadow charades may follow, the company being divided into two groups who take turns giving the charades in shadows.

—MABEL WAY.

A St. Patrick's Card Party

THE tables are covered with Irish-green covers—linen or crêpe paper as you choose—and at each guest's place there is a potato on which a face has been sketched with red, white and black paint or crayons. A small clay pipe is stuck in the mouth, and on the pipe is the guest's name.

The cards have green backs, or some specially appropriate design; the score pad is green and has a tiny cluster of Irish shamrocks tied to it with a big bow of green-and-gold gauze—which you can buy at the five-and-ten-cent store. You can make smart little individual score cards by cutting shamrocks out of heavy green water-color paper or lightweight cardboard, and in the very center pasting a wee 1930 calendar. A green silk cord forms the stem of the shamrock, and to the cord's other end is tied a very small green pencil. The scores, of course, are written on the blank side of the shamrock, and the calendar will make it a

(Continued on Page 87)

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girl's, 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents; Transfers, 35 cents.

Wilted vegetables become crisp and fresh in the Frigidaire HYDRATOR

The famous "Frigidaire Cold Control"

This new moist air compartment gives lettuce and celery that "fresh from the garden" taste. Send for free salad recipe book and complete details about the Hydrator. Mail the coupon today

NOW you can have tender celery that breaks with a snap. You can have lettuce that crackles with crispness. You can have better-flavored vegetables and salads than ever before. For every household Frigidaire is now equipped with the Hydrator.

This marvelous new compartment combines cold and moisture in a way that freshens vegetables and keeps them full-flavored until they come to your table. It enables you to buy celery, lettuce and salad materials in larger quantities. You can make fewer trips to market.

And you can have all of these benefits without sacrificing the dry, frosty cold in your other food compartments. For the Hydrator confines the moisture to this one drawer.

Besides the Hydrator, Frigidaire is also equipped with the famous "Cold Control"... a simple, patented device that permits Frigidaire's extra power to be used for faster freezing of ice and desserts. And to make Frigidaire still more convenient, still more practical, still more beautiful . . . every household model is now rust-proof Porcelain-on-steel inside and out.

But see these features for yourself. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room at your first opportunity.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

Our free salad recipe book gives you full details about the Hydrator, and contains many unusual recipes you'll want to try. With it we'll send a copy of the latest Frigidaire catalog. Sign and mail the coupon now.

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Please send your new salad recipe book and the latest Frigidaire catalog—both free.

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FRIGIDAIRE

Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Public Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Coolers . . . Room Coolers

(Continued from Page 85)

favor to be kept all the rest of the year. If you have a set of green glass, use it for your after-bridge refreshments, or you can work little green paper mats into your color scheme, using them on cake and sandwich plates and under glasses.

To carry out the color in your menu as far as possible, serve lettuce or water-cress sandwiches, pistachio ice cream or peppermint ice, tiny cakes in shamrock shapes—cut with a cooky cutter—and iced in green; after-dinner mints in green and white, and wee balls of green gumdrops. Another attractive touch is to serve with the tea the new green sugar in domino shape, flavored with lime, which is so popular just now.

Bridge prizes should be green, of course.

Your Own Kind of Garden

IN MARCH, all over the country, garden lovers are poring excitedly over seed catalogues and making constantly revised lists. The size of the garden you may be planning has no proportionate relation to the fun you are going to get out of it. Not a bit!

As a matter of fact, the smaller it is, the more completely it is yours, and the more personal does it somehow become. You won't have to ask anyone's help—and with it accept entirely unsought-for advice and warnings—if you do all the digging, planning and planting yourself. And if it is fairly small and simply planned, you can do this.

Speaking of its being very personally yours, I have often wondered why more people don't plan real personality gardens. Perhaps you never heard the term before, but it's a name a girl I know gave to a garden she planned one year.

She had set her heart on a garden all in her favorite color, and with this idea in mind she studied catalogues and garden books, asked questions and haunted libraries, until she had accumulated a list of flowers that would keep her garden a lovely picture of shaded blues all summer.

Perhaps, though, yellow is your color; or pink, orchid or red. Perhaps it isn't color you care about as much as some special fragrance. Or you may want to experiment with just one or two flowers you love, and try for size or group effects.

Why not make a start, then, this year, and plan your kind of garden?

Join Our Money-and-Prizes Club Today!

Today I am sending for my tam and the gym shoes. Nearly everyone wears a béret tam at our school games, and I, too, want one.
Fern Shoemaker.

I earned 75 cents in ten minutes at school. I am saving for slippers for the Senior dance.
Genevieve Blank.

It has meant a lot to be earning my own money and not asking Dad for it all the time.
Frances Burke.

Schoolgirls earn sports clothes in our jolly club—flattering sweater coats, smart béret tams, raincoats.

Over $50.00

HUNDREDS of other schoolgirls have written us similar happy notes. Some have earned $50.00 and more, in a short time. Of course they all earned prizes in addition to the money, as these enthusiastic letters tell:

I want to thank you for the lovely prizes. Each one seems more marvelous than the last. I have just received the brief case and now my heart is set on the fitted suitcase. If I had only known how wonderful The Club is I'd have joined long ago. I wouldn't miss belonging for ANYTHING.
Mary Kirk.

My dandy blue-and-gold club pin came as a valentine. It was the best valentine I got.
M. M.

Wouldn't you, too, like to earn money AND prizes? I know of one girl who plans to win a prize tennis racket; another who is thinking of lovely pearls. A wrist watch, a camera, a banjo uke, are a few of the 'beauties" waiting here for you.

Membership is Open

JOIN now, so we can hurry the money and prizes of your choice to you. Just say: "*Please tell me all about The Girls' Club.*" Give your name, age and address. Then you can "belong" at once—without expense or obligation. Write to:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
709 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sub-Deb Booklets

ANY of these booklets, prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, will be sent upon receipt of the amount required in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes. Address the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

THE SUB-DEB GIVES A PARTY. Entertainment suggestions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB'S BEDROOM. With suggestions and sketches to help any girl plan a charming room of her own. Price, 2 cents.

RAINY-DAY SMARTNESS. Containing suggestions, and smart, practical fashions for the Sub-Deb's rainy-day outfit for all sorts of occasions. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS CLOTHES AND WOOL PURSE. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS SOCKS. Directions for making the new, low-rolled kind. Price, 2 cents.

LETTING THE BOB GROW GRACEFULLY. With nine becoming French and American coiffures. Price, 2 cents.

RED RIDING-HOOD MANICURE KIT. Directions for making. With simple rules for care of the hands and nails. Price, 2 cents.

A TRAVELING BEAD CASE. Directions for making. Also six smart, new designs for stringing your own bead necklaces. Price, 2 cents.

DESIGN FOR CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

APPLIQUÉ SCARFS. Designs and directions for scarfs for sports, afternoon and evening. Price, 2 cents.

YOUR MIDDIES ARE ALWAYS BRIGHTER THAN MINE, HELEN!
WHY, THIS IS AN OLD ONE FROM LAST YEAR. I'VE JUST WASHED IT IN RINSO SUDS
THAT'S FUNNY, MY MIDDIES ALWAYS GET YELLOW AND DINGY FROM WASHING . . .
SO DID MINE—UNTIL MOTHER CHANGED TO RINSO. IT WASHES CLOTHES SNOWY WHITE

Save scrubbing—boiling

. . . and get WHITER washes, too

YOU CAN'T realize how much easier Rinso makes washday, until you've tried it.

You can't realize how *white* clothes can be, until you've seen Rinso whiteness.

You can't realize what a saving Rinso means, until you've compared results with other laundry soaps.

Cupful for cupful, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—because it's granulated and *compact.* So economical!

And what rich, *active* suds! No wonder dirt soaks out like magic. No wonder clothes come gleaming, snowy white—*without scrubbing!*

Clothes last much longer

Actual laboratory tests show that clothes washed this new *scrubless* way last two and three times as long. That's because the dirt is gently loosened by soaking—not scrubbed out of the fabric by force. *Rinso saves the clothes.* Spares the hands, too.

This famous soap is all you need on washday, even in the hardest water—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Rinso alone washes clothes whiter.

Wonderful in washers

Rinso is great in washing machines, too. The makers of 38 leading washers recommend it for safety and for whiter washes.

And just try it for dishes, pots, pans! See how its creamy suds loosen grease. *No grit* in these rich suds—marvelous for tubs, sinks and woodwork. Rinso makes all cleaning *easier* . . . get the BIG package today.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

For whiter clothes in tub or washer

"Yeast is used constantly in my

. . says world authority on nutrition, Professor Dr. Carl von Noorden, Geheimrat

A MAGICAL NAME in medicine—Dr. Carl von Noorden! Each year hundreds of Americans go thousands of miles for his advice. He says:

"Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. Its regular use can in a short time bring about normal functioning of the intestines. It increases secretion of the digestive juices, improves appetite. For over thirty years it has been used, with surprising results, to cure certain diseases of the skin.

"No other food—and yeast *is* a food—is richer in vitamin B. When 'irradiated,' it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D. This vitamin strengthens endurance, fortifies against colds and disease. In those of growing age it builds strong bones and teeth. In expectant and nursing mothers it prevents and cures the softening of bones and teeth so common at these periods and protects the unborn or nursing child against rickets.

"Yeast has an extraordinary tonic effect on the system. It is a powerful agent for building up in a run down condition."

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins, B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Let us send you a booklet giving the health advice of world-famous doctors. Address Health Research Dept. YA-3, Fleischmann's Yeast, a product of Standard Brands Inc., 597 Madison Ave., New York City.

(*Above*) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" *writes* Mrs. R. F. Finneran *of Columbus, O.* "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . I started eating yeast chiefly for its laxative effect. My sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(*Below*) "I am a commercial artist and sometimes have to work late into the night," *writes* John C. Pellew *of New York City*. "A year ago I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Fleischmann's Yeast was what pulled me through. I was skeptical about trying it but it worked wonders in my run down condition."

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clinic··*its results are Astonishing*

Founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfort, Germany; physician to royalty; recently appointed consulting head of the leading hospital in Vienna; author of hundreds of medical articles and books; bearer of titles from all the governments of Europe.

Famous Specialists Give Simple Health Rule—

Europe's greatest stomach specialist, Dr. Maurice Delort, says: "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

Dean of Stockholm's skin specialists, Professor Dr. Johan Almkvist, says: "For twenty-five years I have successfully used yeast for a number of different skin troubles."

Austria's great internal specialist, Hofrat Professor Dr. Gustav Singer, says: "Yeast is the best intestinal purifier known."

Cultivating **Beautiful Hands** on 3 minutes a day—

by Hazel Rawson Cades, Good Looks Editor of Woman's Home Companion

Busy women are finding many **Advantages** *in the new* **Liquid Polish**

"HANDS reveal not only one's character, but one's fastidiousness. Well groomed hands are an absolute necessity if a woman is to look well groomed and attractive. The whole appearance of the hands may be altered by skillful manicuring.

"Make-up for finger nails depends not only on what you like, but also on how you look. I do not like excessive color for myself, but I have seen extreme women with exotically pale hands who could make it seem possible.

"I use liquid polish because it stays on longer and keeps my nails looking better than any perfunctory buffing.

"Liquid polish should be applied smoothly with a tiny brush in three strokes making the last stroke in the center heaviest to give the deepest tone. Leave the half-moon and white rim of the nail free of polish.

"In cleaning the nails always work from the center out to each side, never straight across and never use a hard instrument. And the cuticle never should be cut if you can avoid it."

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser —to mould cuticle and cleanse nail tips*

Scrub the nails with warm soapy water. Apply Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle and bring out the pale half-moons.

Pass orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. *The new Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and flatters the nails*

Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip.

As a finishing touch, a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip to enhance the radiance of the polish.

Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢.

MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY'S hands are famous among artists. "The new Cutex Liquid Polish is so flattering," she says.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. OJ-3, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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Among Those Present

(Continued from Page 5)

haphazard and cruel an education as ever I'd heard of.

And now, because she must be presented to New York society, just as later on she must be presented at the Court of St. James's, she was on her way back to New York to prepare for the great event.

And her intimate friend, a friend who was by way of falling in love with her, was the pal and partner of Jimmy Greco, of Andy Horn, of Pots Slavini—in short was myself, Lacy Crandall, a thief.

II.

CONFIDENCES are given only to those who are equally confidential. What Joan told me, in our swiftly ripening friendship, as the Majestic plowed through spring airs and through a placid ocean, as we lunched—even, once, dined in the Ritz restaurant atop the great liner—as we walked the deck, or played at shuffleboard, or sat snugly wrapped in our steamer chairs, was the story of a little girl who had grown into a big girl. It was the story of a girl who knew that she would some day inherit almost colossal wealth, but who was thoroughly unspoiled, not the least bit of a snob, and who was too gentle really to feel regret at the happiness that had been denied her. She didn't blame her parents. They were what they were and could not be blamed. She was their only child, and if their safeguarding of her was proof of a selfishness that could not endure disturbance on account of another, she would not censure them for that. They loved her, and that excused all. Only, she was determined to be her own mistress, to live her own life, from now on.

In return, I told her about myself. But not the truth. Had I told her the truth she would have risen from my side, walked away and never spoken to me again. I not only did not want this to happen, I couldn't afford to let it happen. For Lacy Crandall who was known to be a thief would not have the opportunities for practicing his profession that an unsuspected Lacy Crandall enjoyed.

No, indeed. I told her half-truths. I told her of my orphaned boyhood, prep-school and college days, and a decision not ever to imprison myself in the four walls of an office but to find some sort of a career that would enable me to travel. I gave her to understand that my means were ample and that I was a sort of investing promoter who found new opportunities for capital and supplied a great deal of it himself.

SOMETIMES I wondered exactly what she would do if she knew that the Duchesse de Grammont's pearls were in my cabin; that a customs inspector, who would be assigned to my trunks, would put the pearls in his pocket, mark a chalk cross on my baggage, and that a week or ten days later I would receive, I trusted, not less than seven thousand dollars as my share of the loot.

Time and again I was tempted to tell her. And this was the reason: I fell in love with her. Halfway across the Atlantic, and I knew that this little girl, barely nineteen, heiress to a great fortune, was the only woman in the world for me.

But had I not been a thief, my case would have been just as hopeless. Could I, penniless though honest, hope to marry the heiress of the Seeley millions? Most certainly not.

Oh, I was sane enough to realize the hopeless absurdity of it all. But I wasn't sane enough to avoid her. And I wasn't brave enough to let her know that affection for me was utterly misplaced. Instead, I let her fall in love with me.

Not in the way I had fallen in love with her. And I didn't breathe a word of my love, nor intimate by a glance or gesture that she was anything but a charming companion. That would have been deliberately to add fuel to a fire that I was decent enough to hope would never do much more than glow pleasantly.

Had there been a decent excuse for what I was —— But there wasn't. As I reviewed the steps which had taken me to where I now was I could find not even the justification of overwhelming need. Yet I wasn't dishonest at heart, at bottom.

Had anyone in those prep or college days told me that I would be, in my late twenties, an accomplished and conscienceless thief, I wouldn't even have argued the matter with my own soul, but I would have dismissed the prophecy with a laugh and a feeling of slight contempt for the absurdity and bad taste of the jest.

But sleepless nights came to me on the Majestic. Pictures ran through my mind. I saw a young chap working in a bond house. I saw him facing the unpleasant fact that the trifling estate left him by his parents had been eaten up by school and college expenses. I saw him wondering how on earth he could live decently, pay his club dues, return his social obligations, take in an occasional theater, replenish his wardrobe—in short, live as I thought myself entitled to live—on a salary of twenty-eight dollars a week.

I SAW myself beginning to play cards, not as a pastime, a recreation, but as a business. I saw myself, more skillful than the average, winning scores, sometimes hundreds, of dollars every week at bridge. It became the natural thing for me to count on an income from cards to pay my living expenses.

But the greatest skill in the world avails little against a run of bad luck. I found myself, my second winter in the bond house, with my salary increased to forty dollars, spending one hundred and fifty a week, and losing, not winning, at bridge. When the streak of bad luck continued two months I became desperate.

Let me say, in what extenuation it may bring, that it never occurred to me to cheat. Neither did it occur to me to quit playing. My luck must turn; a hundred generations of gamblers have solaced themselves with this assurance, and I lived up to the tradition.

But the luck didn't turn. And one night I gave a check for some hundreds of dollars when I knew that my account at the bank did not contain half the face value of the check. But this I had learned: In New York one does not confess poverty, nor does one borrow, save in the utmost extremity.

I was late reporting at the office the next morning. For the first time in my life I had entered a pawnshop. Shame, fear of recognition, petty pride kept me from seeking a loan in any of the establishments comparatively near to my flat on Fifty-fifth Street. Instead, I took the Elevated to Brooklyn Bridge, and, in the neighborhood of Chatham Square, I pledged a pin, gave an assumed name, received a ticket in acknowledgment of my title to the pin, and deposited three hundred dollars in the bank to meet the check which I had given the night before.

FOR a week, appalled by my precarious financial position, I stopped playing cards. But I paid a hundred and fifty for my little apartment; I gave the man who looked after me, cooked my breakfast and took care of my clothing one hundred and twenty-five a month. And there were other incidentals which suddenly took on too great proportions to be looked upon as incidents.

I played again, and pawned other jewels, rings, trinkets that had belonged to my parents, dress studs. I played for

(Continued on Page 92)

New Beauty for the New Ford

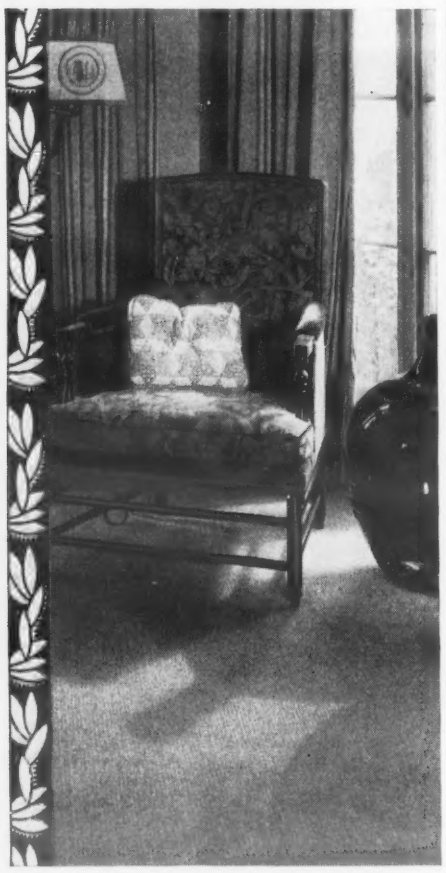
THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

NEW ROOMY BODIES . . NEW STREAMLINES . . NEW COLORS . . NEW RADIATOR . . NEW FENDERS . . NEW WHEELS . . NEW RUSTLESS STEEL . . NEW UPHOLSTERY.

NOW, MORE THAN EVER, THE NEW FORD IS A "VALUE FAR ABOVE THE PRICE."

Ford

..Spring says *"Something new"*



Here's a rug that is!

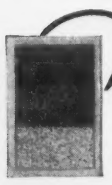
Klearflax brings you the colors of Spring, woven in a unique, pure-linen floor covering.

Meadow Green, Rose Mist, Mulberry and various heather mixtures are but a few of the many that will please you. And you'll admire the unusually charming texture of Klearflax, with its ready adaptability to period and moderne styles, or furnishings conservatively in between.

Like all pure linen, of course, this thick, heavy covering is rough when new. But it softens and becomes even more beautiful with use. Remarkably easy to keep clean, too. For the firm "body" keeps dirt on the surface.

The price is most reasonable, you'll agree. Only $4.10 a full square yard, for standard size rugs, carpeting, ovals or rounds—whichever you prefer.

See Klearflax now—sold in at least one store, sometimes more, nearly everywhere. It is the smart solution to your floor covering problem—this Spring and the whole year around.



FREE.. KLEARFLAX HOTPAD

Shows you the unusual texture of this pure-linen covering—how beautifully it takes color. Sent free, with an interesting new booklet on home furnishing by Beatrice Forsyth. Mail this coupon—now.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

KLEARFLAX LINEN LOOMS, INC.
Duluth, Minn.

Yes, please send the Klearflax Hotpad and Home Furnishing Booklet—both free.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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(Continued from Page 90)

higher stakes, took on "extras" with the players temporarily cut out of rubbers. I gave a check for nine hundred dollars one afternoon without the slightest idea of how it was to be met. I had nothing pawnable left. To have asked the winner to wait for his money would have meant that I'd be cut the next day, asked to resign from my club. After all, the others paid instantly if they lost. The man who played and was unable to pay didn't belong in the club.

Better, you will say, to confess that I had gambled beyond my means than to give a worthless check. Better to have honest pride enough to confess than to have a false pride that made me postpone confession by a graver offense than inability to pay my debts.

How well, lying in my berth on the Majestic, yearning for a girl whom I could never have, I knew this now. But then, sure that my luck would better itself any day, certain that I'd make a killing at cards and follow it with a killing on the market, I was not capable of any philosophy; I was capable only of desperation.

AND desperate measures, I have come to believe, will always present themselves to desperate men. I dined that night, alone, in a gay restaurant; ate, drank and was merry, because tomorrow, so far as the life I knew and cared about was concerned, I would die. My check would be deposited in the winner's bank. It would be sent for collection to my bank. My bank would send it back with a slip of paper with a check mark opposite the printed words "Insufficient funds." The winner would telephone me. Within forty-eight hours it would be all over the club that I had issued a worthless check. Within a fortnight everyone in New York—everyone that I knew, at least—would know about it.

Well, this was my last night on earth, so to speak. I went to the theater, and on to the Haven dance afterwards. This would be the last time I'd be able to ask pretty, well-bred girls to dance with me. . . . It happened during the supper hour. I was sitting with a girl, amazed that my lobster Newburg was as delicious as if I had not been on the brink of ruin, surprised that facile compliment and easy badinage came readily to my tongue.

I heard something tinkle on the floor. Then something touched my shoe ever so slightly. I bent over, retrieved the tiny object, saw what it was, knew instantly that it had fallen from the ear of a gray-haired matron who passed by me, and did not show it to my companion. Her attention had been distracted by some gayety from a couple at a near-by table; she hadn't noticed what I had done. I slipped a pearl, that a moment ago had dangled from the gray-haired matron's ear, in my waistcoat pocket.

HALF an hour later I was in my flat, studying the jewel. It must have been worth thousands—perhaps twenty. But it was worth more than cash to me. It meant continuance in the life I was leading. It meant redemption of my check. It meant opportunity to continue playing cards until my luck turned.

I'd only *borrow* it. I'd pawn it for enough to meet the check, to cover incidental other debts, to give me a little capital on which to gamble, and in a week—a fortnight—when my luck had turned ——

To the pawnshop with which I had become so familiar I made my way next morning. The man greeted me warmly.

"Ah, Meester Turner, and what can I do for you this morning?"

I showed him the pink pearl.

"One of my mother's," I said carelessly. "I can't wear it, and so ——"

"Of course, Mr. Turner," he agreed. I thought he emphasized the name I had used in my dealings with him, but put the thought from me. I was nervous.

"And how much do you want on this, Mr. Turner?"

Now I knew that the "Mr. Turner" was emphasized. But suppose he did suspect that I had not used my real name?

"Oh, twenty-five hundred," I answered breezily.

"A lot of money," he said dubiously. "Your mother's, you said?"

"My mother's," I repeated.

HE LOOKED at me. What he read in my face I didn't know. I knew that I could read nothing in his opaque brown eyes, that his swarthy skin might have been a mask assumed to hide the expression of emotion. He walked to a safe, opened it, drew out a packet of bills, and a moment later had made out a pawn ticket and given me the money.

Half an hour later I had deposited the cash in my bank, knew that the check I had given would be duly honored, and felt more at ease in my mind than I had felt for weeks.

I was a thief. But I have always been of a type that can face facts. I didn't, as I performed my duties in the bond house, even bother to palliate my offense with a euphemism. I didn't maintain any longer to myself that I had borrowed the pearl. I had stolen it, and that was that.

If I entered upon a run of luck and won enough money I would redeem the pearl and send it to its owner. But I didn't deceive myself any longer. I was a thief.

I think it was relief at being saved from embarrassment that made me not suffer bitterly at what I had done. Public disgrace for a lesser crime would have been harder to bear than my inner disgrace for a greater crime. At least, I was intellectually honest enough to realize this.

I would have been found out had I not managed to place funds in the bank to meet my check. I could not possibly be found out in this graver matter. So, at any rate, I thought for some fifty hours.

Then, as I was dressing to go out for dinner on the second night following my visit to the pawnbroker, my man announced to me that three men wished to see me.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"They wouldn't give their names, sir. They said to tell you it was about your mother's pearl they came."

III.

I WAS wrestling with a dress tie as he spoke. I continued wrestling with it as I pondered my reply. Often I had wondered how I would meet a grave, unexpected crisis in my life. Well, I knew now. I would meet it coolly, albeit hopelessly.

"Tell the gentlemen to wait a moment. Where are they?"

My man coughed in embarrassment.

"They're in the living room, sir. They—crowded by me, sir. Extraordinary sort of people, sir."

I smiled inwardly. Of course they were. Detectives, I imagined, were a hard crew.

From the drawer of the dressing table I took out a revolver. I broke it, spun the cylinder, found that it was perfectly usable. Well, this was the end. For I certainly was not going to let detectives drag me off to jail, not going to face a trial, not going to serve a sentence. Poverty and disgrace I feared, but not death.

I jammed the weapon in the right-hand pocket of my dinner coat, held it firmly there, made sure that I could point its muzzle upward and inward through the lining of the coat, and walked into the living room.

"Gentlemen of the police," I said, "welcome to my humble home."

I felt that strange jocularity which so often accompanies desperation.

"I suppose," I said, "you have a patrol wagon downstairs. Can you send it home and get an ambulance instead?"

Very quietly, not at all hurriedly, one of the men got up and closed the door that

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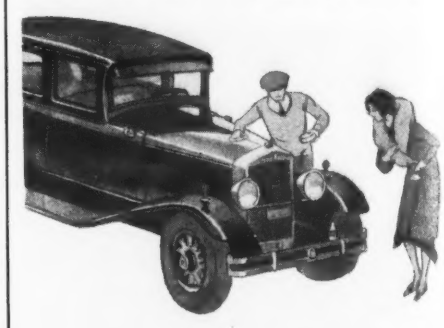
HOW TO MAKE your car look NEW AGAIN



JUST A FEW STROKES WITH Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre—then a few more with Simoniz and your car looks new again—and it stays beautiful.

It is surprising the big difference Simonizing makes in the appearance of any car. Not only does Simonizing restore the lustre, but it protects the finish, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading, so that Simonized cars look new and beautiful for years. It is really a wonderful saving in value and upkeep for every car owner.

Anyone can get wonderful results Simonizing—Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans and easily removes all dullness, scum and ugly travel stains—the only way of restoring the original lustre. Then, Simoniz provides lasting protection.

***Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener* and your car will always look new and beautiful.**

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

Discovered in a glass drain—

how to keep the eyes of your range burners from blinking

A FLICKERING, yellow flame, slow-cooking, fuel-wasting—all because the burners are clogged. A Drāno soaking opens them easily—so that the flame burns hot and blue under every pot!

A drain, made of glass, was the source of this discovery. Through it, our chemists watched Drāno at work. They saw how it melted away grease and food particles. Then the natural question—why wouldn't Drāno work that way elsewhere? Well, it did—and does.

A Drāno soaking, and baked-on food rings disappear from the casserole. Skillet, roaster, drip-pan thick with burned-on grease—even the offensive garbage can—Drāno cleans them all for you.

Meanwhile—Research Chemists in the Drāno Laboratory keep on—analyzing—testing—ever striving to make even better Drāno—finding new ways for it to lighten labor in your home.

And, remember, while using Drāno regularly in the drains, it can do all these other things for you, too. At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 25 cents a can. Slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains. In Canada, 35 cents.

You will prize this booklet!

Our booklet—"17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning"—tells how Drāno makes easy work of so many hard-to-do cleaning jobs. Send for your copy. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

To clean stove burners, heater units and cooking-top

1. Put two cupfuls of water into a dish-pan (any kind but aluminum)
2. Add ¼ can of Drāno
3. Put burners (or heating units) and cooking-top section into the solution — adding enough water to cover
4. Let soak three or four hours, or overnight
5. Thoroughly rinse with hot water

CAUTION: Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.

Win some of this $4,500 with your knowledge of Drāno!

Write us about your experiences with Drāno! Three $500 prizes; three $250 prizes; 108 other generous cash prizes—a total of $4,500. Read about the contest and the rules in the Drāno advertisement which appeared in last month's issue of this magazine. Then write your letters and have them in the mail before midnight, March 9th.

Contest closes March 9th

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

... keeps them free-flowing

Before their *"lay me down to sleep"*

NO intelligent mother can question the value of the Listerine gargle for youngsters before they are tucked in for the night.

Recall that the mouth is the breeding place of disease germs. Many illnesses start there. Also recall that Listerine, used full strength, is fatal to germs. Therefore its use in the mouth is an aid to nature in forestalling diseases—particularly colds and sore throat.

Because of Listerine's pleasant taste, its extreme safety, and its healing action on tissue, some are likely to overlook this amazing power against germs.

Repeated tests in laboratories of international repute show that, used full strength, Listerine kills the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs, in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

See that all the members of your family make a habit of using full strength Listerine as a gargle and mouth wash, night and morning. It helps to ward off colds and sore throat.

Should these ailments get the upper hand, increase the frequency of the gargle. You will be delighted to find how often Listerine overcomes them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine, enemy of Sore Throat

kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

(Continued from Page 92)

opened upon the hall. He was too plump for his somewhat flashy clothing; perspiration gleamed upon his forehead, but there was no trace of nervousness in his movements or speech.

He flashed a glance at the other two men and they, seated calmly on my chairs, waited for him to speak. In the pause that followed my question I looked at them. One was tall, somewhat angular, with a great curved nose and tight lips. He might have been thirty-five. The other was nearer the age of the man who had closed the door, forty I guessed, and was pale and scholarly of expression. He, like his two companions, was expensively but somewhat too loudly dressed, and all three of them had light eyes which seemed filmed over, the surest sign of the desperado that I know of.

"So you think we're bulls, eh?" queried the first man.

"What else?" I asked. I gripped my gun tighter. If they planned to surprise me I'd be ready. I'd be dead before they could lay a finger on me.

"WHY, we could be anything," said he. "Andy Horn, there"—he nodded toward the scholarly featured man—"might be a college professor. Seems like I heard tell that Andy once did a little thing along those lines. Jimmy Greco"— and he indicated the angular man—"might be a sportin' promoter, or a race-track man, or just a butter-and-egg guy from Michigan. As for me, Pots Slavini, I been told I might be a wop tenor, or a spaghetti manufacturer, or anything except what I am."

"And what's that?" I asked.

"A gun," he snapped. "The biggest gun you'll ever meet, young feller."

"Gun?" I asked.

"Yeah, gun. Crook—like you," he added.

I fought down the flare of anger that his words had aroused. Sickeningly I realized—as I had not realized in the past three days—exactly what I was. I was like him. Worse than he could ever be. Because I had been equipped with education, with what we call birth, had been given opportunities which I had not grasped, had known a code and practiced it.

"But we didn't come to call names. We came to make a deal."

"A deal?" I found my voice at last.

"Sure. For a long time, Jimmy and Andy and me—well, we been like them three musketeers in the book. Only there was really four of them, and you're the fourth we've been needing. There ain't three better men in the country. There ain't anything we can't do and ain't done. But getting into the right houses, knowing who's wearing the big stuff—Mr. Crandall, you're a partner with us. Ain't that great?"

"IT'S an honor," I said dryly. "But what makes you think I want to—er—enter business with you?"

"Aw, let's not talk so much," cried Greco. "Blystein"—he named the Chatham Square pawnbroker—"does business with us. He tipped us off that a young swell was trading with him. Couple of days ago he sent for us. Said that word had gone out that Mrs. Paul Minching's pearl earring had been lost or stolen. He got the word from the coppers. He tells us that his young swell friend had left the pearl with him. Well, he'd taken enough interest in you to have you followed, knew who you really were. So—we're here."

"And long enough you took to tell it, Jimmy," snapped Slavini. He looked at me. "Kid, are you in? If you ain't, it's a word to the bulls, identification by Blystein. What say?"

Well, what could I say?

It was exposure and jail, or money and freedom. I took the latter pair. I won't say that I took them willingly or gladly. I won't deny that there had been moments in the past half dozen years when I wished myself dead. But I hadn't died. Instead, I'd gone on and on.

I had the "front" they wanted. I knew the parties where the richest jewels would be worn, knew the layout of the houses. I don't like to go into too many details. Suffice it to say that I lived my usual life, that I professed to have made money on the stock market, that I traveled, played golf and bridge, enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Save for those moments when remorse came to me. But never had any of these moments been like the sleepless hours I spent on the Majestic. Spending my days in the companionship of the sweetest girl I had ever known, my nights were hideous.

Because honorless though I was, sunk in the lowest depths, I knew that I would not endeavor to hold the love that I had won. And then, the evening before we docked, she turned to me, held up her lips to mine, and I committed the most shameful act of my life. I kissed her, I let her kiss me. And there, in the moment of my most supreme happiness, I suffered the greatest agony. For I realized that I must not see her again.

We landed. The venal inspector did his part. The Grammont jewels were turned into cash. I took my share—some hundreds more than the seven thousand I had anticipated—and spoke to my three partners.

"Boys, I'm through," I said.

Greco nodded somberly.

"I told you, Pots, and you, too, Andy, that no good would come of the lad mussing around with the li'l' Seeley dame. Dames turn a lad soft. I mind once ——"

"FORGET it," interrupted Slavini. "How come, lad?" he asked me. "The gal made you turn ——"

"Leave her out of it," I said.

"Got the idea in your silly nut that if you reformed that would make everything O.K.?" he persisted.

"Suppose, Pots," I suggested, "that you drop speculation?"

"You mean—we're just to let you step out?"

"That's exactly what I mean," I said.

"Nothing doing, pal," he said with emphasis. "Why, there ain't been a whisper about you. Nobody suspicions you a-tall. You've made this Raffles guy look like a piker. When you ain't done the liftin' you've shown us how to do it—all good pals, and all making plenty dough and livin' high. We don't interfere with you, do we? We don't butt in? We don't spoil the lay when you're out with some swell, and mitt you and all that? Except us four not a soul on earth knows we're chums, business partners. And you ain't afraid of the bulls, Lacy. Then what the hell?

"A guy's nuts that turns soft for a frail. A-course, if she'll have you ——"

"Drop it," I said. "I'm through."

"Yeah?" Pots Slavini turned ugly. "And what about us? *We* ain't though. We ain't fallen for no frails. We ain't satisfied because we've managed to save fifty grand or so. Hell, Greco gives his gal that much a year. I lose that much betting the ponies. Andy loses more'n that every year in the market. You're our gold mine, kid. We ain't givin' you up."

"No? You'll have to," I said.

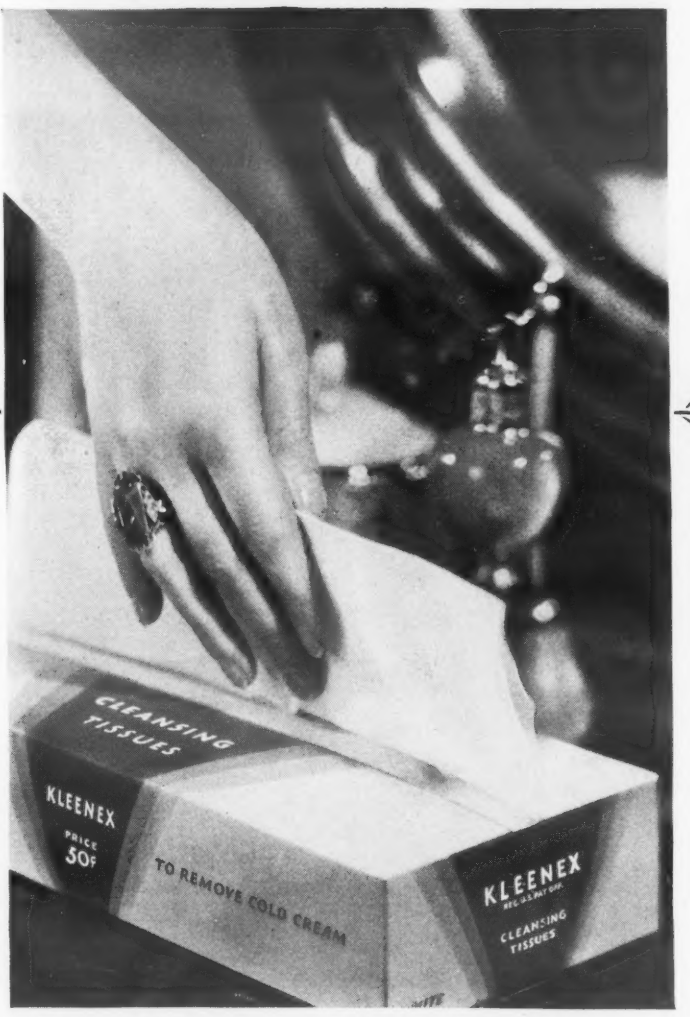
"Is that so?" cried Greco. "Well, suppose we tip the bulls that you're the jewel lifter that's been trimmin' the swells here and abroad for six years ——"

"You wouldn't do that," I cried.

"The hell we wouldn't," said Andy Horn.

"It's a game two can play at," I reminded them.

"YEAH?" Pots Slavini sneered. "Did you think we didn't realize that? But what we got to lose compared with you? We don't Ritz it; we don't week-end on Long Island; we don't travel on private trains to see the Kentucky Derby; we don't run around with debby-tantes. Suppose our friends find out we're crooked? What the hell, they know that now. Suppose we stand a pinch; suppose



Now in Colors—Kleenex comes in dainty tints of pink, green and yellow . . . and white, of course, if you prefer. The box is a marvel of ingenuity which hands out 2 sheets at a time.

try the Kleenex way *to remove cold cream*

It frees your pores of dangerous dirt and oil . . . without stretching or irritating the skin.

YOU know with what infinite care great beauty specialists preserve the delicate texture of the skin. No hard massage . . . but gentle *patting* . . . when creams are applied. No stretching or rubbing of the skin when creams are removed.

Instead, a gentle blotting up of surplus cream . . . with super-absorbent Kleenex.

Every woman, in her own home, should use this same scrupulous care if she wishes to preserve her skin's firmness and freshness . . . and youth.

Kleenex is *so* gentle, *so* dainty. You just hold it to your face, and *blot* up the oil and cream. All the dirt and cosmetics come, too, leaving the pores really clean.

Then you discard the soiled tissues. Doesn't this seem a daintier way, than staining and ruining towels? It's far cheaper. And more hygienic, too . . . because towels so often harbor germs that may start skin infections. "Cold cream cloths" usually teem with germs!

Use for handkerchiefs

Thousands of women . . . and men, too . . . consider Kleenex far more sensible than handkerchiefs. Office workers keep a box handy in a drawer. Mothers send a box to school with the children.

Kleenex is especially fine to use when there's a cold. You use it once, then discard it. The cold germs are discarded, too . . . instead of being stuffed back into a pocket or purse. Kleenex makes it easier to keep from infecting others, and reinfecting yourself.

Once in your home, you'll find countless uses for Kleenex. It comes in dainty colors, or white if you prefer. The package is a marvel of ingenuity, which hands out two sheets automatically. Buy Kleenex at any toilet goods counter.

The coupon will bring a sample.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. L-3

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....

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City.....

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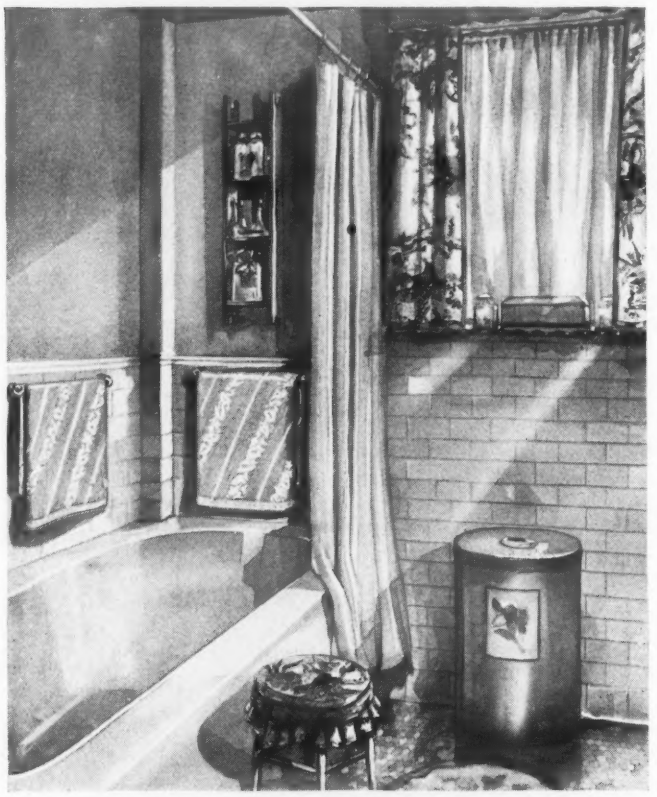
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM



The towel repeats the morning glory note of the chintz curtains

"MORNING GLORY"

Beautiful new towel designed by

ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

for the New York bathroom of

MRS. JOHN HARRIMAN

"MORNING GLORY," the delightful Martex towel designed for Mrs. Harriman's bathroom, has a solid color background and a striking diagonal flower pattern, which give it a smart contemporary air. Like all Martex towels, it is caressingly soft and fine, and the famous Martex underweave makes it last far longer than most towels. Its lovely colors are absolutely fast.

You can make your bathroom colorful and gay with this towel at almost no cost.

There are also striking designs by eleven other famous artists and decorators. Ask to see the new Martex reversible ensembles in modernistic and floral patterns. Separately or in sets, at linen shops and department stores. Wellington, Sears & Company, Dept. 403, 77 Franklin St., New York, N. Y.

The underweave of an ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open and weak.

The underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and very durable.

MARTEX

towels • bath mats • wash cloths

we even go to stir? That don't wreck our social position. Our friends don't high-hat us when we come out. But what about you?"

He looked at his two companions and they nodded admiring agreement with his argument.

"You say if we squeal on you, you'll do the same by us. But, feller, we don't care. You're a million dollars for us, and we can't raise a dime without you. We've found that out. We ain't going to go back to cracking West End Avenue flats. No, Lacy, you're going to stay with us."

ONE thing I had learned during the years about Pots Slavini. His word may not have been his bond, but his threat was.

"Be sensible, Lacy," said Andy Horn. "If there was the slightest suspicion of you in the minds of the police, of your friends, of anyone, I could understand." He spoke with a meticulosity of speech common to him when he was in deadliest earnest. "But you aren't equipped to earn your living. Not the kind of living you're accustomed to, my young friend. Now, I realize what's happened. At first, I'll admit, I judged you incorrectly. I thought that the acquaintance with the young lady ——"

"Leave her out," I blazed.

He shook his head chidingly.

"We can't leave her out, Lacy. You haven't admitted it, but we know that friendship with Miss Seeley has brought about this determination to run straight. At first, as I was about to say, I had the idea that you were playing up to her with the idea of relieving her, or her mother, of their jewels ——"

"Why, sure," interrupted Pots Slavini. "And that's the very racket we were going to propose today. The old dame's emeralds ——"

"Then," went on Horn, apparently oblivious of the interruption, "I got the idea that perhaps you planned to marry money."

"You would get that idea," I said bitterly.

"But on second thought I dismissed that idea," said Horn. "You may be a thief, Lacy, but you're a man of honor."

"Thank you," I said sardonically.

"I MEAN it," he said. "You couldn't, being what you are, marry a girl like that. But if you aren't going to rob her, and aren't going to marry her—well, what's it all about?"

"You wouldn't understand," I said.

"Oh, I think I would," he replied easily. "Influenced by childish innocence of lovely young girl, remorse creeps into the heart of the hardened crook—Lacy, I've been to the movies. Well," and his tone was menacing, "we won't stand for it, Lacy."

I tried pleading.

"Look here, boys," I said, "you admit I'm your gold mine. You admit I've helped you to big things. Well, why not show a little gratitude? If I were breaking up the partnership to continue on my own—but I'm not. You boys owe me something. You forced me in with you. We've been together six years. If I want to quit—why not let me?"

"Once a thief always a thief," sneered Slavini. "Quit the beefing. Are you still with us, or do we squeal?"

He meant it. Of that I was as certain as I have ever been certain of anything in my life. Call it foolish, call it insane—it was what Pots Slavini would do nevertheless. And as I stood there, weighing my words, the telephone rang.

I answered it.

"Mr. Crandall?"

"This is Mr. Crandall," I said.

"This is Joan Seeley."

As if I hadn't known it; as if the tones of her voice hadn't made my heart leap.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Offended," she answered.

"Offended?" I echoed.

"The Majestic docked four days ago. You were going to telephone ——"

"I wanted to give you time to get settled in New York," I said.

"You didn't say anything like that on the boat," she reproached me. "I—I ought not do a thing like this. If—if a man doesn't think well enough of the—the girl he's—if he doesn't even telephone—perhaps kissing a girl, though, doesn't mean that—that you care ——"

Sweet innocent, unsophisticated girl! I knew what agonies of hurt pride she had suffered. I knew what it was costing her, in shame, to telephone me.

"You think that?" I cried. I forgot my listeners in the room. "Some day, my dear, you'll understand ——" An eager movement on the part of Slavini brought me to my senses. "When may I see you?" I asked.

"Tomorrow?" she suggested.

"When? And where?"

"Would you like to take me to luncheon? At the Colony?" she asked.

"I'd adore it," I assured her.

"The Colony, then, at one-thirty," she said. "I'll be waiting for you."

IV.

I HUNG up and turned back to my visitors. I adopted the air of recklessness that I thought would be most likely to deceive them.

"You seem to have me where you want me," I said.

Andy Horn spoke quickly.

"Listen, Lacy," he said, "don't be sore. After all, you know, no business can be dissolved on a moment's notice. And we're in business, all right, even though we aren't listed on the Exchange."

"Let's not talk it over," I said brusquely. "I've given in. As you say, partnerships can't be dissolved suddenly. But—I'm giving you notice. Six months from today I'm through."

I saw Jimmy Greco move impatiently. His mouth opened, but Horn forestalled him.

"Nobody could say that isn't fair enough," he acquiesced. "How about it, Jimmy? What do you say, Pots?"

The very tone in which he put the questions demanded affirmative answers. Slavini agreed instantly, and the slower-witted Greco took his cue from the tightly garbed Pots.

"We can't make a man stay with us forever," said Horn. "It was only—it didn't seem fair to step out on us without warning ——"

"O.K." I snapped. "Well, I haven't. That all?"

"Why, sure, that's all," said Horn. "That—er—that was Miss Seeley that just telephoned, wasn't it?"

"I asked you," I said evenly, "to leave her out of all this. I mean it."

"Sorry. No offense," said Horn. He rose and invited, with a glance, the other two to follow his example. "Well, I guess that's all. We'll be around in a day or so, Lacy. Slavini's got some plans ——"

"O.K.," I said, and let it go at that.

WITH that they departed, leaving me to face a situation that I had never definitely anticipated. But the failure to anticipate it was because neither had I anticipated falling in love.

But, utterly without warning, love had entered into my life. More than that, it had entered into Joan Seeley's life. When I had kissed her and left her on the Majestic I had come to an instant resolution. She should not see me again. Let her think me a cad, let her despise me. That was far, far better indeed than a broken heart.

For her heart would not break now. She loved me, yes. But this was her first affair. She was only nineteen.

But if I saw her, if a girlish passion ripened into a woman's ardent love, it might permanently hurt her. Whereas, if I didn't see her, pride would come to her

(Continued on Page 98)

Home, safe home

We are apt to think of scientific laboratories when prevention of disease is mentioned. Conquerors of far-flung plagues spring into our mind's eye . . . great hospitals . . . clinics . . . the glorious drama of medicine.

Yet, one of the chief reasons why life is healthier and safer today is our enlightened, intelligent homes. Here the campaign against disease never stops . . . here the discoveries of medicine are eagerly accepted . . . and here are carried out *daily* the thousand-and-one little things that make us a people resistant to disease, whose homes are the most healthful of any period in history.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have co-operated with four generations of parents in the practice of prevention at home. While serving scientific medicine through the development of vaccines, sera and preparations of the utmost purity, the House of Squibb has also served the home by preparing products for the medicine cabinet that meet the same high standards.

Squibb Products contain in generous measure the Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker. Keep them in your medicine cabinet . . . and when emergencies arise, and to meet the common needs of everyday life, you can turn to them with full assurance that they are the finest and purest that can be made.

Squibb's Home Necessities

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB'S VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—Special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

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SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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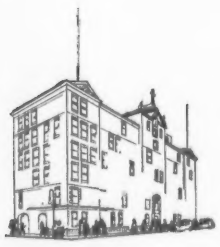
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

The world now uses over 7,000,000 gallons of "Lysol" a year *to prevent the spread of infection*



St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, one of the oldest in the country. In such famous institutions "Lysol" Disinfectant has been used to prevent infection for 40 years.

SEVEN MILLION GALLONS! That's nearly six *billion* teaspoonfuls of "Lysol" Disinfectant—the usual unit of measure in making up "Lysol" solutions for the killing of germs.

These figures will give you an idea of the part "Lysol" plays—all over the world—in the regular disinfection of hospitals and homes and in the practice of feminine hygiene.

The weight of medical opinion is that nothing has yet been found to take the place of "Lysol," the standard for 40 years.

Its strength is stable. It does not lose its potency on contact with organic matter. And so powerful is "Lysol" that one little drop will kill 200,000,000 of the dreaded typhoid germs in a quarter of a minute—or 125,000,000 of the B. staphylococcus p. aureus, the pus in boils, abscesses, etc., in the same time.

But, despite this high germ-killing power, "Lysol" is non-poisonous to humans when diluted according to directions.

"Lysol" reaches you in highly concentrated form. It *must* be diluted with water. Therefore, you get many times more for your money.

The coupon below will bring you two booklets of value to every woman—"Keeping Sickness Out," and "The facts about Feminine Hygiene." They are free.

A Suggestion: Many women now keep two bottles of "Lysol"—one for general cleaning, one for personal cleansing. It's convenient and it saves steps.

Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

Lysol Disinfectant

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LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 386, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklets, "Keeping Sickness Out," and "The Facts about Feminine Hygiene."

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(Continued from Page 96)

aid. There might be a few tears, a temporary heartache and then contempt for me would drown affection.

Grandiose dreams entered my mind.

I hadn't always been a thief. Why must I continue to be one? Why couldn't I quit? Of course I could. I'd do more than quit. I'd repay, some day, every penny that I'd dishonestly acquired. It ran into the hundreds of thousands, but what did that matter? I was young still; I had brains; if I worked, applied myself, I could succeed. It might be years before I made a fortune. But when I had made it, when I had paid back, with interest, every penny that I'd stolen, I'd go to Joan.

She'd be married then, and I would be but a vague blur in her memory. Nevertheless, I would remind her of the Majestic. I would tell her why I had dropped out of her life; I would tell her that her influence had made me a better man, and she would forgive me the forgotten hurt that I had inflicted when she was nineteen.

SILLY? Of course, but—decent of intention. And it was an intention firmly settled in my mind when my partners paid me their visit. Nor had their threats made any change in it, save one of geography.

I reëxamined my intention, studying it under the light afforded by their threats. Those threats were not idle. I knew the unbalanced mentality of the criminal better than any penologist could ever hope to understand it. They would do the thing they said they would do, no matter at what cost to themselves, because they would wish to inflict the most painful kind of punishment upon me and knew that exposure and arrest would be worse than anything else.

But suppose they didn't know where I was? Suppose they couldn't deliver me over to the police? What then?

The thought of disappearance had come to me as I debated with them. It had been in my mind as I made the engagement with Joan. For this engagement which they had heard me make and which I knew they believed to be with Joan, made them certain I would be at hand for the next eighteen hours.

For they would anticipate recalcitrance on my part. My surrender would not be taken too seriously by them. It would occur to their shrewd minds that I might, if I really intended to reform, disappear. My reasoning would be their reasoning; I could resign myself to that.

THEY knew me pretty well. They knew that I would not abandon an intention at the first objection. They had not been at all convinced by my yielding. But they had guessed not only that I loved Joan but that she was the real inspiration for my desire to reform. And, students of human nature that they were, they would never believe that I would fail to keep my engagement at the Colony with Joan.

Espionage would surround me from tomorrow. The first attempt I made to leave town—after tomorrow—would find one of the three or an agent of the three, with full instructions as to what to do, at my elbow. I was their gold mine, as they phrased it.

But tonight and tomorrow morning I would not be watched. Between now and my engagement tomorrow at one-thirty, then, I must vanish. So I made my preparations at once.

As for my acquaintances and my clubs—well, they were used to seeing me for a while and then not seeing me for a while. I traveled a great deal and gave no notice to anyone of my intention to sail next week for Paris, or spend the next fortnight in Palm Beach. And I had no intimate friends. These had been debarred by the career I followed. An odd person here and there would idly remark, "Haven't seen Lacy Crandall around lately. Wonder where he is?" And that would be all. Except for Pots Slavini, Jimmy Greco and Andy Horn. And even they in time would give up hope of seeing me again.

REMAINED only one more whose wonderment I could anticipate and to her I wrote a letter.

Dear Joan: I can't take you to luncheon tomorrow. I'm going away. I shall not see you again. Please forget me. LACY.

Brutal, I knew, but less brutal than to lie, to give her hope that I'd return soon. And to have added that I loved her would have been to be guilty of a greater caddishness than when I first kissed her.

Including the seven thousand odd which had been paid me tonight, I had almost ten thousand dollars. In addition, I had nearly twenty thousand in a bank which, I believed, was unknown to my associates. But that I neither needed nor wanted. That money would serve as a nest egg to which I would add more and more until there was sufficient to pay off the dishonest debts I had contracted by my career of thievery.

As for the cash in hand, I would take it with me, but I would use only what I absolutely needed. Most of that, too, would go toward my rehabilitation.

AS FOR the small account in another bank under my own name, from which I paid my current expenses—I didn't bother about that. Statements would be sent to my club, which had orders to keep all my mail, for years if necessary, and never to forward anything.

I looked about the flat. Everything was all right; nothing which could possibly connect the name of Lacy Crandall with the many robberies which had mystified the police of New York and London and Paris in the past few years was lying around.

Then I telephoned the garage where my car was stored, ordered it brought around, carried my bags to the elevator, told the operator that I was going into the country, mailed my letters in the box in the lobby and got in my coupé.

I slept that night in Springfield, and the next in Concord, New Hampshire. In a Maine town where I remained a week, professing to be anxious for a chance at a deer, I sold my car. Then I went to Boston. I took a room in a boarding house in the South End and looked for a job. I got one with Bloomfield & Company, a glorified bucket shop which did not examine too

(Continued on Page 101)

Next Month

City parks have a two-fold value, says

Alfred E. Smith

in an outstanding article written especially for the

APRIL JOURNAL

Read it—and learn how you can do something big for your city.

Any food containing starch leaves a residue chemically like glue on your teeth. Coffee, other beverages, fruits, tobacco, many things stain the enamel. That is why there are two gentle polishers, added to cleansers, in DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste*

EACH DAY *this restores* natural white brilliance of teeth

. . . daily dimmed and stained by food and drink

DOUBLE POLISHING (*not scouring!*) MAKES THIS SAFE MODERN TOOTH PASTE DIFFERENT FROM ANY YOU HAVE KNOWN

NEVER before have you been able to give your teeth such thorough brightening as this. Because *this* is cleansing *plus* gentle polishing that brings back the smooth brightness Nature gave to tooth enamel.

Daily food and drink leave deposits. Starches, for instance, stick like glue. Coffee and fruits stain.

That's why DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste has been made *not only to cleanse but to polish your teeth each time you brush them.*

2 polishers softer than enamel

Two exceedingly fine polishing agents were developed for DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Working together they are many times more effective than either would be alone. They are much softer than tooth enamel, and cannot scratch or scour. But they gently polish away all deposits and stains—revealing the smooth *natural* brilliance. An aid to white teeth such as you have never before had.

It's something like what you do to fine silverware when it darkens. You apply a non-scratching polisher and soon have the lovely lustre back again.

In addition, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste contains pure vegetable cleansers that fairly *foam* into action—purifying and sterilizing every crevice.

Everything a dentifrice can safely do is provided by DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. *And it acts quickly.*

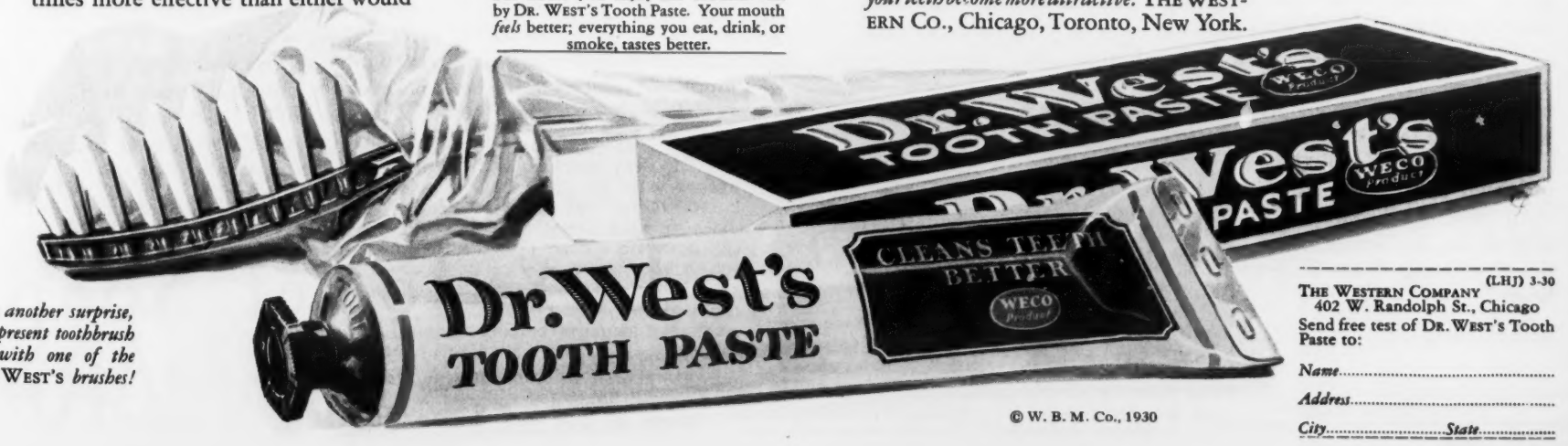
It is the most sensational success in tooth paste history. Produced by the makers of famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes, it is backed by their name and reputation, valued at millions.

Try it—tonight

At your favorite store get DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Extra large 25c tube—or the double-quantity 40c tube; largest quantities offered by any standard dentifrice at these prices.

This safe polishing will give back the natural brightness of your teeth. Start it tonight, and *note how quickly your teeth become more attractive.* THE WESTERN CO., Chicago, Toronto, New York.

COOLEST REFRESHMENT!
For hours you enjoy the coolness left by DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Your mouth *feels* better; everything you eat, drink, or smoke, tastes better.



If you want another surprise, replace your present toothbrush —today— with one of the famous DR. WEST'S *brushes!*

© W. B. M. Co., 1930

(LHJ) 3-30
THE WESTERN COMPANY
402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, *the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating*

(Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood)

CLARA BOW *says: "Just notice the way people cluster around the girl who has lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"* Clara Bow

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating Paramount star, whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "*It's lovely skin.*

"You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin! And any girl can *have* lovely skin if she takes good care of it!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up. The incandescent lights reveal the tiniest flaw in the skin!

"That's why we motion picture actresses have to keep our skin at its very best, every minute.

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it.

NANCY CARROLL *keeps her skin lovely this way.*

"So other screen stars began to use it—until it wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it. Janet Gaynor—Joan Crawford—Billie Dove—Bebe Daniels—Dorothy Mackaill—

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance, one of Paramount's most fascinating girls. She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian, too. Her skin is clear and smooth as a little girl's. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 *out of* 10 *Screen Stars use it*

"In fact," Clara Bow goes on to say, "nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad that we *have* kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures have!

"When I get letters from girls all over the country—so many of them saying nice things about my skin—I long to answer every one of them, and tell these girls that they can keep *their* skin just as beautifully smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

JEAN ARTHUR *always uses Lux Toilet Soap.*

MARY BRIAN'S *skin shows* flawless *in a close-up.*

THERE are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap, and have enthusiastic things to say about it. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest "extra," shall have the very loveliest skin!

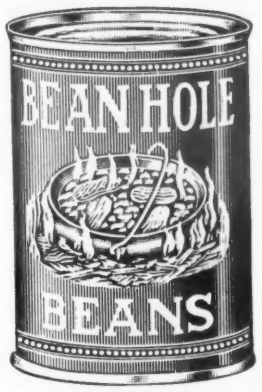
Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . NOW 10¢



TRY THEM ...TONIGHT

The best beans in the world were made in the North Woods "bean hole." Then Van Camp's experts took this delicious recipe—"a layer of sugar-cured pork, a layer of beans, a cup of molasses, a cup of sugar"—and preserved the savory blending and cooking so you can serve them tonight. No other beans like them. Serve them often.

Be Sure of Its Goodness

When you want catsup made of choicer, firmer, fresher tomatoes than you could buy—when you want every step of its preparation safeguarded by the watchful eyes of food experts—you can always be sure by insisting on—"Van Camp's—of course."

Ask Your Grocer for

Soups
Spaghetti
Bean Hole Beans
Milk
Catsup
Chile Con Carne

VAN CAMP'S
~of course!

(Continued from Page 98)

closely into the credentials of its employes. There, working on the board, where my long-ago experience in the bond house helped me, I began my rehabilitation. I lived on my salary of thirty dollars a week. My ten thousand dollars was hidden in my room where no prying maid could find it. I made no friends; I hardly even went to a movie. My whole life was wrapped up in two things: One was to study and master the intricacies of the stock market until I could begin to speculate with the money hidden in my room and begin the amassing of the fortune which would enable me to pay back that which I had stolen.

The other was Joan. I subscribed to the gossip weeklies; I read the society columns; I pored over the rotogravures. I clipped things about her and carried them in an envelope. Her pictures I pasted on cardboard and carried in my breast pocket, or, if they were too large, I hid them in a locked bag in a suitcase in my room, and took them out at night to gaze upon them.

SOONER or later I would see her again, would tell her what I had been and what I had, for love of her, become. Dreams ever and again came to me. Perhaps she would not forget; perhaps, when I had repaid, she might even forgive the new Lacy Crandall.

And now, in the Washington Street lunch room, I had evidence that she had not forgotten. In her triumphal summer—and if the gossip weeklies and society columns had not exaggerated, it had been a triumph—she had not forgotten me. At least, so I interpreted the presence of my name in the list of those present at her debut. Had she hoped that I would see my name there, that I would accept it as a sign that she had not forgotten me, that she still remembered that night on the liner?

Forgotten her? If she knew that once I had seen her! For I had rented a flivver and ridden to Newport. I had joined the crowd of curious along the Cliff Walk and stayed there from nine until one. And I had seen her crossing the lawn of The Beeches, where a great tennis-week ball was being given, accompanied by some man whose very manner toward her had informed every looker-on of his subjection. Only a moment had she stood beneath the light of a summer moon, and then she had vanished into the great ballroom that had been erected for this one dance, and I had heard the music and visualized her in the arms of another man. I had heard the comments of the natives, of the tourists who stood here in the Walk.

"That's the Seeley girl. Joan Seeley. That's the Duke of Lynchester. They say he's crazy about her."

MAYBE he was. Perhaps she was crazy about him. But as I looked back on that night when I had glimpsed her and thought of his manner, I comforted myself by the sight of my name "among those present."

For one didn't always give to the press the names of those invited. One gave out the acceptances. I hadn't accepted Joan's mother's invitation. It doubtless was in my club now, along with scores of other letters. But Joan had marked me on the list of those who had accepted. This must be the reason my name was included. It was a message to me from her. God bless her! God keep her —— The tears blurred my eyes so that I no longer saw her picture.

Joan, my Joan, who still cared enough to send out a message, hoping that I would see it, hoping that I would respond. God, if I only could! I dashed my hand furtively across my eyes, hoping that no one noticed. I pushed away my mean luncheon. I had no appetite for food this day.

Carefully I folded the paper, taking care not to crease her picture. Tonight, when I arrived at my room, I'd clip it, paste it carefully on cardboard. My dreams of her dissipated as the sun, pushing through the clouds, dissipates shadows. Only it was not the sun, or anything so bright and cheery. It was the grinning face of Pots Slavini.

He was standing right beside me and triumph was in his eyes.

"Well, well, if the wanderer ain't been found by his loving friends at last. If it ain't my old pal, Lacy Crandall."

V.

HIS right hand was extended, but I noticed that his other hand—and Pots, I knew, was as nearly ambidextrous as anyone I'd ever encountered—was buried in his jacket pocket. I didn't need to see through the cloth to know that his fingers gripped the butt of an automatic. Slavini had no particular reason to think me inclined to quick violence, but he was taking no chances.

"How did you find me?" I asked.

"Well, that's a fine welcome, Lacy," he said. "After me spending four months looking for you."

"And now you've found me—what then?" I demanded.

"Don't you want to sit down, quiet, somewhere, and talk over old times?" he suggested.

"If I'd wanted that I knew where to find you," I reminded him.

"That's what hurt our feelings," he said with mock pathos. "You knowing where we were, and us not knowing where you'd gone. Lunch here often? Not much like the Colony, hey?"

He looked around the cheap lunch room, wrinkled his nose in distaste at the kitchen odors that permeated the room.

"What do you want?" I demanded.

The air of good humor left him. His filmed eyes fixed upon mine.

"I'm in none too good a humor, Lacy," he said. "I'll tell you what I want, and I'll tell it at the top of my lungs if you gotta have it that way. Or do you want to get off somewhere and talk it over nice and quiet?"

I knew the sudden rages that could sweep over him, gusts of wrath that made him forget caution. It would be like him to denounce me at the top of his lungs, reckless that denunciation meant his own undoing also.

"Where shall we go? I've got a quiet room," I said.

"YEAH?" His rage vanished instantly at my acquiescent tone. "I've seen it. Leastwise, I've seen the house where you live. Kind of a comedown from Fifty-fifth Street, pal."

"I thought it was a step up," I said.

"No accounting for tastes," he commented. "Sure, let's go there. Suppose Bloomfield & Company will fire you if you don't show up there this afternoon?"

"Seem to know all about me," I said.

"Enough to know that you're daffy," he replied. "Hey, where we going?"

For, having paid my check, and preceded him through the lunch-room door, I was leading the way down the street.

"Subway," I replied.

"Well, for cryin' out loud!" he exclaimed. "Listen, Lacy, I ain't been doin' so well lately, but still and all I got the price of a taxi. . . . No, after you," he said.

I smiled inwardly at his precaution; I might, if he got into the machine first, dart down the street. He climbed heavily in after me. I gave the address to the driver and Slavini closed the window between us and the chauffeur.

"This is the listeningest age that ever was," he explained. "Never can tell what lad is goin' to be interested in what a man has to say. Well, Lacy, you sure played it low-down on us, didn't you?"

"You'd think so," I said.

"Sure I'd think so, and so do Jimmy and Andy. Fooled us slick and smart, didn't you? And fooled the li'l' lady too."

"Leave her out," I said.

"You've said that before, Lacy," he said. "And we left her out. But we don't leave her out any more. A swell way you

(Continued on Page 103)

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

A tiny, wailing, suffering baby . . .
A mother in despair . . .
But Mrs. McDavid's letter tells the story best!

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Baby Welfare Dept.
Borden Bldg., New York

Dear Sirs: I am sending you a picture of my 18 months old son, to show you what Eagle Brand Milk has done for him. He weighed 4 lbs. when he was born and when he left the hospital he weighed 3 lbs. Up until he was 6 weeks old he cried all the time. Then I put him on Eagle Brand.

He started gaining, has been gaining ever since and has never known another sick day! He walked at 9 months and is more active on his feet than any 18 months old child I have ever seen. He is truly an Eagle Brand baby!

Respectfully,
MRS. RUTH MCDAVID,
820 E. Avenue A, Temple, Texas

THIS is the experience so many mothers have had . . . When other foods fail, Eagle Brand succeeds . . . the baby thrives. 70 years of actual test have proved the wonderful digestibility of Eagle Brand . . . its perfect purity and safety.

If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors . . . orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today!

Every letter and picture published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful mother.

The Borden Company, Dept. K-4, Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is_____ months old.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Print name and address plainly)

In this *Wake-up* package *QUICK* new energy

for these treacherous days of early Spring

If ever brisk-up breakfasts were needed, it's now! If ever abundant energy food were needed, it's now!

Quick new energy to send Dad striding off to work—and to "nimble" sleep-fogged brains for shut-in hours at school. *Wake-up* energy! *Post Toasties* energy!

So give the whole family the stored-up energy of Post Toasties—so easily digested, so quickly released to the body.

Shower the oven-tanned flakes into the bowl. Crisp! Send Post Toasties adrift in milk or cream. Still crisp! It's wonderfully appetizing for breakfast, for lunch, for supper too. *Watch* it disappear!

POST TOASTIES

The Wake-up Food

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

(Continued from Page 101)

treated her. There she was hanging around the Colony—yes, I was there, pal. The head waiter sure came out about five times to take a slant at me sitting in the waiting room, and I didn't know but what he'd ask me to take the air, but I just never guessed that he was glaring at me. Pays a lad to ignore things sometimes, don't it?

"Well, your li'l' lady came in bright and chipper and sassy. She didn't seem to know many people, but I noticed one or two bowed to her, and she could hardly see them, she was so hot and bothered about you having a date with her."

"SAY it all now, Pots," I warned him, "for after this time if you ever mention her ——"

"So? Well, we'll talk that one over, too, later on," he retorted grimly. "Well, one-thirty came and one-forty-five came, and two o'clock passed and she was gettin' pretty nervous. And so was I, pal, so was I. But she was game. She stuck it out until two-twenty ——"

"But I wrote her," I exclaimed.

"Yeah? Well, maybe she was waiting for someone else. I dunno about that. But you hadn't written me, Lacy. Smart lad. Figured out that we'd think you'd sure keep your date with your gal and we wouldn't bother to keep an eye on you until after you'd met her. Well, anyway, when she left, I left, and beat it right over to your flat. And you know what I found out there. That was four months ago, Lacy. But now it's all forgiven and forgotten. Here we are, reunited and everything."

"Yes?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "You see, this time we don't leave the li'l' lady out of it. Get me?"

"No, I don't," I said shortly.

"Well, it's like this, Lacy."

But the cab drew up before my St. Botolph Street lodging house and he deferred explanation until he had paid the driver and we were in my shabby little room on the third floor.

He took the only comfortable chair and I sat down upon the bed.

"Anything to drink?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Hospitable, ain't you?" he jeered. "Still, a bird that's workin' hard for his livin', and not makin' much, can't spend his money on bootleg liquor. Well, got enough of it, Lacy?"

"Enough of what?" I asked.

"This." He gestured with his fat hand, taking in the room and its cheap furnishings. "And Bloomfield & Company, and no fun and no swell friends ——"

"How did you find me?" I asked.

He smiled amiably enough.

"IT TOOK time, pal, but when there's a gold mine at the end of the trail people will take plenty of time. Why, I'll tell you. When you busted your date with that swell li'l' lady, and she walked out of the Colony brave as could be, but with her heart bustin'—I saw her get into a taxi and she buried her face in her hands and began to cry—and when we discovered that you'd given up your flat and everything, and when we remembered how you was all for quitting us the night before—well, we decided that you had quit.

"We didn't like that, Lacy," he added quietly.

"Go on," I said.

"Well, we thought you'd hide out in the city somewhere, and we figured you'd see your sweetie once in a while. But a month of watching her didn't bring you into view. Jimmy Greco got acquainted with the li'l' lady's maid and gave her a heavy play. And he found out, through the maid, that Miss Seeley never heard from you. No argument about it; you'd either killed yourself or turned completely square. For if you were keeping up the old racket, but declaring us out because you didn't need us any longer —— Oh, yes, we thought of that, too, Lacy; it didn't seem reasonable that a man would drop a good graft, like you had. Why didn't you draw your money from the bank where you had it parked under another name?"

He chuckled at my surprise at his disclosure of this knowledge on his part.

"Oh, yes, Lacy, we'd noticed a lot of little things you didn't intend us to know. And you didn't draw a penny of that money. We had ways of finding out. So you had the split on the Grammont stuff and that was all. Greco and Horn figured that you were living on that dough somewhere, but I didn't. I figured you'd gone straight—if you were alive. But I hadn't read of any suicide that might have been you. My dope was that you were alive and working somewhere.

"Well, where? And doing what? You'd worked in a bond house when we first teamed up, and it looked to me that you'd pick out a job something along the lines of the business you knew something about. But you wouldn't be able to get into any high-class firm without references, without using your own name. I didn't think you'd do that, because you might have been afraid we'd tipped off the police, and of course Lacy Crandall would have been pinched wherever he showed up."

"SO, UNDER another name, you'd be working in some second-class bond or brokerage house. But where? I decided that it would be in some city quite a long way from New York. That's where I was wrong, pal. We tried Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, New Orleans, Minneapolis—I been in more hick towns than I knew was on the map during the last coupla months. Andy and Jimmy thought I was nuts, but I stuck to it. You see, there ain't so many shady bond or brokerage houses, after all, and I could clean up any city in three or four days, even the biggest.

"And after I'd tried the far-off places I began working nearer home. Philadelphia, Albany, Newark—and a couple of days ago, Boston. Yesterday I got tipped off that a man answering your description was working for Bloomfield."

"Got tipped off?" I asked.

"Sure. Each place I go to I get a firm of private detectives busy. I don't tell your real name. Just a brother of mine that got sore on his wife, and the little woman and the kiddies want him back and all forgiven. So this morning I drift into Bloomfield's, take a slant at you, waltz out to this joint, look it over ——"

"Why?" I asked.

"To find out if you're living cheap or not. If this is a swell expensive place, then you ain't reformed, but have taken a job simply for the right front and are working your old racket on your own, leaving us out. But this house proves you're living cheap and honest. And then I follow you to luncheon, wait until you've had time to eat—that always puts a lad in better humor—and that's all."

"Oh, no, it isn't," I said. "You didn't spend months of time and a lot of money looking for me just to pass the time of day."

"WELL, no, I didn't, Lacy," he admitted. "Jimmy and Andy and me—we've got to have you back."

"I'm through with that," I said. "God knows, seeing me here, Pots, you ought to believe me."

"Sure. I believe you think you're through. But you ain't heard all I got to say yet."

"I heard it that last night in New York," I said. "You were making a fortune through me. You'd lose the fortune if I quit. Well, it wasn't argument then, and it isn't argument now."

"You pretended it was. You agreed to stick with us for another six months."

"Of course I did. What else could I do?"

"And what could we do without you?" he asked. "Lacy, Jimmy and Andy and me—we were just a bunch of cheap stick-up men when we ran across you. We had

(Continued on Page 105)

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . its gloss and lustre . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

To Set or Wave Hair

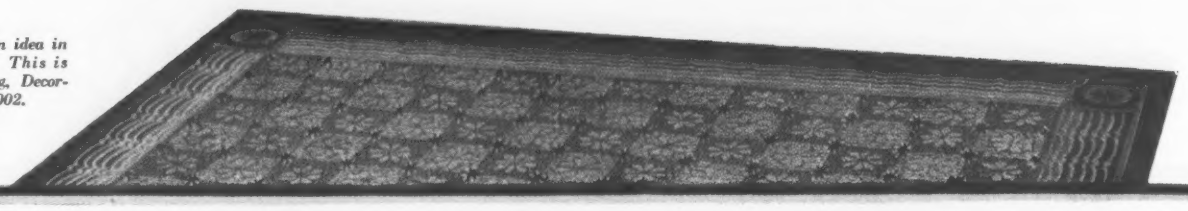
To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Apply with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

FOR DRY HAIR—a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.

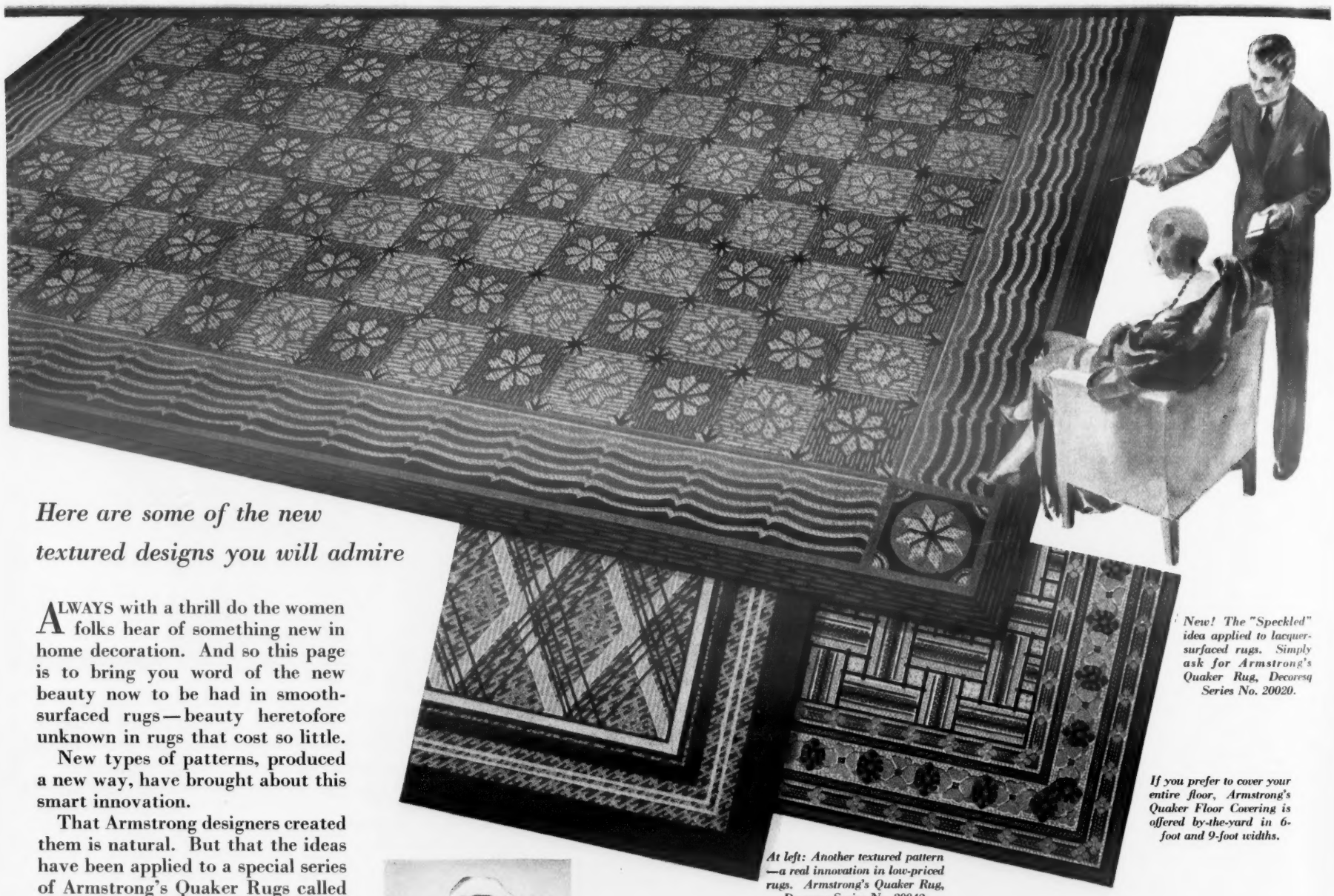
Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.



New! The texture-pattern idea in smooth-surfaced rugs. This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series No. 20002.

Now.. New Decorative Effects

heretofore unknown in low-priced rugs



New! The "Speckled" idea applied to lacquer-surfaced rugs. Simply ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series No. 20020.

If you prefer to cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.

At left: Another textured pattern —a real innovation in low-priced rugs. Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series No. 20042.

Here are some of the new textured designs you will admire

ALWAYS with a thrill do the women folks hear of something new in home decoration. And so this page is to bring you word of the new beauty now to be had in smooth-surfaced rugs—beauty heretofore unknown in rugs that cost so little.

New types of patterns, produced a new way, have brought about this smart innovation.

That Armstrong designers created them is natural. But that the ideas have been applied to a special series of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs called the Decoresq Designs *is* important to women who must watch the dollars.

Textured patterns—that's one of the new ideas. And the large rug on this page gives you some idea of the richness. When you see this rug in the store, notice particularly how the textured ground furnishes a charming setting for the pattern that is placed over it in open-work effect. Another new idea is the "Speckled" backgrounds which serve as a setting for rich designs. Still another is the "shaded" patterns—entirely different from anything you've seen.

Yet no matter what the patterns, what the colorings—*every* Armstrong's Quaker Rug has the same good housekeeping virtue. It is easy to keep clean. Surface-sealed by the special Accolac Process, these rugs are truly dirt-proof, stain-proof, and water-proof. Water-proof, too, is the strong felt base on which the rugs are made.

Actually, your money's worth is guaranteed. A written promise of satisfaction, in the form of a Quaker Girl certificate, is pasted on the face of each genuine Armstrong's Quaker Rug—and *only* on Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 3003 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's (A) *Product*

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday night, 10 o'clock, Eastern Time, WJZ coast-to-coast network.

(Continued from Page 103)

ideas, but that was all. Then we stepped into the big money. Now—what are we? We've spent nearly all our dough, and we ain't going back to yegging it. We had you, the best natural jewel thief in the world. We want you back."

"I'm not going back," I said.

His filmy eyes glittered.

"We told you before we'd squeal ——"

"Squeal and be damned," I cried. "I'm not going back."

"Rather go to jail?"

"I won't go to jail," I said.

"Yes, I guess you would kill yourself," he said slowly. "And I can't be bothered hunting you all over the country again."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, you could easily say you'd come back, and then sneak away again—no, I got to come right out with it. I hate to bring her back into it, Lacy, but the li'l' lady is right in the middle of it now."

"Now just exactly what do you mean by that, Pots?" I asked.

"The gals, nowadays, got plenty freedom, pal. You know that, Lacy."

I waited for him to continue.

"Lacy," he said, "I hate to go on with this. If it was up to me I wouldn't."

I sneered.

"I suppose Andy Horn and Jimmy Greco are forcing you into it," I said.

He shook his head.

"They like you," he said simply. "So do I. We would all have been for letting you step out, but—didn't you ever wonder why your cut of whatever we got was so small, Lacy?"

"I thought you trimmed me," I said.

"And that was natural, Lacy. Only—didn't it ever come into your mind that maybe—somebody else was getting a cut? Didn't you ever wonder how come three tramps like Jimmy and Andy and me saw the possibilities of lining up a young swell like you? Where would we get the brains for the things we did?"

"Come on. What are you driving at? Out with it," I said.

"We three—you, too, though you didn't know it—have always been working for someone else."

"For someone else," I cried.

"Yes, and don't try to get me to tell you who it is. I could tell you, and then I'd die, and I ain't gonna die yet a while if I can help it."

I stared at him. He wasn't lying, that I knew. And now a score of incidents that should have made me suspicious at the time came back to my recollection. How had these three associates of mine, for example, known that the Duchesse de Grammont, in far-off France, would wear her pearls——

"And it's him, the boss of us all," went on Pots, "that brings the li'l' lady in. Lacy, she goes to night clubs, like all the young gals. Easy to slip something in her escort's drinks—these young fellows don't guess the kind of dives they take their sweeties to ——"

"He wouldn't dare," I cried.

"Wouldn't he? Guess again, Lacy," said Slavini. "First, though, he's going to tip her off, with plenty evidence to make her believe it, that you're a crook. Then, just to get revenge on you, something will happen to her that—won't make nice reading, Lacy."

What good to leap upon him, to kill him? I believed him. He wouldn't tell the name of his unknown chief. And I knew enough of the underworld to know that the threats he uttered through the mouth of Slavini would be carried out. And on some future occasion, when a man of my type or class showed recalcitrance, he would be told of Lacy Crandall and of Joan Seeley.

"Oh, what's the use?" I cried. "I'm sick of living poorly, of working like a dog. Come on, Pots, help me pack my bags. I'm going back."

(To be Continued)

Want More Money for Smart Clothes?

If you'd like a charming new frock, a hat, or a wrap for springtime, read this page and write me a letter.

DEAR MANAGER: For me The Girls' Club has made possible the dress that was "just made for me" and the smart shoes that I loved, instead of the "must do" sort. Club money has brought dainty gloves, sheer stockings, a bottle of exquisite perfume and even an extravagant hat.

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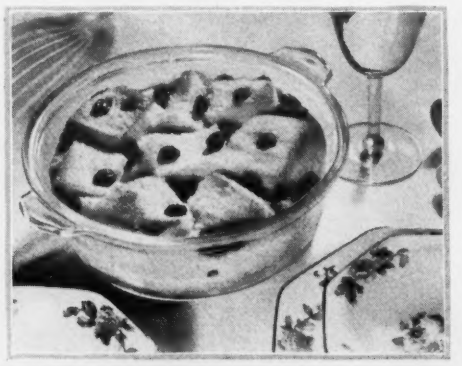

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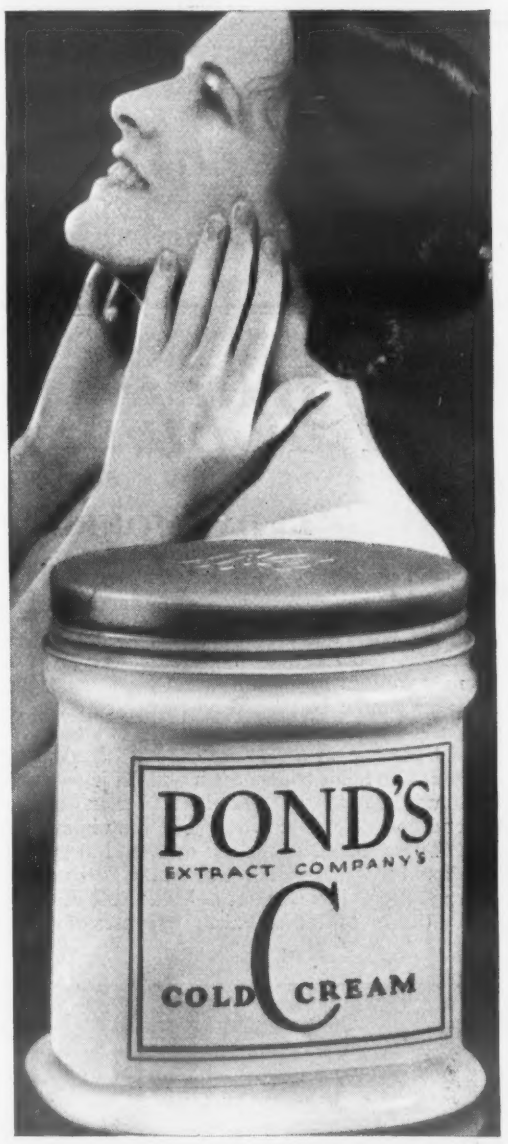

pore-deep cleansing. Make a fine art of patting in the cream with gentle caressing upward, outward motions. Wait a few moments so the fine oils can sink down in the pores and coax up every speck of dirt to the surface.

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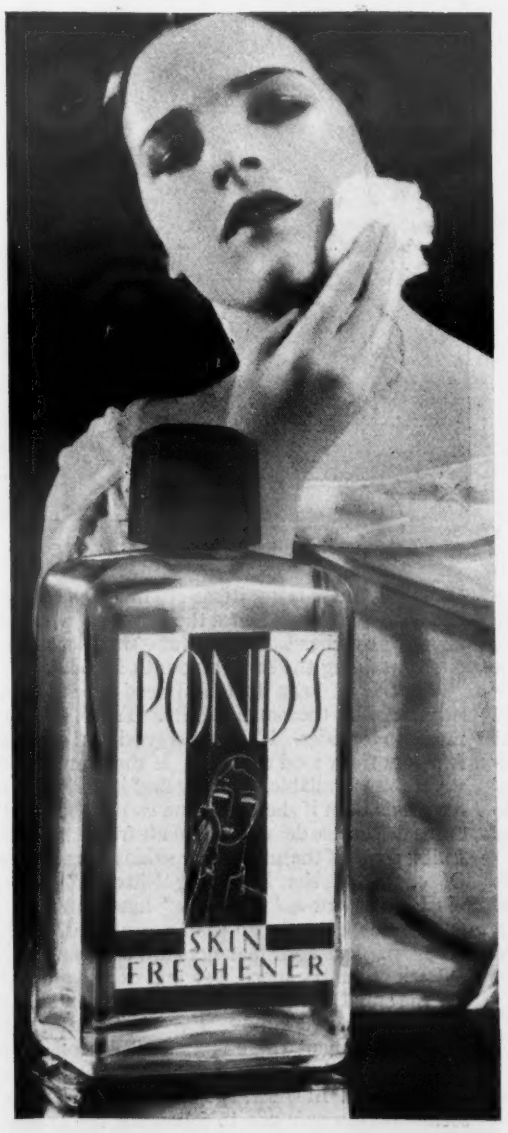
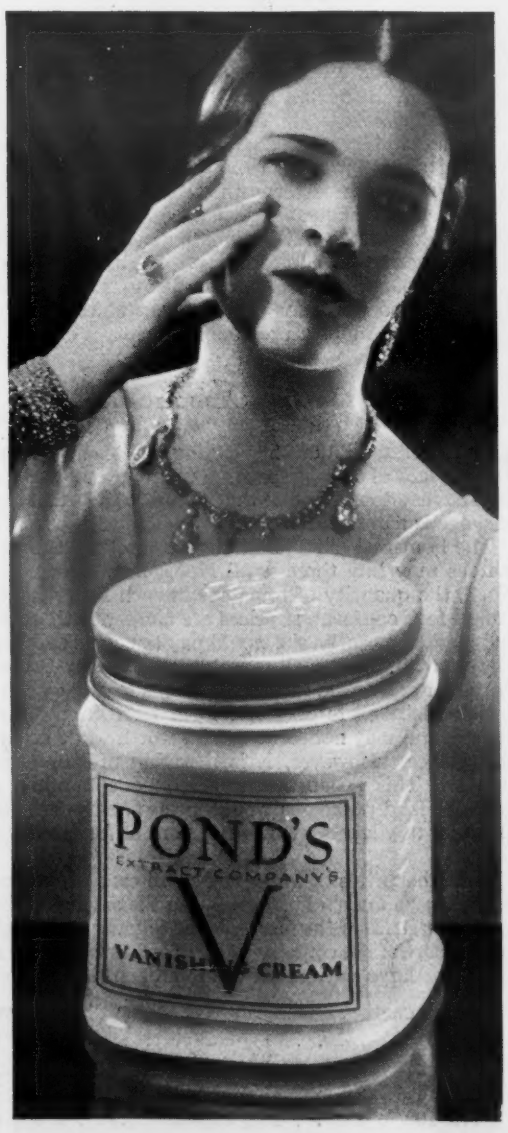




The Modern Homemaker

A DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD ADMINISTRATION—DIRECTED BY LITA BANE

How Much? A Problem for the Food Buyer

By DAY MONROE
University of Chicago

"WE NEED salad oil. Shall I buy a pint or a quart? And what about peaches—shall I order a large or a small can?" Questions such as these run through the minds of homemakers in all sections of the country as they prepare their order lists for the grocer. Important questions they are, too; even more important than many women realize, since their answers may have a decided effect upon the amount of the monthly grocery bill and even upon the quality of the food received.

Nor is this the sole responsibility of the food buyer in the solution of her problem of "How much?" She also must have accurate information as to the amount she is buying. On first thought this may seem an unnecessary suggestion. "How could she buy unless she ordered a definite quantity?" someone asks. Yet a person listening to the buyers in a grocery store any day will hear such orders as, "A medium-sized can of peaches; fifteen cents' worth of onions; a bottle of vanilla—the usual size."

That many of the women buying have little idea as to the amount of food in the can or package purchased, or the number of pounds of onions to be had for fifteen cents, is evident when they are interviewed. Yet without such knowledge there can be no intelligent comparison of the prices charged by different stores, nor of the relative economy of different foods in the same store. In addition, the homemaker solving the "How much?" phase of her food-buying problem must be certain that she will receive the amount she orders, that she has the protection of honest weights and measures in the shops she patronizes and of truthful labels on the containers she buys. What rules and suggestions can be offered to aid her? What assistance can she count upon from the Government and the market?

Manufacturers and dealers agree that one of the most marked developments in the grocery trade during the past two decades has been the growth of small-quantity buying and the increased demand for food in small cans and packages. Several explanations are offered: Families are not so large as formerly. The compact modern house or apartment has little storage space. Basements often are too warm for keeping vegetables and fruits, hence limited supplies are bought.

Effecting Economies

BUT is all small-quantity buying due to small families and lack of storage space? Or is some due to the fact that buyers do not realize that as a rule the small can or package is more expensive than the large?

The homemaker replenishing her stock of canned tomatoes may buy three small No. 1 cans or one larger No. 3, the quantity of tomatoes in each instance being the same—four cupfuls. If prices are similar to those found in our market recently, she would pay ten cents each, or thirty cents, for the three small cans, but only twenty-two cents for the larger one of the same brand, thus saving eight cents.

Now eight cents does not loom large in the household budget, and may not seem to be a worth-while economy, at first glance. However, it is a saving of more than one-quarter. This proportion saved on one hundred dollars' worth of food purchases would mean twenty-five dollars to spend for new labor-saving equipment or for fascinating new dishes.

Note the prices of large and small cans of various foods and when you reach home compute the savings to be made by the purchase of the former. The following table, showing the measure of the contents of standard cans and the relative size of the large in terms of the small can, will be helpful:

SIZE OF CAN	APPROXIMATE MEASURE OF CONTENTS	RELATIVE SIZE
No. 1	1⅛ cupfuls	1.0
No. 2	2⅜ cupfuls	1.8
No. 2½	3⅜ cupfuls	2.7
No. 3	4 cupfuls	3.0
No. 10	13¼ cupfuls	9.8

As the table shows, the No. 2½ can, so commonly used for fruits, holds 2.7 times as much as the No. 1. Almost invariably it costs less than 2.7 times as much. The larger can also may contain fruits of a better grade, since large peaches or pears cannot be packed into small cans. Not all foods are packed in large cans, hence such savings as that quoted are not possible on the entire canned-foods bill. But the principle also holds true in the buying of jams and jellies, vanilla, olives, flour, all of which, with numerous other foods in bottles and packages, cost less in large than in small quantities.

There are many reasons why food in the large containers should cost less than in the small. The price of a package or can of food includes not only the cost of the food, but also that of its container and the expenses of shipment and sale.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

"Shall I buy a pint or a quart . . . a large or a small can?"

Obviously these latter items are much the same for the small can as for the large, hence the buyer pays almost three times as much overhead cost for three small cans as for one large one containing the same amount of food.

"But a No. 1 can holds all I need for one meal," argues the woman with the small family. True, but there are other meals to consider. If she has a good refrigerator she need not fear loss from food spoilage. If there are several fruits and vegetables available, she may find it possible to prepare better meals than if she opens one can of the exact size needed. Some delectable desserts are made from two or three different fruits; some of the most tasty salads from several vegetables. Of course, if she is buying "luxury" foods, as French mushrooms, for a "company" luncheon it would scarcely pay to buy a larger can than was needed for that particular occasion. But such instances are comparatively rare.

Lack of pantry space, a second excuse often given for buying the small can or package, seems no more valid than that of having a small family. Even in the tiny one-room kitchenette apartment there is little likelihood of shelf space so limited that the larger container cannot find a temporary resting place. In short, the rule, "Buy the large container," seems to be a safe one to follow for the greater part of the housewife's everyday food buying. The small can is a godsend for the one-person ménage, or for those who prepare only occasional meals, but for the three-meals-a-day family it may mean extravagance, and for most persons other ways of being extravagant are more fun.

If there is liberal storage space the housewife may economize if she buys canned foods by the dozen or half dozen. Such buying is also advantageous because it gives a well-assorted stock of foods for use when the unexpected guest arrives or a hurry-up meal must be served.

Sugar, eggs, fruits and vegetables—many of the non-packaged foods—cost no more when bought in small than in large quantities. But even so, the homemaker may prefer to buy ten pounds of sugar instead of two, since thereby she will save her own time and that of her grocer. Two recent marketing investigations, one in New York and one in England, have emphasized the fact that costs of retailing are higher when small quantities are sold. Buying the larger amount is therefore economically sound in that it helps reduce marketing costs which the consumer must pay ultimately. Whether it is sound economy for a particular household, no one but the homemaker can decide.

Weight or Count?

THERE is far less demand by customers for "a quarter's worth" of sugar, round steak, or what not than formerly. The violent price fluctuations of war and postwar days helped to put an end to this practice. There remains much to be done to perfect marketing customs, however. One step in the right direction is the increasing use of weights rather than measures for such commodities as green beans or peas. A pound of peas is a definite quantity; a quart may weigh one-third more if packed tightly into the measure than if dropped in loosely. A measure, therefore, is an uncertain amount except for liquids, such as milk.

Another step toward better marketing customs is sale by weight rather than by count. The buyer who telephones for a dozen bananas or a bunch of celery would be far more certain of the amount she would receive if she bought by weight.

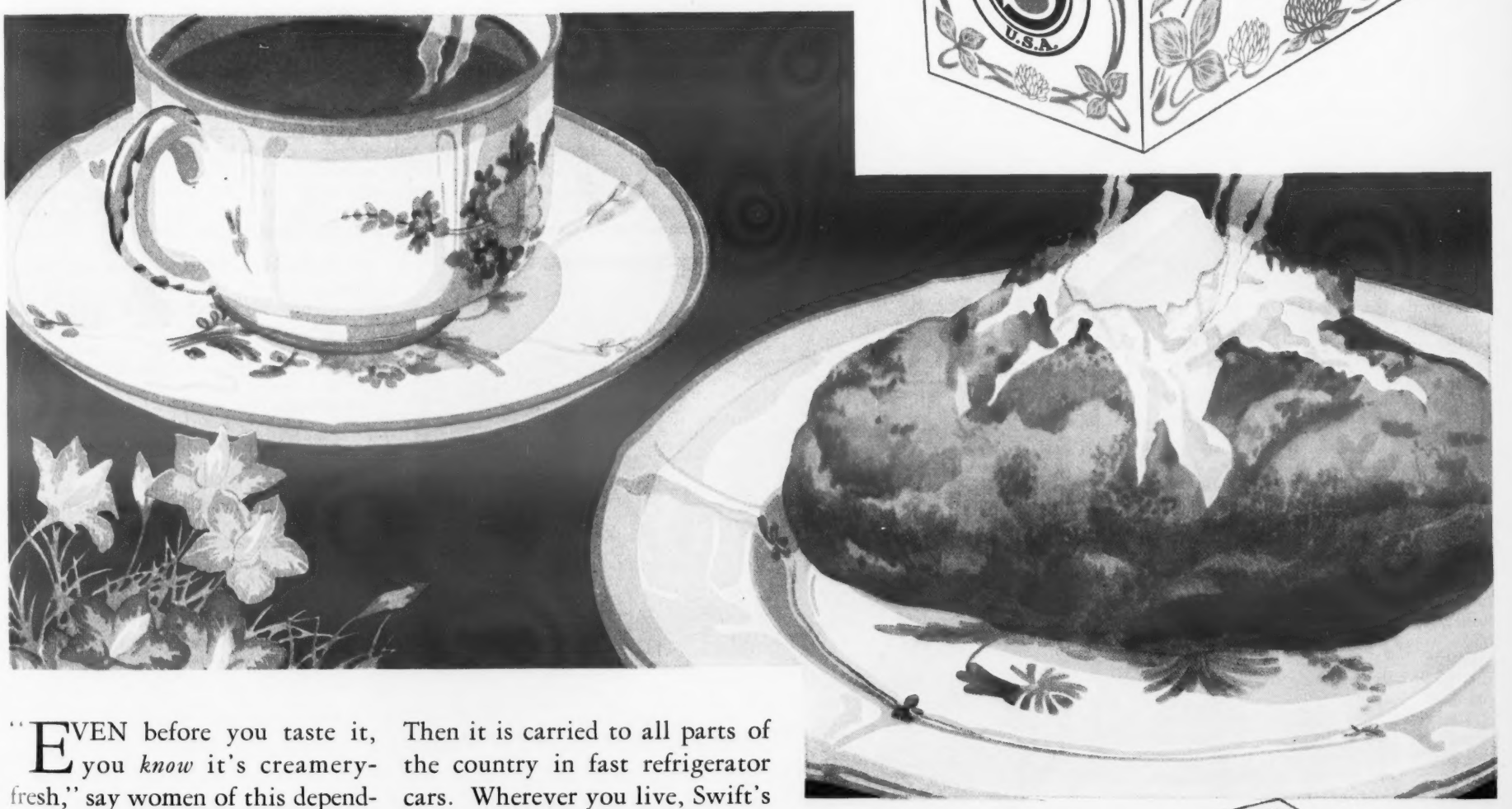
Who has not had the experience of wondering whether a short, heavy-set bottle holds as much or more than a tall, slender one? The Federal Government attempts to help the homemaker by providing that the weight, measure or count of the contents must be plainly marked on a container of food shipped in interstate commerce. She can learn from the labels the relative contents of two different cans and, therefore, which is the better bargain.

The buyer of today has comparatively little to fear on the score of fraudulent weights and measures. Scales and measuring devices are officially inspected with sufficient frequency to eliminate the greater part of willful deception by dealers. A series of food purchases carefully checked for weight showed good measure more often than slack. The housewife will find, too, that there is less danger of short weight from the established dealer than from the passing huckster who may elude the inspector.

The modern homemaker looking squarely at the "How much?" aspects of her food-buying problem should answer these questions: How much money can I save through the buying of larger cans, jars or packages of food? To what extent can I save my time and that of my dealer, and reduce retailing costs, through the purchase of larger amounts of nonpackaged goods? Do I systematically note the amount contained in a can or package, so that I am able to compare prices of different brands and of different dealers?

Some housewives of the old school took pride in checking their dealers by weighing all food purchased. The modern homemaker with her many interests finds life too short for such police activities. Instead, she learns whether her state has adequate legislation for her protection, whether the weights-and-measures officials are competent, then finds an honest dealer and gives him her patronage.

The fresh delicacy of BUTTER



"EVEN before you taste it, you *know* it's creamery-fresh," say women of this dependable butter . . . the same winter, summer and every day in the year.

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One step from churn to the store in your neighborhood. *One* experienced, efficient organization carefully guarding quality at every moment of the way!

To be *sure* of freshness, ask for Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter from your dealer today.

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Carefully selected for uniformity and fine quality, Swift's Brookfield Eggs are wholesome and delicate in flavor.

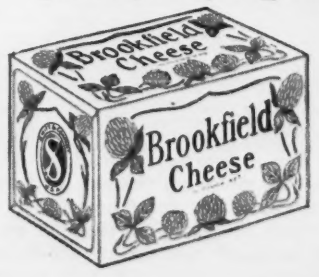
Scientific care guards them all the way from poultry farm to your dealer. Swift experts give that special watchfulness which assures you of the best eggs.

In Swift's Brookfield Cheese, too, you will find the high quality which distinguishes Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Butter.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

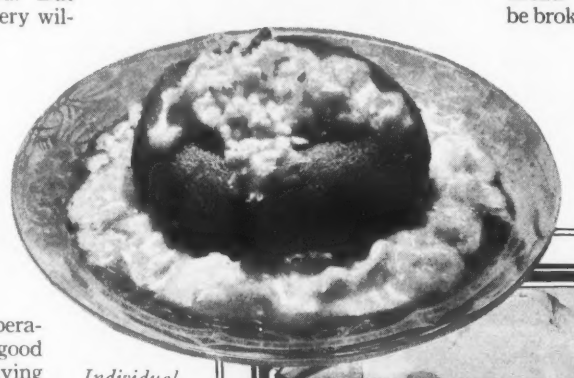


Yeast Breads in Fancy Dress

By VIOLA M. BELL

VERY smart and rich the coffee cakes with their brown or white topcoats appear when on parade in the shop windows. Here and there among them are other yeast breads equally fetching. The unusual shape of one reveals thin, crisp yellow layers with juicy fillings whose slipping over the edge was stopped by baking just in the nick of time. Another has a soft satiny surface holding nuts, sugar and spice in leash. The passer-by realizes, too, that they often taste much better even than they look and she yearns to make some just their very image. And indeed to make them is not difficult, even though their luxury seems to belie this truth.

The ingredients needed are really few in number and are likely to be at hand almost any time. The number of hours required for the whole process depends mainly upon the amount of yeast that is used. But the yeast plant, being a very willing worker, especially when several millions of them compressed in one little cake begin together, responds quickly to moisture and warmth. The flour is its food, and sifting this just before its use introduces air, whose oxygen the yeast is very eager to have. The yeast takes cold easily, the best temperature being 80° F. for its good health and growth. Having the liquid and flour at 80° F. helps the yeast to start happily without waiting to recover from the chilly reception of a lower temperature.



Individual Savarin.

"Rising" is the common household term—bakers call it "proofing"—given to the time in which fermentation by the yeast is taking place in the bread mixture. If the temperature be too much above 80° F., the bread is apt to taste yeasty and undesirable flavors may develop. A longer time is necessary if the temperature is lower, for the fermentation proceeds much more slowly. To keep drafts away is a caution it is well to heed. Many folks have found a spot in their kitchens free from drafts, that belongs to the bread bowl, as inviolate as is father's place at the dining table.

The air, too, is apt to be dry and the yeast mixture may form a crust. One way to prevent this is to provide warm surroundings having a high moisture content, like a damp July day. One ingenious woman improvised this by using the oven of her range for the rising cabinet. She provided the necessary heat and moisture by putting an uncovered teakettle of water that was boiling when taken from the stove on the floor of the oven, shortly before she put in the bread to rise. In this comfortable humid atmosphere the dough, kept at 80° F., doubled in bulk in the regulation time.

The Careful Touch

WITH dry yeast, a sponge is always made of the yeast, fat, liquid and enough of the flour to make a batter. When this is light, the sugar, salt and remaining flour are added. With compressed yeast, the sponge may or may not be made. However, in making yeast mixtures rich in fat, sugar and eggs, it is desirable even with compressed yeast to make a simple sponge first. These ingredients, used in proportions to make a cake or dessertlike type of bread, slow up decidedly the growth of the yeast. To overcome this somewhat, recipe directions suggest their addition later, after the sponge has become very light. A little bit of sugar aids the yeast, but too much sweetness at first is disheartening to it.

The yeast plant in its growth resembles the ferns which thrive best in warm, moist, secluded spots. The fine, delicate, tender network through the flour resulting from the gas formed during the fermentation is like one fern in particular. This is the *Asparagus sprengeri*, its bushy, lacy framework made by the innumerable short, delicate fronds extending in all directions. The yeast uses for its structure the gluten formed from substances in the flour when liquid is added.

Both the quality and quantity of gluten are very important in making good bread; in fact, so much so that commercial bakers have studied its properties extensively. Flours vary, too, in their content and quality of the substances forming gluten. This gluten, being very elastic, sticks together and in absorbing moisture swells and swells. Bakers, with the chemists, have learned that they can markedly alter these qualities which make the resulting flour mixtures very different. Acid makes the gluten more tender, causing it to swell more and making its framework very, very thin and almost transparent, provided other conditions and handling of the mixture are kept the same. Baking-powder biscuits are more tender when made with sour rather than sweet milk. Gluten, by absorbing much moisture and being developed by the handling of the dough, builds up threads throughout the mixture. These lacelike fibers, when once formed, are very sensitive. Careful touch in handling the light dough, as if it were a month-old baby, insures a tender bread. Of course the bubbles of gas must be broken up and the bread "worked down," but to use discretion is the better part of wisdom at this point. A bread mixture may seem to be too soft when first combined, but the gluten, as it swells, tightens and holds together. A good bread flour, it is said, takes up about 65 per cent water, and a loaf of greater volume and thinner cell walls results. A crisp, tender crust, a creamy-white crumb of soft, satiny luster and fine texture, even slightly moist and elastic, are thus likely to be achieved.

CHINA COURTESY JOHN WANAMAKER

PHOTOS. BY HARRY HOOD

Pineapple bread ring.

Afternoon tea rolls.

PINEAPPLE BREAD RING. Soften one cake of compressed yeast in half a cupful of milk, scalded and cooled to 80° F. Add two to four tablespoonfuls of sugar and three-quarters of a cupful of flour and beat well. Let this sponge stand in a warm moist place until light—about twenty minutes. Add one-third of a cupful of softened butter, half a cupful of blanched sliced almonds, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir into the mixture three eggs, unbeaten, one at a time, and one and a quarter cupfuls of flour. Beat hard for ten minutes, then pour into an oiled eight-inch ring mold, and set to rise in a warm moist spot, 80° F. When double in bulk—this should require about three-quarters of an hour—bake in a moderate oven—375° F.—for forty-five minutes.

Remove cake temporarily from the mold so that pineapple sirup may be poured in to the depth of one-quarter of the mold. Return the cake to the mold and leave until the sirup has all been absorbed. To make this sirup, boil together for three minutes half a cupful of pineapple juice, one cupful of sugar and one-sixteenth of a teaspoonful of salt.

When ready to serve, place the bread on a beautiful cake plate and pile high in its center either pineapple Bavarian cream or pineapple mousse.

A Basic Recipe

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM. Soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in half a cupful of cold water five minutes. Then dissolve it in half a cupful of boiling water. Add one cupful of sugar and stir until free from crystals. Combine with this two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-sixteenth of a teaspoonful of salt and one and one-half cupfuls of grated canned pineapple. Set aside to chill and when of thick sirupy consistency, beat until it hangs from the beater. Fold in carefully two cupfuls of whipped cream. Pour into a wet mold and keep very cold until ready to serve.

PINEAPPLE SAVARINS are attractive individual molds made in exactly the same manner as the bread ring.

Hot rolls, dainty in shape, toothsome and sweet-scented, are always enjoyed with afternoon tea. The foundation bread dough is the same for them all, imagination and the jam jar working the charm. A few variations of glaze and filling are suggested.

FOUNDATION ROLL MIXTURE. Soften one cake of compressed yeast in one cupful of milk, scalded and cooled to 80° F. Add two cupfuls of flour and beat hard until smooth. Cream together four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one egg and one tablespoonful of grated orange rind. Combine with the risen sponge and add one and a half cupfuls of flour, stirring well until smooth and light. Let rise and when double in bulk, work down gently. Handle dough carefully when rolling and cutting it. Use as little flour as possible. Bake rolls at 410° to 420° F., for ten to fifteen minutes, depending upon their size.

A transparent glaze is given the rolls if brushed with an egg white, unbeaten, thinned with a tablespoonful of water, just before baking. For a glaze after baking, use fruit paste with gelatin to stiffen it.

APRICOT GLAZE. Simmer one-quarter of a pound of dried apricots until soft and strain through a fine sieve. Add half a cupful of sugar and one-sixteenth of a teaspoonful of salt, and boil for ten minutes. Soften one tablespoonful of gelatin in half a cupful of cold water, and dissolve in the hot fruit paste. Boil again for one minute. Apply hot with a brush on the rolls.

PINWHEELS. Roll the dough one-quarter of an inch thick and cut in three-and-one-half-inch rounds. Make four equidistant slits and press alternate slits to center firmly. Place carefully on baking sheet and let rise, and just before baking, place half a teaspoonful of apricot jam in the center of each pinwheel. Upon removal from oven, brush hot rolls quickly with apricot glaze.

MEDALLIONS. Roll dough one-quarter of an inch thick and cut in two-and-one-half-inch rounds. Make a depression in center of each and when rolls are well risen, place therein a preserved whole strawberry. After baking, brush hot rolls with strawberry sirup and just before serving dust surface generously with powdered sugar.

TRIANGLES. Roll dough one-eighth of an inch thick and rectangular in shape. Divide into four identical strips and spread surface of three with apricot jam. Place layers one on top of the other, putting the unspread one on top, and cut in triangles two inches each way. When double in bulk, bake quickly and brush with apricot glaze.

The wholesomeness of fried foods depends upon the temperature of your frying fat . .

If fried foods are to be as good and wholesome as they can be, it is quite necessary that you select a fat that can be heated to the proper temperature for frying without scorching or burning.

Actually very few fats will heat to correct frying temperatures without scorching and so tainting the foods—even smoking out your kitchen. And if you fry in these fats at temperatures at which they will not smoke—that is, temperatures lower than are correct—your foods will absorb too much fat and become soggy, unpalatable and indigestible. Snowdrift however (and Wesson Oil too) will not smoke or scorch at proper frying temperatures. These temperatures range from 360° to 400° Fahrenheit, depending upon the kind of food to be fried. Of course, Snowdrift will burn if it gets too hot; anything will burn if it gets too hot including your frying kettle. But if you will watch the temperature you can get Snowdrift hot enough to fry perfectly before it smokes or scorches a bit.

Too much importance cannot be attached to correct frying temperatures. Every housewife should test the fat with a thermometer or cube of bread according to the table given above—foods should *never* be introduced into the fat until it is at exactly the right temperature. Far more fried foods are spoiled through cooking in a fat that is not hot enough than in a fat that is too hot.

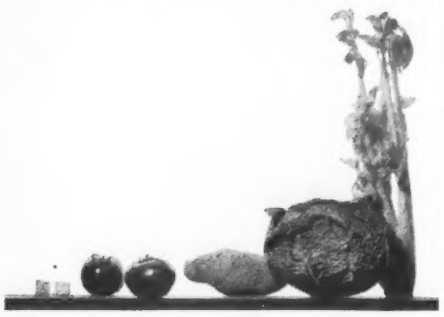
	Bread Test 1 in. cube (Seconds)	*Temperature (Fahrenheit)*
Oysters, small fish, fish cakes, croquettes, cooked foods generally	40	390
Doughnuts, fritters, uncooked mixtures	60	360 to 370
Chops, cutlets	30 to 60	360 to 400
French fried potatoes . .	40	395

Snowdrift is altered so little by heating that if you are careful not to burn it and will strain out all the crumbs of fried food, you can use it over and over again for frying different things. It does not absorb flavor or odor.

That's all there is to frying—correct frying temperatures and a correct fat — Snowdrift. Try this combination, and you'll find that your fried foods are more wholesome and delicious than they've ever been before . . .

May we send you the Snowdrift recipe book? Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

"STEERO" SECRETS



Make
ANY VEGETABLE
a main course dish

MOTHERS won't have to say "Please eat your vegetables!" once they enlist the savory services of magic "STEERO" bouillon cubes. Then spinach, tomatoes, potatoes, carrots—yes, baked beans, too—tempt tardy appetites with a new deliciousness. So acceptable that any vegetable may now be served as the main course. And so easy to use—just dissolve in hot water—and your magic flavoring is ready to transform any dish.

Bertha M. Becker's new cook book, "101 New Dishes," tells you how easy it is to prepare 101 new dishes—salads, meats, egg dishes, appetizers—even sandwich spreads. And if you're clever, these recipes will whisper new ways to add a delightful flavor to your own special dishes. We'll send you this book, also samples of the wonder cubes free. The coupon awaits your name and address.

"101
New Dishes" and samples
of "STEERO" bouillon cubes
FREE

"STEERO" bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.

American Kitchen Products Co. L.H.J.-3
281 Water Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE_____

This offer not good in Canada

Let the Clearing House Solve Your Problems

THERE are many pesky, troublesome little things that come up in the course of everyday living. Take safety matches, now. Few things can be more wearing to the temper. At times I have rubbed thirty of them along the side of the box. Fifteen sputtered weakly and died; the other fifteen completely lost their heads. Again, I have unwarily picked up a box of safety matches endways and had the box fall out of the cover, and the matches scatter over twenty square feet of kitchen floor, so that I had to crawl ignominiously after them.

In the end, such experiences lead to apoplexy. But I was resigned to the fact that these things were in the nature of safety matches, as much to be expected as rain on the day of the picnic.

I had my eyes opened when I read the JOURNAL Clearing House leaflet on Safety Matches. This changed the course of my life, as far as matches are concerned. I realized that there are perfect safety matches; that I could easily avoid what I had regarded as one of the necessary evils of life; that all I needed to do was to get the right brand, made by a company that lived up to the standards of the Bureau of Standards given in this leaflet.

Valuable Heating Advice

ALTHOUGH I have not a warm-air heating system, there is one bit of advice in Professor Willard's Clearing House leaflet that I took to heart and adopted.

"No heating plant of any type can successfully heat a leaky house in cold, windy weather," says he. "Many an unsatisfactory heating plant would be a complete success if the house was merely made reasonably tight against air leakage."

It struck me that our house, on a windy hilltop, was a regular air sieve. I got some calking compound and an effective little gun that shoots it out in a fascinating ribbon. With this I calked up every crack under the roof and around the window and door frames. I got a complete set of storm sash and three kinds of weather stripping.

There is a new, inexpensive brass weather strip on the market, by the way. I put up the storm sash and weather-stripped every inch of it, and also the doors.

Presto! The northwest rooms, that we could not live in during howling winter days, became snug and cozy. The oil burner in our hot-water boiler goes on about half as often as it used to, with a saving in fuel that will soon pay for the storm sash. My thanks to Professor Willard!

This leaflet, by the way, is invaluable to anyone who has or contemplates getting a warm-air heating plant.

The old hot-air furnaces got a rather bad name a few years back. Yet they were good, and the manufacturers knew it. One of the chief troubles was that a warm-air system was usually installed either by the man of the house or by the local plumber. With due respect to both, they could not always qualify as heating engineers.

The manufacturers got together and financed a research program at the University of Illinois. They wanted to find out exactly how a warm-air plant should be installed to do its stuff. The investigation lasted for years and cost some hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Professor Willard, who was in charge of the work, has put down the results in his Clearing House leaflet.

Linoleum Specifications

GOOD linoleum is a long-time investment. You might as well get the real thing, as a good manufacturer makes it.

One of the Clearing House leaflets gives the specifications used by the United States Government in the purchase of linoleum. It covers the several types of genuine linoleum—battleship, plain, inlaid, printed.

Here are some distinctions made clear by the leaflet:

"In the plain, jaspé, granite and inlaid linoleum the colors and design are in the mix and extend through to the burlap. In the printed linoleum the base is plain linoleum, usually brown in color, upon which designs or patterns in color are printed or stamped. The lines between the designs in straight-line linoleum are distinct and true, whereas those in molded inlaid are somewhat wavy or broken."

What is genuine linoleum? I find from this leaflet that it consists of "oxidized linseed oil, fossil or other resins, and rosin, intimately mixed with ground cork and pigments and pressed on a burlap backing."

It is important that this mixture, linoleum, be thoroughly seasoned. A ready test for this, says the leaflet, is to make a clean cut at an angle of about 45 degrees. In light battleship, and in plain, inlaid and printed linoleum, there should be no marked difference in color or grain between the outer edges and the center. In medium battleship a fifth of the thickness, and in heavy battleship a third, may show some difference in color.

In battleship linoleum the burlap back is unpainted; in the others it is painted red—thoroughly enough "so that no uncoated burlap shows."

Good linoleum, again, should not crack when it is bent back in a half-circle of a size suited to the thickness of the sample.

How to Buy Intelligently

ON OCCASION, the less you know about an egg the better. It is sometimes well not to pry too closely into its past. The confessions of an egg might be harrowing. On the other hand, when you are getting eggs for your own breakfast table, you do not need to take a chance.

The JOURNAL Clearing House leaflet on Eggs brings you up-to-date on a subject as old as the Pyramids. I have never eaten an archæological egg, but one or two had a taint of the Bronze Age. This leaflet gives the United States standards of quality and the tentative retail grades worked out by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in coöperation with the egg trade.

Do you like eggs fit for the queen's taste? "The highest quality egg is a U. S. Special. Such eggs are suited especially for soft boiling, poaching, or for use in a semiraw or raw state."

However, it is not always easy to get U. S. Specials. U. S. Extras "are next to the highest quality and represent the best grade of table-quality eggs ordinarily obtainable at retail stores. They are suitable for all table purposes, including dishes in which delicacy of flavor is important.

Where any slight defect of flavor is to be concealed by a beauty patch of bacon or otherwise, U. S. Standards are satisfactory.

Finally, for cooking and baking you can use U. S. Trades.

With such information, the consumer is able to buy intelligently. A hotel purchaser gets what he wants because he knows exactly what to look for and ask for. The information in the Clearing House leaflets already printed and forthcoming—on butter, for example, American cheese, fresh vegetables, fruits, dressed poultry, meats—gives the housewife the advantages of the professional purchaser.

Clearing House Leaflets

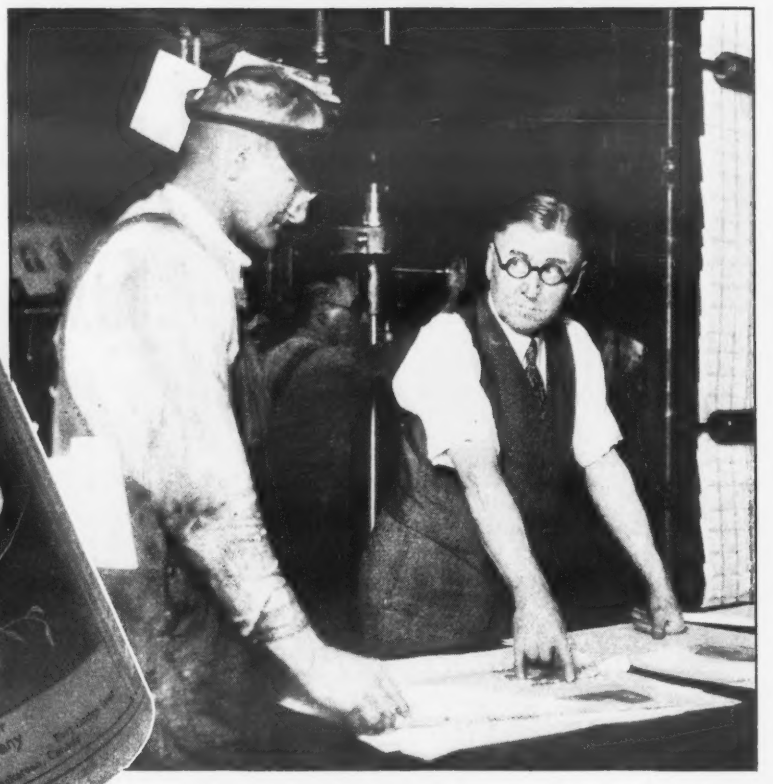
THE following leaflets are issued by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Consumer Information—all of them from authoritative Government, state-college or research-laboratory sources:

200. Refrigerators.
201. Gas Appliances.
202. Fresh Vegetables.
203. Brushes and Brooms for Cleaning.
205. Warm-Air Heating Plants.
206. Flexible Electric Cords.
207. Lighting the Home.
208. Beds and Bedding.
*209. Animal Products.
*210. Vegetable Products.
*211. Condiments, Beverages and Miscellaneous.
212. Fruits.
213. Eggs.
214. Linoleum.
215. Mercerized Goods.
216. Soap.
217. Safety Matches.
218. Dressed Poultry.
219. Miscellaneous Provisions.
220. Butter.
221. American Cheese.

Please check the ones you want, inclose a two-cent stamp for each, and send to Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Leaflets 209, 210 and 211 include the definitions and standards for food products set up by the Food, Drug and Insecticide Administration of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Miss Ruth H. Johnston in her New York shop where she designs modernistic furniture. She is an advocate of Quaker Oats as a breakfast to "go on" all morning long.



A. Rassow, press foreman, and George Flint, mechanical superintendent of the Chicago Evening Post, are Quaker Oats enthusiasts. They recognize the need of a good hot breakfast that "stands by" you.

No other oatmeal can compare with the *zestful, savory flavor of* Quaker Oats

America does its most important work . . . 70% of it! . . . in the morning hours, say business leaders. They urge the necessity of the right kind of a breakfast to provide "energy that lasts all morning long."

Mary France Littleton, a leader in class studies and in playground activities. "Mary starts every day with a breakfast of Quaker Oats," writes Mrs. Littleton.

BREAKFAST is your most important meal, according to leading American business executives. For, they say, no matter what your business . . . you do 70% of your entire day's output in the hours before noon.

No breakfast compares with Quaker Oats for its luscious, savory flavor . . . its energy that lasts all morning long. For Quaker is not "just oatmeal." It is not even made of ordinary oats. Quaker uses only the choice, plump, full-flavored oats. Next, Quaker roasts these choice flavory oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness.

Why Quaker has richer flavor

This pre-cooking by roasting makes Quaker the fastest cooking of all oats. But it does more. It gives Quaker that fresh, nut-sweet, real oat flavor that only roasting in open ovens can give.

Most important of all, the famous Quaker milling process retains every bit of the vital part of the oat—where nature stores her richest vitamins, her health-building minerals, her most precious proteins. Quaker is 16% protein. Every living cell in the body is continually demanding protein for repair of wornout nerves and muscles. Quaker contains 50% more of the protective food than white flour . . . twice as much as cornmeal.

65% of Quaker Oats is energy food. It provides, too, rich iron to build good red blood—vitamin B to promote health—plus the roughage that makes laxatives unnecessary. Quaker Oats is unsurpassed for rich nutrition, for perfect food balance.

For lasting morning energy

Thus, for energy to tackle the morning's work, for a most important breakfast that "stands by" through the 4 hours of the day, millions eat Quaker Oats. Your grocer has both the Regular and the Quick Quaker, that cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes. . . . Insist on "Quaker," the oat with finer flavor . . . richer nutrition.

Always look for the Quaker figure and the Quaker name on the package, as illustrated above. They are your guarantee of superior flavor and unsurpassed nutrition millions have learned to recognize in Quaker Oats.

Quaker is the supreme fast cooking oat

1 *Fastest* of all quick-cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

2 *"Most nutritious* of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

3 *Health qualities unsurpassed*—16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 *Richer flavor.* Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Here's a delicious treat—*Aunt Jemima's Pancakes!* And *Quaker Egg Noodles*—made with real eggs. Just as Quaker Oats are richer, finer—so all Quaker products are superior. If you do not agree—we will gladly remit the cost of the package. This is your guarantee of superior quality whenever you buy a Quaker product.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Oats . . . two kinds . . . at your grocer's

It is not only quiet now . . . but will remain quiet *always*

because all the machinery is sealed up tight, hermetically sealed ...and permanently oiled

What a lot of claims you hear these days about quiet refrigerators! Almost *any* good refrigerator is quiet—when it is new. But how are you going to pick the one that will *remain* quiet?

Step into a General Electric showroom, and your question will be answered *forever*. There you will see how quietly a General Electric Refrigerator may be expected to run in your own home—not merely for a week or two, but *always*.

On top of each General Electric Refrigerator you will see a round steel casing scarcely bigger than a hat box. Within that casing there is sealed the entire mechanism that will operate the General Electric Refrigerator for *years*—quietly, economically, dependably—without a thought or worry.

And sealed up with it is a *permanent* oil supply, which assures you of that same smooth quietness, that faultless operation, that utterly dependable service *always*. Dirt, that causes wear and noise, is shut outside forever. Moisture, rust—the beginnings of breakdowns and repairs—can never get within. General Electric mechanism is sealed up tight—*hermetically* sealed—not only against noise, but against trouble and expense.

For descriptive booklet, and our easy terms, write Section J-3, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

• • •

OF THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF OWNERS, *NOT ONE* HAS PAID A CENT FOR SERVICE!

Quietness is just ONE advantage

READ THESE OTHERS

1. All machinery hermetically sealed in one steel casing and PERMANENTLY oiled.
2. Low running cost—a few cents a day.
3. An accessible freezing regulator.
4. An all-steel, warp-proof cabinet.
5. Sanitary, all-porcelain chilling chamber.
6. Food storage area most spacious.
7. Mounted on legs—easy to clean.
8. Electrical, therefore modern.
9. Backed by the most comprehensive guarantee ever given a refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Remedies for the Housewife's Fatigue

By ABRAHAM MYERSON, M.D.
Author of The Nervous Housewife

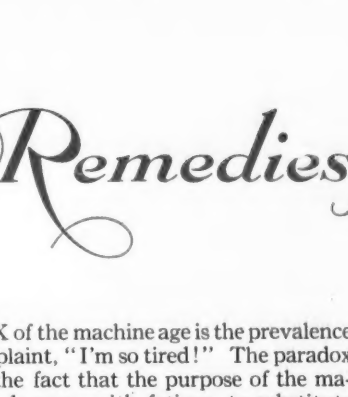
A PARADOX of the machine age is the prevalence of the complaint, "I'm so tired!" The paradox resides in the fact that the purpose of the machine is to do away with fatigue, to substitute for straining, groaning sinews the geared-up power of its metallic limbs. The machine speeds us in a whirring hum to the ends of the world; we converse with friends across oceans, and a child can manipulate the power of a thousand men by the switch of a lever. Even chores are disappearing—those petty tasks which fritter away time and energy. I can sit in my living room and regulate with a button a roaring fire in my cellar so that its heat is graded to my need. And in the kitchen this clean heat is paralleled by the clean cold of mechanical refrigeration.

Why, then, should the cry, "I'm so tired," come from so many whose physical burden is only a fragment of that of their ancestors? Why should the housewife of modern America, with her small family and the many convenient aids to her work, be so painfully vocal in the orchestra of fatigue? It cannot be actual physical fatigue, for her weariness has a different quality from that which comes from hard, straining work.

The fatigue which comes from substantial physical or mental work is not unpleasant, even though body and mind ache a bit at the end of the day. There is in it something which foretells a pleasant rest and a renewing of energy; there is a promise of sound sleep in the tired muscles; and there is a restful satisfaction in the reflection, "Well, I have a right to be tired; I've worked hard."

But the fatigue I have in mind starts with the moment one wakes from sleep, and indeed is often at its height when one arises in the morning—it hangs on like a low-lying mist, pervading everything, lifting perhaps now and then, so as to release life's energy and gladness, and, inexplicably, again weighting down activity.

One can struggle against it; one does struggle against it, but work seems hideously hard, and tasks are too stupid to be borne. The face feels as if the skin were drawn too tight, and there is a feeling around the eyes which makes one curiously conscious of their every rotation. Worst of all, enthusiasm ebbs low; the finer, higher reaches of emotion seem unreal; and life itself has a drag to it, like a car with its brakes partly set.



A mother's attitude toward her children was relatively simple.

"I feel" said a housewife of thirty, "as I think the very old must feel, except that I rebel with a young heart while they, I hope, accept things."

There is in this nervous fatigue no promise of a good night's rest, and no compensating sense of achievement. It may be a minor ailment in the sense that it does not shorten one's days—but it is a major ailment in that its poisonous effects kill joy and add to the sum total of human misery. Nor is the suffering confined to the victim herself.

That Tired Feeling

TAKE the average husband of the average wife so afflicted. He is in a state of pitiable perplexity. "What in the world," said he, with more than a touch of impatience disturbing his obvious effort to sympathize, "makes you so everlastingly tired? You don't work hard. Take my mother, for instance ——" And then the eternal comparison of one generation with another.

What does make the modern woman so tired? There is a fatigue which men rarely appreciate in the thousand and one little things that the housewife has to do in the everlasting battle to bring up the children properly, in the picking up and straightening up, in planning meals, in the marketing and shopping which now form so large a part of woman's life. But the older generation had more children, usually more

PHOTOS. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

They who can sleep well, can live well and fight well.

rooms in the house, fewer appliances to do with, much longer hours of work.

It is no longer true of the housewife I have in mind that she works from early morning to late at night. She has time for the club life, the lecture and bridge; she reads more books and goes to more plays than her mother ever dreamed of.

It is in the changed pressure of civilization and the demands the housewife makes of life herself, it is in her whole mental attitude that we find the source of her complaint, "I'm so tired."

What is this changed pressure of civilization? It is the pressure of new stimuli, crowding in more than ever before in the world's history, incessantly bombarding the human being who is not equipped by nature with enough means for working off the excitement engendered.

Take, for example, the electric light, for which we so justly honor a great American. It turns night into day, but though this is a benefit in many ways we pay this heavy price for it—we put off sleep and rest as a result.

Night comes, the housewife is tired, and did she follow her natural inclination she would go to bed and to sleep, early in the evening. Instead, seeking the excitement and pleasure which our social organization makes accessible mostly at night, she rouses her energy, and sleep and rest are forced aside for the theater, the bridge party, the lecture, the visit to friends and whatever else you please.

But sleep comes quickest and is most refreshing when wooed with gentle drowsiness, it is meant for the *avoidance* of destructive fatigue, not for its *cure*. The excitement of the evening does not shake off well; it reverberates and lingers tenaciously; and finally things come to this pass, that the mechanism by which we shut off our thoughts and feelings, by which we exclude the sights and sounds of the world, stops working, and we lie awake tortured by our whizzing mind and our quivering senses.

Most night-life is excitement-life.

I am expressing only a fragment of the importance which I believe the subject merits when I devote a paragraph or two to sleep.

Sleep is to be classed with food and sex as one of the three great biological activities. Sleep repairs the damage of living; perhaps most important of all, it takes away the great burden of consciousness and especially self-consciousness.

They who can sleep well, can live well and fight well; they who cannot, have to face themselves when they long for self-oblivion, and operate through their day with but a narrow reserve of energy. All exciting night activities imperil sleep—the more surely as most night-life is excitement-life.

But I am more interested in the changed attitude of the housewife toward herself and her work as responsible for her fatigue. The woman of today is more sensitive to the difficulties of life largely because she expects more from it. She has grown more individualistic, and while she is glad to be Mrs. John X, she wants to be what she calls her own self as much as if she never married. This cannot be, even for those who successfully combine a career and domesticity. There ensues for the unadjusted woman a corroding dissatisfaction, an outward product of which is fatigue.

Obtaining Contentment

BUT even the women to whom marriage and the home are fully acceptable bring to the home problems a finickiness, and an overemphasis bound to wear them down. Take the modern reaction to the children.

There was a time when a mother's attitude toward her children was relatively simple. She fed and bathed them, nursed them when sick, spanked them when they were what she called bad, and rewarded them when they were "good." Spinach had not yet been elevated into divinity, and so there was no fierce battle over the child's rejection of the tasteless. Freud had not yet corroded the delight of the infant's attachment to the mother nor the mother's joy in the child, and Watson had not yet destroyed the self-esteem of the mother by making her worse than worthless in her own eyes. Children, in short, were not problems, and a childish habit did not engender the most direful fears for the child's future.

Women have become increasingly finicky as they have grown increasingly accustomed to the better things.

In the multitude of conflicting counsels the modern mother finds herself confused—spanking versus moral suasion, freedom versus discipline, and the dozen and one shibboleths throw her into an obsession of doubt. The worst of the matter is this: When a child knows what to expect of his parent his life is as simple as the code by which he is governed, but when he does not know what his mother will do, he hardly knows what to do himself.

Finickiness is the overemphasis of the trivial, a fantastic belief that a spot on the tablecloth destroys the value of good food. Women have become increasingly finicky as they have grown increasingly accustomed to the better things. They have come to balance their satisfactions on too narrow an edge and the least imperfection outweighs the whole. For she who vexes herself over the little shortcomings of husband, children, home, and herself, keeps herself in a jellylike tremor which destroys energy and joy.

What are the remedies for this fatigue, or rather how may it be prevented, since here as elsewhere prevention is not only better, but easier than cure?

First, proper habits in regard to rest and sleep are necessary. One can't be a hermit, but one can cherish the quiet evenings at home and the early bedtime.

And this about the children: There is a widespread trend toward normal adjustment, in physical illness and in character development. Children, normal children, find their own way to normal maturity, helped indeed by wise parents, but not, thank heaven, dependent in any large measure upon them. A simple code, an easy tolerance, with reward and punishment, praise and blame as its backbone will work where an elaborate psychology fails.

Contentment, contentment! How to obtain it, in a striving world, where women compete in looks, in fineness of homes, in knowledge of books, and in everything else. It must come from a deep realization that there are great values and little ones, and that one must cling to the former and not overrate the latter.

Perhaps I might add that a wise and sympathetic husband is the best tonic of all for the tired housewife, just as the opposite type hurts her energy. But this is written for the woman, who must, in any case, find her own way to a philosophy which holds her firm and strong.

Four more of the very latest *Whole-Family* desserts...

AND THERE'S A BOOKFUL OF THEM!

TURN over in your own mind the qualities you would demand for an *ideal* dessert!

Appetite appeal? That means delicious flavor . . . pleasing texture . . . lovely coloring . . . soft sparkle.

Wholesomeness? That means *easy to digest* and *equally* good for everybody . . . ages three to seventy-three.

Ease and speed of preparation? And that means a little more of that precious leisure for you.

Inexpensiveness? And that always means an extra blessing to every efficient home manager.

Do these Minute Tapioca creations fulfill the qualifications? *Try them! There's your answer.*

Fruitaroon Minute Tapioca, with lingering fragrance of blended macaroon and apricot, is a particular lure to widely travelled palates.

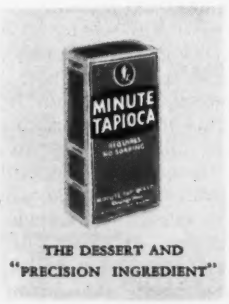
St. Clement's Tapioca, so creamily fusing the refreshing tang of orange and lemon, is the new discovery of a dreamer-cook. It takes all of 20 minutes to make.

Fig Tapioca, with a fluff of whipped cream to set off its bronze sparkle, is mellow with ripe sweetness.

Minute Tapioca Peach Delight is all its name implies . . . *plus!* Luscious and frothy . . . delicate in tone and texture . . . rays of tapioca twinkling in its depths.

Yet, with all their beauty and deliciousness, these happen to be four of the most *inexpensive* desserts to be made with Minute Tapioca.

No other dessert ingredient offers such marked economies of time and labor. For Minute Tapioca requires no soaking and the cooking is only a matter of minutes.



THE DESSERT AND
"PRECISION INGREDIENT"

ST. CLEMENT'S TAPIOCA CREAM

4½ tablespoons Minute Tapioca
3 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
1 egg, slightly beaten
Grated rinds of ¼ lemon and ¼ orange
1 orange and 1 lemon, sections free from membrane and drained
⅔ cup sugar

Add Minute Tapioca, sugar, and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Pour small amount of mixture slowly over egg, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened. Remove from fire and add grated lemon and orange rinds. Cool. For sauce, boil fruit juices and sugar together 3 minutes. Add orange and lemon sections, and cook 3 minutes longer. Chill. Serve pudding in sherbet glasses, pouring small amount of sauce over each serving, just before it is served. Serves 8.

MINUTE TAPIOCA PEACH DELIGHT

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup peach juice, fresh or canned
1 cup orange juice
½ cup water
⅓ cup sugar
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon lemon juice
6 halves peaches, fresh or canned, forced through sieve
1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Add Minute Tapioca, salt, and fruit juices to water. Cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Pour small amount of tapioca mixture over egg yolk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook 3 to 4 minutes longer, or until thickened. Remove from fire. Add butter, lemon juice, and peach pulp. Cool. Fold in egg white. Chill. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.

See page 7—page 12—of the new cook-book for the other recipes.

Besides a host of sparkling desserts for every day in the month, "A Cook's Tour with Minute Tapioca" is filled with remarkable "precision ingredient" recipes that take the doubt out of all sorts of difficult dishes. Omelets and souffles that stay wonderfully light; *non-crumbling* meat loaves and croquettes; berry pies with juices that never soak through and ruin crusts. A valuable book for you. Mail the coupon today!

FILL IN COMPLETELY – PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

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MINUTE TAPIOCA

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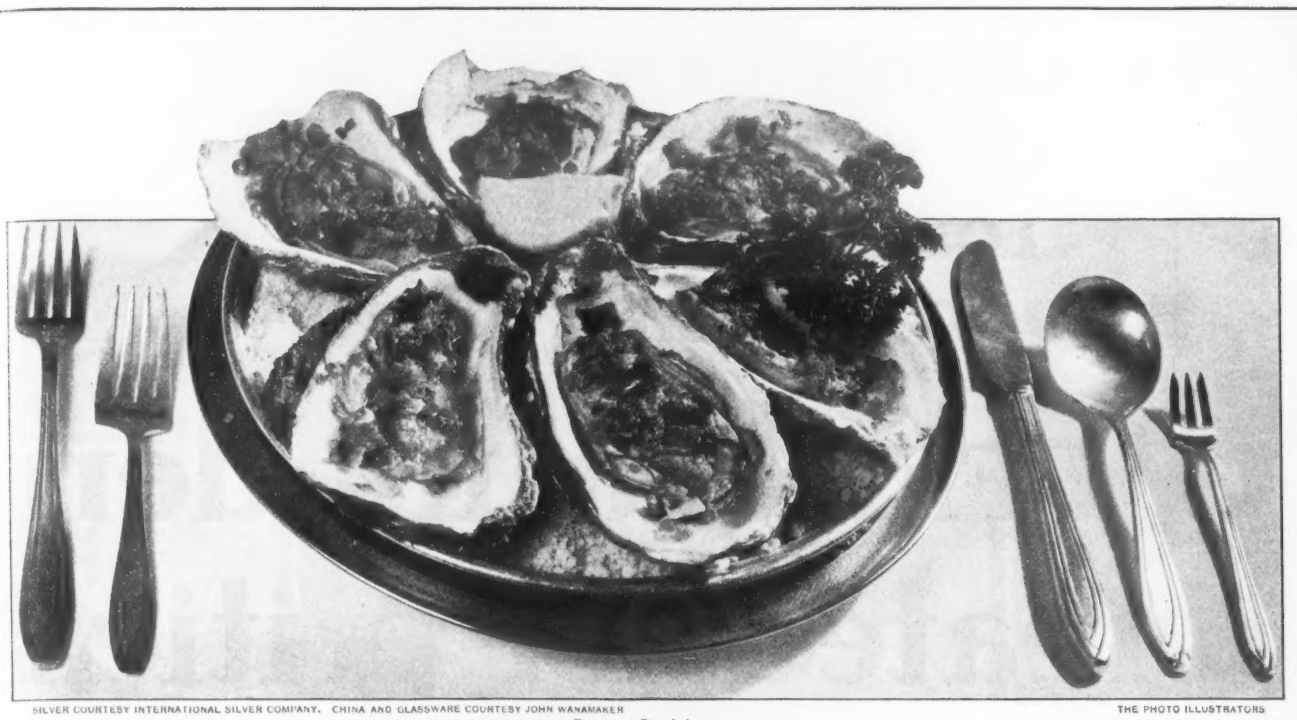


SILVER COURTESY INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY. CHINA AND GLASSWARE COURTESY JOHN WANAMAKER THE PHOTO ILLUSTRATORS

Oysters Louisiana.

The Versatile Oyster

By CAROLINE B. KING

THE man who first ate an oyster was a brave fellow, according to Dean Jonathan Swift, but to the man who first discovered the lusciousness and gustatory qualities of this same unimportant looking bivalve and broadcast the news to an eager world, our gratitude is due. Who the man was, whose courage or hunger impelled him to make his dinner off an oyster, will be forever shrouded in mystery, but it is a well-authenticated fact that one Athenæus, a Greek scholar and grammarian of the third century A.D., first set down in writing and afterward published in fifteen weighty volumes a treatise on dinner-table dialogue which, interspersed with literary criticism and extracts from the poets, contained much cookery lore pertaining to the oyster, at that time in high favor with the Greeks and Romans. It is said that the great Plato himself invented a recipe or two for preparing the oyster and was also active in causing the establishment of great oyster beds in the blue waters adjacent to Italian shores.

And then, strangely enough, after centuries of popularity, the oyster and most of the literature regarding it disappeared. When great banquets were prepared it had no place on the menus, scholars ceased to mention it in their writings, chefs to demand it for their cookery, and finally it was quite forgotten. Later, much later, centuries later, the oyster appeared again off the coast of Great Britain and France and came into a more lasting popularity.

Healthful

NOW, thanks to science, it is not at all likely to go out of fashion or existence again, for its cultivation is not left to chance or to the whims of philosophers, but has become a serious business enterprise. The oyster crop of the United States alone is more than twenty-five million bushels annually.

It would be interesting to learn how those old Greeks and Romans ate their oysters, but that is scarcely possible; of one thing we may be sure, however, and that is that though they knew little or nothing of our popular stews and fries and scallops and cocktails, they certainly did inaugurate the fashion of the oyster on the half shell served with the juice of fresh lemons from their groves.

It was left for modern science to determine the healthfulness and food value of the oyster, and to the modern chefs and culinary experts to invent ways for its preparation.

Compared with other foods, the oyster has a very high content of iron available to the body. Being more than eight-tenths water and low in protein, fat and carbohydrate makes the oyster desirable in a reducing diet.

There is a popular belief that oysters should be eaten only in the months which contain an R in their names. The reason for this lies in the fact that oysters begin their spawning season in May and continue through August and, therefore, they are not at their best at this time; but canned oysters, which are entirely wholesome, may be eaten all the year round, as they are packed fresh at the season when they are at their best.

Fresh oysters in bulk may be had in almost every section of the country now, for, packed in containers and surrounded by quantities of ice, they are shipped to all parts of the country.

A Deserved Popularity

ONCE the Blue Point oyster was the most popular variety for serving raw, then Lynnhaven, Rockaway, Saddle Rock and others, each name denoting the section from which the oysters came; now, however, these names merely mean the size of the oyster, Blue Point being a small, plump, finely flavored oyster for serving on the half shell or in cocktails, and Saddle Rock a very large oyster, popular with some persons for serving on the half shell, and excellent for frying. Oysters may be purchased either by the pint or quart or by the dozen or hundred, as one may prefer.

Oyster Cocktail Service.

OYSTER COCKTAILS have almost superseded raw oysters on the half shell because the cocktail is amenable to so many variations and changes. The simplest form of cocktail is made by adding one finely chopped pimiento and one green pepper—also finely chopped—with a teaspoonful of grated onion to a cupful of tomato catchup, adding salt, pepper and paprika to taste with a very little horse-radish or two drops of tabasco sauce. This quantity will be sufficient for two dozen Blue Point oysters, or four cocktails. Serve deviled crackers with the cocktails. Make these by spreading small square salt crackers with a paste of one tablespoonful of butter, one quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, and salt and paprika to taste. Place crackers in a hot oven for five minutes before serving.

(Continued on Page 137)

Choose a CLICQUOT To Suit Your Taste

THERE are three kinds . . . three delightful flavors of this rich, mellow old ginger ale. Unless you have tried all three, you may not realize how each finds its own place in your home.

GOLDEN has the spirited, zestful, gingery tang that so many people prefer. Full-flavored and appetizing . . . with quick energy in its dancing bubbles. Especially good for children.

PALE DRY is milder and more delicate, with its fruit flavorings more apparent to the taste. Excellently suited to blend in the many recipe drinks for which ginger ale is used.

SEC is extra dry. A "supreme" ginger ale with a delicate and distinctive flavor all its own. Piquant . . . Refreshing . . . Delightful. Perfectly blended to blend perfectly.

All three of them are made of the purest ingredients and aged 6 months in the making to achieve mellow flavor. Doubly carbonated to make their "pep" last longer. And then put only into brand-new bottles as a final guarantee of purity. No bottle is ever used a second time. You really must try each of these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales to find the one that best suits your taste . . . your mood . . . the occasion.

AGED 6 MONTHS IN THE MAKING

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Sparkling Radio Entertainment every Friday evening at 9 p. m., from WEAF, New York.*

AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO EVERY LOVER OF GOOD COFFEE

A NEW COFFEE ~ a modern coffee ~ created for critical 20th century tastes ~ ~

Look around you! On every side you see a picture of a new age—an age of new desires—and new achievements.

The luxuries of our grandparents are the necessities of today. We ask for new and finer things—with an impatience, and a discrimination, never equalled before in history.

For such an age, and for its critical tastes, DEL MONTE Coffee was created

—a coffee, we believe, better than any coffee ever blended before—a coffee flavor that only modern resources and modern scientific care could have produced—a coffee richness and aroma in tune with this modern age itself.

The Story of a Better Coffee

For many years, DEL MONTE has brought you food products of finer flavor. The quality and dependability of DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables have given them more friends than any other canned fruit or vegetable label on the market.

We were willing to put DEL MONTE Coffee on your table only if it came up to the same high quality in its own field.

We analyzed, tested and re-tested every leading brand of coffee on the market. We said "DEL MONTE must equal the best of these. If possible it must be an even finer, truer coffee flavor. It must meet modern, critical tastes."

With this ideal, we put the full resources and experience of the DEL MONTE organization behind this new blend. We enlisted the knowledge and skill of coffee specialists, long trained in creating and improving flavor.

Backed by the best traditions of the past—but hampered by no old prejudices or out-worn habits—these men have created a brand new quality standard in coffee—a truly modern coffee for modern tastes—the coffee you would expect DEL MONTE to put on your table.

It is a blend of the finest coffees it is possible to buy—premium coffees from the premium coffee districts of the world—mature, full-bodied coffees that deliver true coffee flavor in every cup.

Lift DEL MONTE Coffee to your lips. Revel in its rich aroma and full-bodied goodness. Here, at last, is a friendly coffee—a coffee to start your busiest day—a coffee you will be proud to serve to any guest—a coffee flavor to match your most critical, twentieth-century mood.

As Fresh as the Day it was Roasted

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in our own modern vacuum tin—always fresh as the day it was roasted.

Ordinary containers would not do. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting the flavor of DEL MONTE Coffee to risk losing any part of it! And in any but an air-proof package the volatile, aromatic coffee oils that give this new coffee so much of its finer flavor and aroma would quickly be lost. Enjoy the fine fragrance that rises the instant you open the can. Coffee as fresh—as rich in flavor—as the moment the vacuum process sealed it for you fresh from the roasting.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

DEL MONTE COFFEE

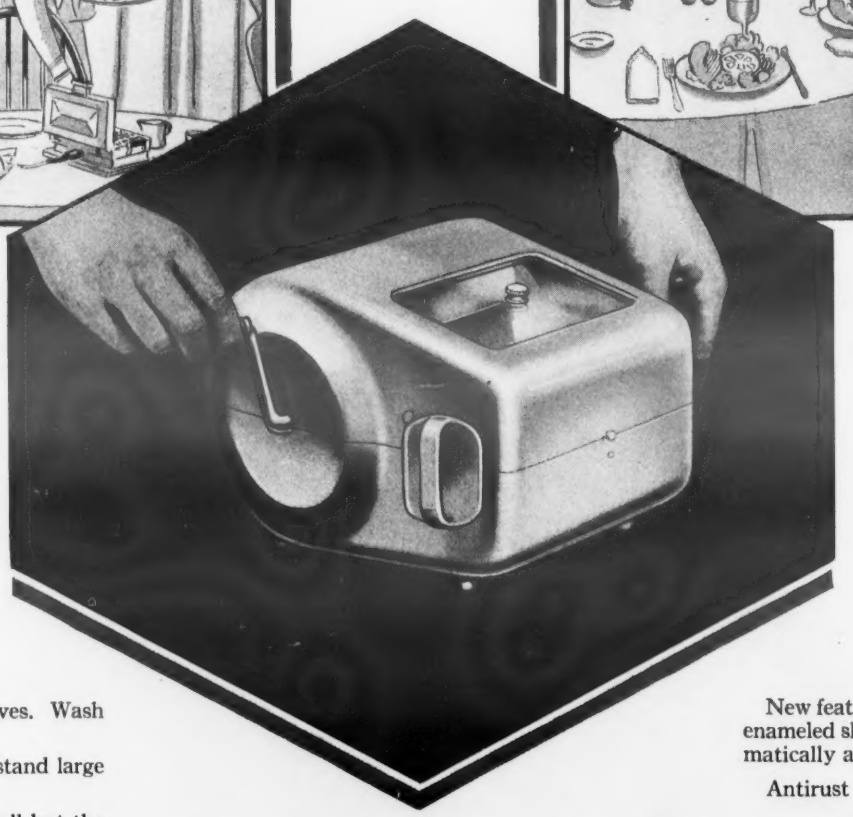
Over a hundred Del Monte FOOD PRODUCTS *delicious varieties*

A modern coffee for modern tastes

Always fresh
IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

What's New?

What the Modern Homemaker Wants to Know



Discoveries and inventions from laboratories of research and from various manufacturers.

HOME Refrigeration of Fresh Vegetables is the title of a recent bulletin prepared by the National Association of Ice Industries. The following are some of the suggestions, much condensed:

Like flowers, most vegetables contain a very large amount of water and, when exposed to warm, dry air, soon wilt, causing a loss in texture and flavor. The way to keep fresh vegetables in prime eating condition in the home is to place them in a refrigerator, where the temperature and amount of moisture may be regulated.

A glass salad jar, having a wide top and cover of glass, used without a rubber ring, is very satisfactory for the storage of one or several at a time. Have just a film of water on the bottom of the jar. Vegetables vary somewhat in their requirements for good keeping.

ASPARAGUS. Cut off dried ends of stalks and, still tied in bunches, set the ends in a shallow dish containing an inch of water, and keep at temperature of 50° to 55° F.

CABBAGE. Remove outside leaves if dirty or wilted, and store on top shelf. Keep cut surface covered with paraffin paper.

CARROTS. Remove tops, scrub clean and store on upper shelf.

CAULIFLOWER. Remove most of protecting leaves. Wash in cold water. Wrap in paraffin paper.

CELERY. Place hearts of celery in salad jar; stand large stalks in water as with asparagus.

CORN. If it cannot be cooked at once, remove all but the innermost pale yellow wrappings and most of the silk.

CUCUMBER. Keep in salad jar, even if cut.

LETTUCE. Is more delicate than most garden flowers. Hold full heads upside down under cold water and let a gentle stream run all through them. Shake free of excess water, leave whole, store in salad jar. Red marks, due to actual contact between ice and lettuce, cause rapid breakdown of leaf. Avoid actual contact with ice, even with paper or cloth between. Use same care for romaine, endive and escarole.

PARSLEY. Tie stems in neat bunch, wet whole with cold water, place, leaves uppermost, in jar in refrigerator.

RADISHES. Remove tops, wash, shake off excess water, keep in covered jar.

SPINACH. Buy crisp and fresh, keep in salad jar or heavy paper bag and do not wash until just before it is to be cooked.

TOMATOES. Store on upper shelves.

TOYS and play materials for the young child need not be expensive. Ingenuity and a play spirit are good substitutes for a full purse. Many a favorite toy has been produced from the ordinary materials around the home. Cigar boxes with lids nailed down tight make excellent building blocks. Fair-sized cigar boxes may be treasure chests in which the young collector can horde the old lock, empty spools, shells, pretty pebbles, buttons, odd keys, nails, little pill boxes, and all the other queer homely objects which hold such fascination for children.

Nothing delights the toddler more than a tin coffee can—the tall kind with rounded edges, so that it does not cut the tiny fingers. Such a can holds many possibilities. Pieces of tile or nails make a pleasing clatter when dropped into it. Poker chips are fun combined with such a can. With an oblong hole in the top through which to push the chips so that they fall with a clink, the child can occupy himself happily for long periods. Another combination of this sort is the coffee can and ordinary clothespins. It is a fascinating occupation to place these pins all around the top of the can.

Clothespins are useful for many other types of play. They make interesting building materials for log cabins, bridges, fences, or whatever the growing fancy of the child wishes to make of them. They can be converted into dolls to function with other block play—clothespin people to inhabit the play houses, to ride the toy auto, and generally to fill the need for rough-and-tumble, nonbreakable play people even more satisfactorily than will too finished and dainty dolls.

Alphabet blocks are in the discard for young children as far as modern educators are concerned. Plain wooden blocks of various shapes and sizes are much more suitable. These can be purchased at all prices and can even be culled from the mill ends so often used for kindling wood. The more regular pieces of kindling can be sandpapered into very useful blocks, and even the sandpapering can be a task in which a young child can participate most happily.

Too much in the way of finished, perfected playthings stifles the child's imagination. The child is content with a rough form, and supplies the details from his imagination. It is the adult lacking the fertile imagination of the child who demands the finished toy.

—Rachel Stutsman, Merrill-Palmer School.

A new invention makes ice cream or sherbets at the rate of one pint every thirty seconds. A gallon of homemade ice cream can be frozen every four minutes.

The machine consists of an outer casing and a hollow freezer roller. This roller is filled with ice cubes or cracked ice and rock salt and sealed tightly. The ice-cream mixture is poured into the casing and the roller turned slowly. In a few seconds a film of ice cream freezes on the roller and is automatically scraped off into a receiving tray. In thirty seconds the entire pint is frozen and ready to be eaten or stored until needed. This operation can be repeated as often as required, as the freezing solution in the roller is sufficient for freezing a gallon of ice cream. Complete and compact, it requires only small storage space.

—General Electric "Gardner Freezer."

A cocktail thoroughly chilled and having all its piquant flavor undiluted by chipped ice is possible now if an attractive individual service in glass lately put on the market is used. The ice compartment is a squat goblet and the cocktail portion fits down in the top of this. It is available in rose, green and amber. *—Cambridge Glass.*

An electric Waf-fil baker bakes waffles in new hollowed-out shapes that can be filled with fruit, dessert mixtures, creamed vegetables or meats.

—Swartzbough Manufacturing Company.

New features of the residence incinerator are the porcelain-enameled slam-proof doors in color. The door is closed automatically and silently. *—Kerner Incinerator Company.*

Antirust covers are now supplied with Dutch ovens.

—Griswold Manufacturing Company.

Very useful are the delicate French china egg cups with covers to keep eggs hot. *—Lewis and Conger.*

A new variety of pop corn which has been perfected in this country within the past two years is now available in ten-ounce tins. *—American Pop Corn Company.*

A short-bladed table meat knife, attractive in design and delightful to handle, is now on the market.

—John Russell Cutlery Company.

"Lie down and sleep in perfect peace, for I will waken you pleasantly and on time in the morning." This is the promise of an electrically illuminated and electric alarm clock.

—Telechron "Electrolarm."

Etiquette now advises that it is permissible to cut one's salad with a knife. This new salad knife has a short, stubby blade and long, tapering handle. *—R. Wallace & Sons.*

An ice refrigerator which has just made its appearance on the market is built on legs, requiring less stooping and making it easier to clean the floor underneath. It has a thermometer built into the front, a suspended removable draw-type waste-water pan, and a self-closing provision-chamber door. It is so constructed that at any time it can be easily equipped with any one of the common makes of mechanical refrigerating units. *—White Mountain "Glacial Blue."*

With the Cloverlead Doughnut Form, one may bake three doughnuts at a time without using a kettle of deep frying fat.

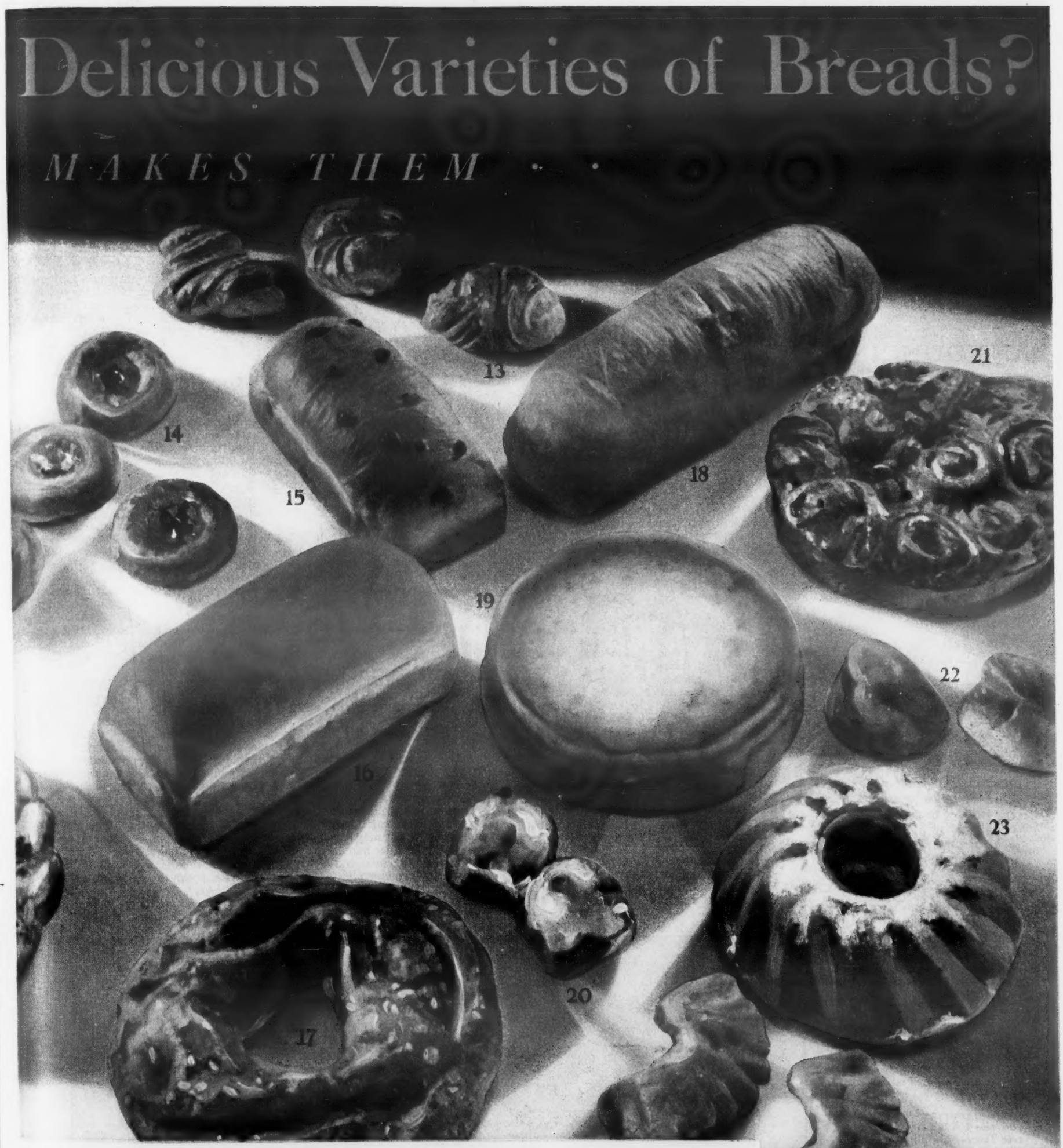
—The Ace Company.

The Western orange crop has been lighter this season in contrast to the very plentiful crop of last year. Sizes of fruit are larger. *—California Fruit Growers Exchange.*

Are you enjoying all these

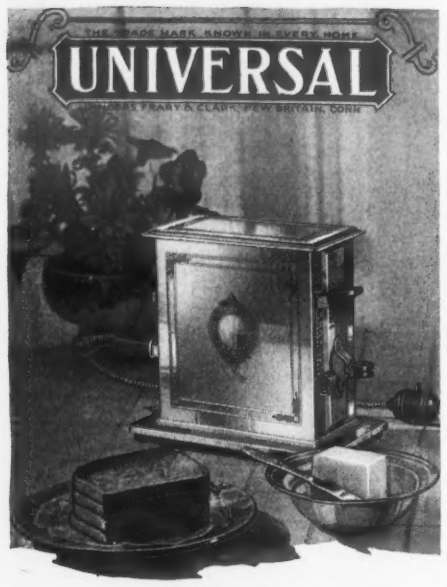
YOUR OWN BAKER

1. Roasted filberts, finely ground, give Japanese Rolls their irresistible flavor.
2. Honey Coffee Cake, spread with honey and ground almonds, is delightful for breakfast, luncheon or tea.
3. Stollen, rich in candied orange peel, citron, cherries and raisins, is one of the most delicious of your baker's coffee cakes. Very nice for Sunday morning breakfast.
4. Sandwich Rolls save both time and energy—you just cut them open and spread on the sandwich filling.
5. Butter Horns are served with coffee for dessert.
6. Cinnamon Buns, spicy and delicately frosted, are delicious with your morning coffee.
7. Pecan Rolls, covered with caramel icing and pecans, are a delightful luncheon dessert.
8. Streusel Coffee Cake is sprinkled with luscious, crumbly lumps of sugar mixed with butter and spices.
9. Apple Cake with its dainty slices of fruit is a pleasing change for breakfast.
10. Filbert Rolls are thickly sprinkled with tasty nut meats. They're delightful for breakfast!
11. Braided Coffee Ring, gleaming richly brown through dainty vanilla icing, is delicious with coffee, tea or milk.
12. Coffee Pretzels are rich and brown and buttery. Delicious for breakfast, luncheon or tea.



13. The fanciful shape of Butterfly Buns appeals to children.
14. Filled Buns have centers of delicious jam or jelly.
15. Raisin Bread is full of plump, juicy, specially selected raisins. It makes delicious toast!
16. Your baker's *White Bread* is even-grained and tender with a nutty-flavored crust. It slices beautifully.
17. A delicious mixture of candied fruits makes Filled Coffee Ring a delightful dessert.
18. Rye Bread has a gleaming, crispy crust. Made with and without caraway seeds.
19. Cheese Cake fairly melts in your mouth. Delicious with coffee, chocolate, tea or milk.
20. Raisins and spice make Raisin Buns extremely popular.
21. Apple Rolls are filled with fruit and covered with dainty icing. Especially enticing with coffee or tea.
22. Parker House Rolls have a tender butter crust.
23. Form Cake, an enticing dessert, owes its inimitable flavor to ground almonds, citron, lemon and mace.
24. Butter Biscuits are rich with rolled-in butter. Delicious with fruit for breakfast or for luncheon.

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as all discriminating housewives did when they used to bake at home. Standard Brands, Incorporated. Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.



ANNOUNCING

The New
UNIVERSAL
Automatic
TOASTER

TRY the latest and most highly perfected way of making delicious toast—*without watching —without burning*—in the UNIVERSAL Automatic Toaster.

—Place bread in toaster rack and slide into oven.

—Press down timing lever and forget that you are making toast.

—When toast is done to your liking (usual time about a minute) toaster rack automatically slides out with the kind of toast that rouses appetites—hot, crisp and evenly browned on both sides at once, the kind that melts away in one hungry crunch.

The Exclusive UNIVERSAL "Sliding Rack" Method of delivering toast free of oven allows current to remain on continuously, resulting in an evenly heated oven which toasts exceptionally fast and always with beautiful uniformity.

Visit your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer and try the UNIVERSAL Automatic Toaster for yourself. You will discover not only a very superior way of toasting bread but also a classically designed piece of tableware of exquisite beauty.

Also ask your dealer to show you the UNIVERSAL Electric Turn-Easy Toaster—an $8.00 Value on Special Sale during March for $5.95.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century.
New Britain, Conn.

Your Electrical Equipment

By NANCY TOMLINSON

GENERALLY speaking, there's no first piece of electrical equipment to buy, but individually speaking, there is a first piece for you to consider and carefully select. The first step toward getting what you need is knowing what you want and why you want it.

Then after you have bought your equipment, learn how to use it. There are three reasons why some people do not use the equipment they buy:

First, there are those who missed the mark and didn't buy what they needed or what fitted into their scheme of living. It is estimated, for example, that in 1928 there were almost a million flatirons that had been sold which were not in use, more than a million vacuum cleaners, and two million toasters. So I say that thoughtless buying may be worse than not buying at all. Do your thinking first, and after you have worn your thinker threadbare with all the possibilities, *then* shop around. And buy when you are convinced that you are buying what fits your need. Don't be forced to admit you bought a washing machine because it was pink, or because your sister's neighbor said she felt sure you'd like a pink washing machine! Buy your equipment to fit your need. The washer you buy is to wash your clothes, and not for decoration.

Operation Costs

SECONDLY, there are people who own equipment and don't use it because they feel the cost of operation is too great. But are you sure it's as bad as you think? You may be the gullible victim of an old wife's tale, and some real statistics and exact information concerning your local rates may prove your zeal in old-fashioned methods is misguided. If you know the rate you pay for the electrical service you are using, you can calculate with a fair degree of accuracy what effect any one piece of equipment will have on your yearly bill. The table given here may be of help to you, for it's a summary of what it's costing on an average in a large number of homes. You buy your electricity by the kilowatt hour. A kilowatt, as you may remember, is the unit of electrical energy you pay for when you pay your bills, and in value it equals 1000 watts. So, in estimating the cost of your current, multiply the kilowatt hours listed by the rate you pay, and you'll have an approximate indication of the effect any of the equipment tabulated below will have on your pocket-book so far as its annual *operation cost* is concerned.

ENERGY USED BY PRINCIPAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

APPLIANCE	Estimated Use of Current Kilowatt Hours Per Year
Lighting	300
Flatirons	72
Vacuum cleaners	36
Washing machines	24
Fans	16
Toasters	50
Percolators	50
Radio sets	60
Space heaters	40
Sewing machines	10
Ironing machines	125
Refrigerators	725
Ranges	1500
Oil burners	200

An even better method of calculating operation costs is to find out the watts your equipment uses an hour—get some help from your local electric company if you are confused—remembering that the identification plates found on all equipment will be helpful guides, if you have learned to read and understand them. In this case, multiply the kilowatts required an hour by the number of hours you use the appliance, then by the rate you pay, and again you will have a fair idea of the cost.

To illustrate, my toaster requires about 660 watts, or .660 kilowatts, an hour. I use it one-quarter of an hour, or about 15 minutes, each day, and I pay 6½ cents a kilowatt for my current, so .660 by ¼ by .06½c by 30—the days in the month—equals the cost a month to operate my toaster which is 32 cents a month, or $3.84 a year. To make it more concrete, if you pay 15 cents a kilowatt hour for your service, cooking by electricity may seem out of your reach. On the other hand, even at the 15-cent rate, the annual operation cost for using a washer—again making the calculation from the table—would be $3.60 a year, or 30 cents a month—certainly not an exorbitant sum for most budgets, particularly if one balances the monetary cost against the energy cost involved in washing without an electric washing machine. A 3-cent rate, which is the rate found in many communities for cooking, makes the cooking picture look very different. At the 3-cent rate a kilowatt hour, the annual operation cost of a range would be only $45, or an average of $3.75 a month. Each additional cent you pay a kilowatt hour will increase your bill fifteen dollars a year, if you use 1500 kilowatt hours as the table indicates. So figure this out for yourself.

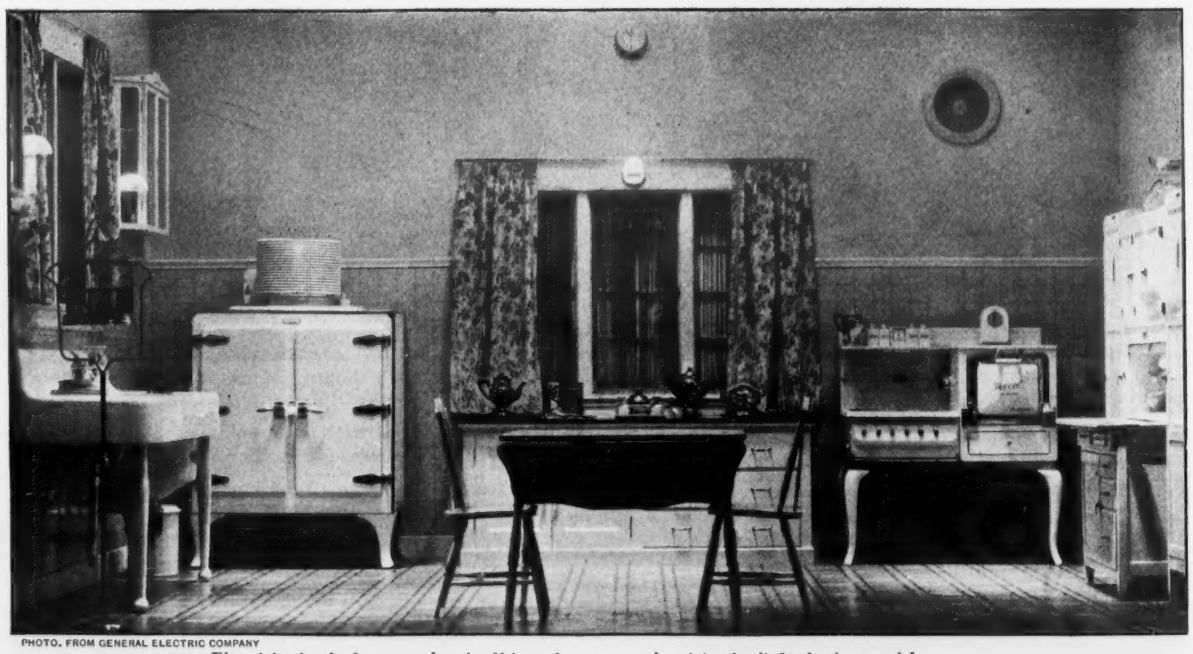
Care and Maintenance

A GENERALIZATION worth remembering—if cost of operation seems to be one of your timely factors—is that, by comparison, motor-driven equipment is far cheaper to operate than is heating equipment. For example, if you classify the equipment on the tabulation into two groups—motor-driven and heat-producing—you will find that the motor equipment is operated at about half the cost of the heating equipment. This information is indeed important for you to have, if you live where rates are not promotional and if you would avail yourself of the advantages of electricity.

Electricity, with its myriads of applications in the home, resolves itself into three uses—electricity for light, for heat and for power. Get this classification fixed in your mind. Inform yourself on, and check up on, your local rate occasionally. When you realize that living costs are still more than 60 per cent above prewar levels and that the cost of electricity is 25 per cent below prewar levels, it's quite conceivable that the cost-of-operation barriers may be a mental hazard dating back to days when rates were not so favorable as they are now. So avoid jumping at unsubstantiated conclusions in the matter of operation costs. Look the facts squarely in the face, and figure it out for yourself.

A third reason why people fail to use their equipment is because they find the maintenance a seemingly insurmountable difficulty. If you have bought from a reliable dealer close enough at hand to render service, that's the place you ought to

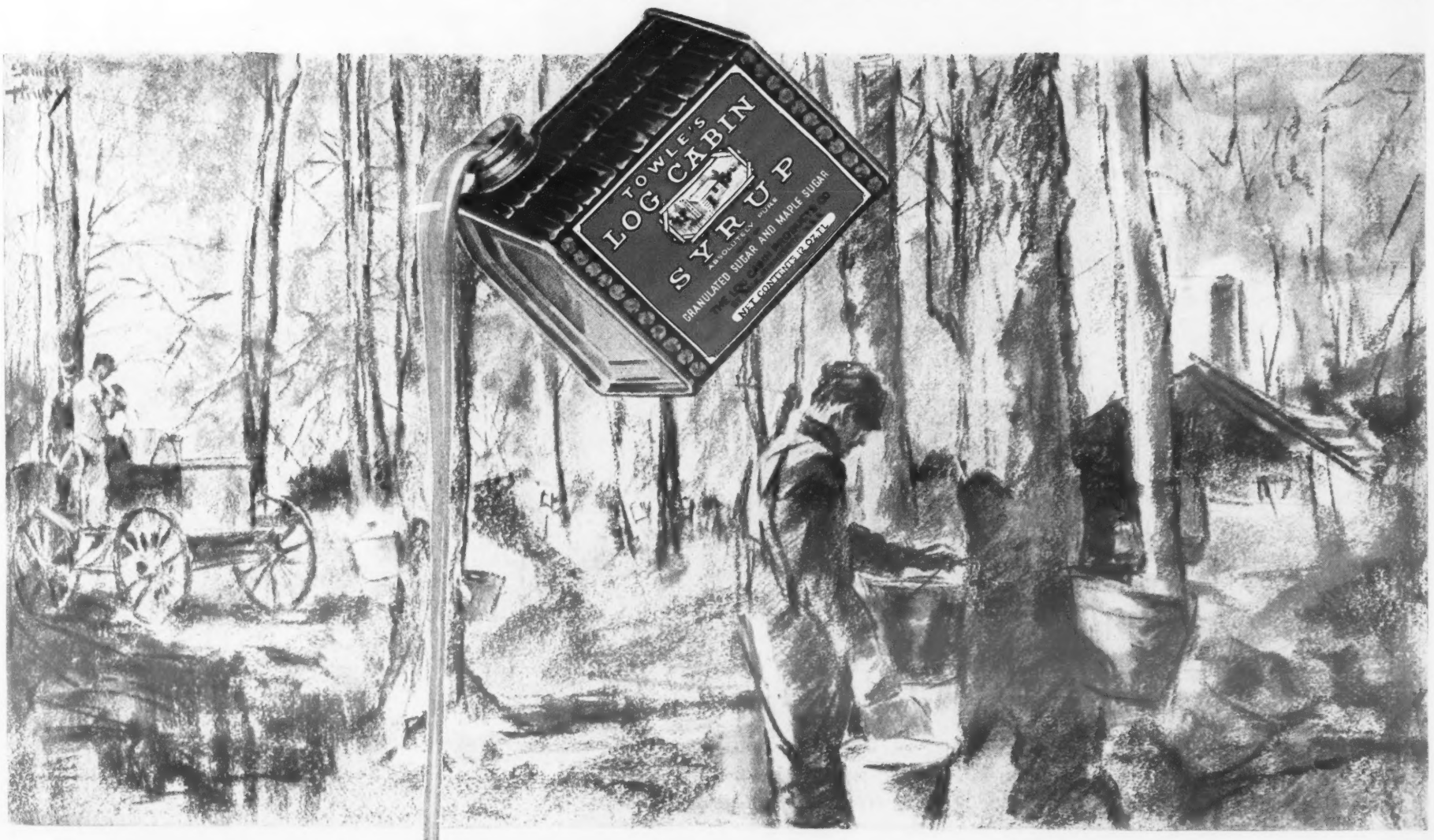
(Continued on Page 134)



PHOTO, FROM GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Electricity in the home resolves itself into three uses—electricity for light, for heat and for power.

Two flavorful maples . . . in this LOG CABIN



. . . *make this syrup* doubly *delicious for dozens of different desserts*

IT'S the Log Cabin double-maple blend . . . New England maple, plus rich Canadian maple, smoothly mellowed and blended with pure Southern cane that gives that double rich flavor . . . that *matchless* maple flavor you have been yearning for, for years.

No wonder Log Cabin Syrup is the family favorite!

Nowonder it glorifies griddle cakes and whets waffle appetites in thousands of homes every day!

No wonder that women find it the perfect syrup for making all sorts of marvelous maple desserts and creamy maple confections!

Surprise the family appetite with Log Cabin for tomorrow morning's breakfast! Log Cabin will please each one! Once they've tried it you'll keep a tin handy all the time. Wherever you may live your grocer has it.

MAPLE FRANGO

1 cup Log Cabin Syrup; 8 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored; 2 cups cream, whipped.

Heat syrup in double boiler. Pour a small amount of syrup over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Freeze, using 8 parts ice to 1 part salt. Turn very slowly at first. When stiff, remove dasher, cover tightly, and repack in 4 parts ice to 1 part salt. Serves 6.

MAPLE CINNAMON TOAST

2 tablespoons Log Cabin Syrup; 2 tablespoons butter, melted; ¼ teaspoon cinnamon; 6 slices toast.

Combine syrup, butter, and cinnamon. Brush on toast and reheat in oven or under low broiler flame 3 minutes. Cut in triangles or strips. Makes 12 triangles.

All measurements are level.

And by the way—
here's a book

A book of unusual maple recipes. It's full of good things and it's free. Send for a copy.

L O G C A B I N S Y R U P

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Hoboken, New Jersey

Kindly send me a free copy of "Maple Delicacies".

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Consommé
Pot-Roast à la Gulden
Lettuce Salad
(for dressing see page 15 of Gulden recipe book)
Rolls and Butter
Fruit Compote
Coffee

Spread pot roast liberally with Gulden's Mustard (1 tbsp. to a pound of meat). Sear in melted suet with sliced onion. Cook as any pot roast, adding vegetables desired.

Now you can serve him menus that are different

IMAGINE being able to serve menus that have a new deliciousness—Menus that taste entirely *different*—and just by trying a change of seasoning.

Once you have tried Gulden's Prepared Mustard in the recipe given above you will do just what other housewives have done—use it in all your cooking. Not only that, but you will probably write us about some new recipe in which you have used Gulden's with wonder-working results. There is a whole section of our recipe book devoted to just such contributions of enthusiastic housewives.

You see it is *only in Gulden's* that you find the perfect blend of the finest mustard seeds and mellow spices, mixed in exactly the right proportion for seasoning. Just as it gives new relish to cold cuts, salads and sandwiches, Gulden's Mustard also brings out the hidden goodness in meats, fish and poultry when spread over them before cooking. It lends fresh zest to vegetable dishes and left-overs, and gives a delightfully different taste to sauces and gravies. And it does not give an obvious taste but rather enhances the natural flavor of the food.

Because of its rare quality and flavor, Gulden's is the only prepared mustard that has taken prizes at leading World Fairs and Institutes ever since 1864.

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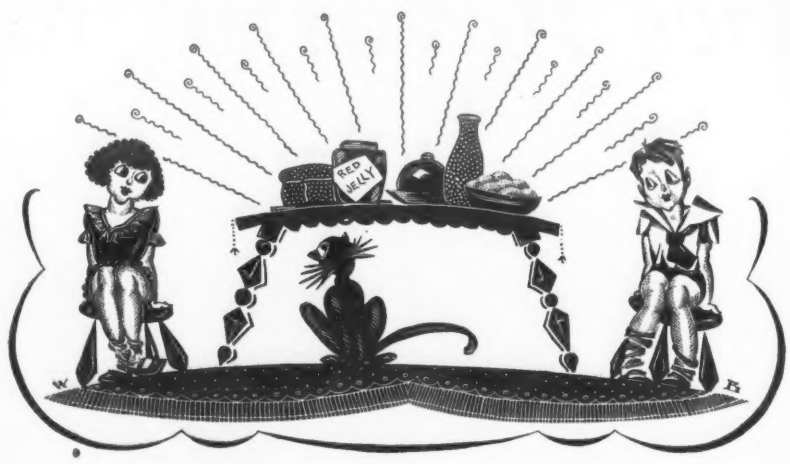
GULDEN'S MUSTARD

Use it as a seasoning *in cooking*



We Test Our Readers' Recipes

A Medley of Favorite Dishes

Children's Milk Toast

6 Slices of Stale Bread
1 Tablespoonful of Butter
1 Tablespoonful of Flour
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Cupful of Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of Red Jelly

ENTICING, not alone to the young, is this variation of an otherwise commonplace recipe. Cut bread in nursery-rime figures, using children's cooky cutters, and toast slightly on one side. Dip edges of each figure in boiling salted water before arranging in individual serving dishes. Pour around them the hot white sauce made of butter, flour, salt and milk. Accent figures with bits of the red jelly.

—L. G. H., *Sandwich, Ontario.*

Swiss Fruit-Salad Dressing

3 Egg Yolks
½ Cupful of Strained Honey
¼ Cupful of Olive Oil
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
¼ Teaspoonful of Paprika
2 Tablespoonfuls of Lemon Juice
1 Cupful of Whipping Cream

PEACHES, cherries and pineapple make the best Swiss salads with this dressing. Pour honey, at the boiling point, very slowly into the well-beaten egg yolks. Then heat the mixture over the fire for just one minute, beating constantly. Remove from the fire and beat for five minutes before adding the olive oil, salt, paprika and lemon juice. Continue beating until the dressing is of the consistency of thick white sauce. When cool, fold in the stiffly beaten cream.

—MRS. M. W. S., *Soda Springs, Idaho.*

Pineapple-Carrot Salad

1 Package of Orange-Flavored Gelatin
2 Cupfuls of Boiling Water
1/16 Teaspoonful of Salt
2 Cupfuls of Grated or Ground Carrots
1¼ Cupfuls of Shredded Canned Pineapple
1 Tablespoonful of Lemon Juice

COLORFUL and refreshing is this combination of fruit and vegetable in a salad. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water and let cool until partially congealed. Add salt, carrots, pineapple and lemon juice. Pour into molds and chill thoroughly. Unmold on hearts of lettuce and accompany with cream mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with spiced cucumber rings.

—A. B. S., *Hutchinson, Kansas.*

Salmagundi Toast

1 Pound of Hamburger
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
1 Can of Vegetable Soup (Size No. 1)
1 Cupful of Thick Gravy or White Sauce
1 Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Teaspoonful of Dried Celery Leaves
6 Slices of Toast

SUBSTANTIAL, easily prepared and very appetizing is this one-dish meal. Broil hamburger in butter until just free of its color. Add soup, gravy or white sauce, salt and seasonings, and heat thoroughly. Serve on the toast, and accompany with a crisp salad.

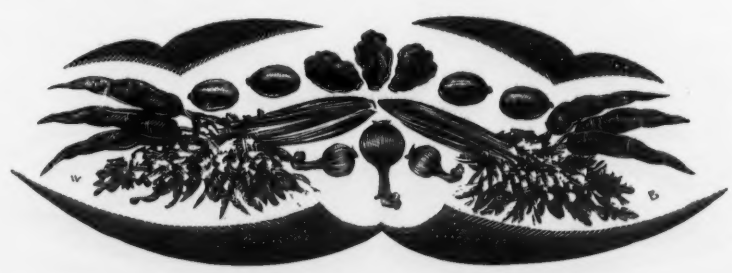
—MRS. L. E. C., *Plymouth, Indiana.*

Oyster-Chicken Croquettes

1 Pint of Oysters
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of Minced Onion
4 Tablespoonfuls of Flour
½ Cupful of Oyster Liquor
½ Cupful of Chicken Stock
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
Cayenne
Slight Grating of Nutmeg
2 Teaspoonfuls of Minced Parsley
3 Egg Yolks
½ Cupful of Minced Chicken
½ Cupful of Whipping Cream

DRAIN and dry oysters after heating them in their own liquor until edges curl. Brown onion slowly until yellow in the butter before adding the flour. When well blended, stir in the oyster liquor, chicken stock and seasonings. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly, before combining this sauce with the minced chicken, well-blended egg yolks and stiffly beaten cream. When this mixture is quite stiff, spread out on a platter to cool. Coat each oyster with some of the chicken mixture, roll in sifted bread crumbs, and fry until a light brown in deep fat heated to 390° F. Drain on crumpled paper. Serve garnishes of lemon and endive.

—MRS. G. F. P., *Kansas City, Missouri.*



If You're Told

"This or That Toaster" is AUTOMATIC

Demand to See a TOASTMASTER—Before You Buy

› The World's ‹
Most Completely Automatic
› Toaster ‹

✓ Delivers a Slice of Perfect Toast a Minute

✓ No Watching, Turning or Burning • • •

ALL TOASTMASTERS NOW CHROMIUM-PLATED—NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

TOASTMASTER is its name and it is the most completely automatic toaster in the world. More are bought on *direct comparison*, every day, than all other quality toasters combined. Please remember this.

In justice to yourself, before you buy a toaster, find out how the Toastmaster works. Compare it with any other toaster claiming "automatic" features. It will change your previous ideas of what a toaster should be.

Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other toaster like it. It is so *completely automatic* that it even discharges the toast when done—and then shuts off its own current.

No Watching—Can't Burn

You read or leave the room while it toasts. You don't watch it. You don't turn it. It won't burn. It makes toasting as quick and easy as turning on an electric switch.

All you do is slip in a piece of bread, set a lever at the precise shade of toast you want—and leave the room if you like. In a few seconds there's a POP!—and a perfect piece of toast *automatically* discharged from the toaster.

It's a revelation in speedy toasting. By toasting both sides at once, all the flavor is sealed in. Deliciously tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside. Go to any store or electrical supply company throughout the United States and Canada and see how the Toastmaster works. You will understand why in 3 years Toastmaster has outsold all less modern toasters—today over 500,000 homes are using it.

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The proof is in the pudding

~~ *these are the finest raisins you can buy*

The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.

YOU can so easily make rice pudding—not just an ordinary dessert—but a real delicacy, creamy and delicious. And watch the children's eyes sparkle as they find these plump, tasty Sun-Maid raisins that make the pudding so much better!

So it is with many simple dishes—salads, cookies, muffins, pies and cakes, too. The finer quality of Sun-Maid raisins is like an extra touch of cooking skill, insuring better results in all your raisin recipes.

There are two favorite kinds of Sun-Maid raisins—both prepared by exclusive processes that set them apart from ordinary raisins.

Sun-Maid NECTARS are tender, juicy, seedless raisins, famous for their fresh grape-like flavor. Note how plump they are, not withered, and how attractive and glossy of skin. Cooks everywhere know Sun-Maid NECTARS as the finest of all seedless raisins.

Sun-Maid PUFFED are the only seeded raisins made which are *not sticky,* ready to use as soon as you open the handy carton! For the secret Sun-Maid seeding process keeps the juice inside, retaining all the rich flavor of the Muscat grape.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded severely for quality, processed and packed in the finest dried fruit packing plant in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

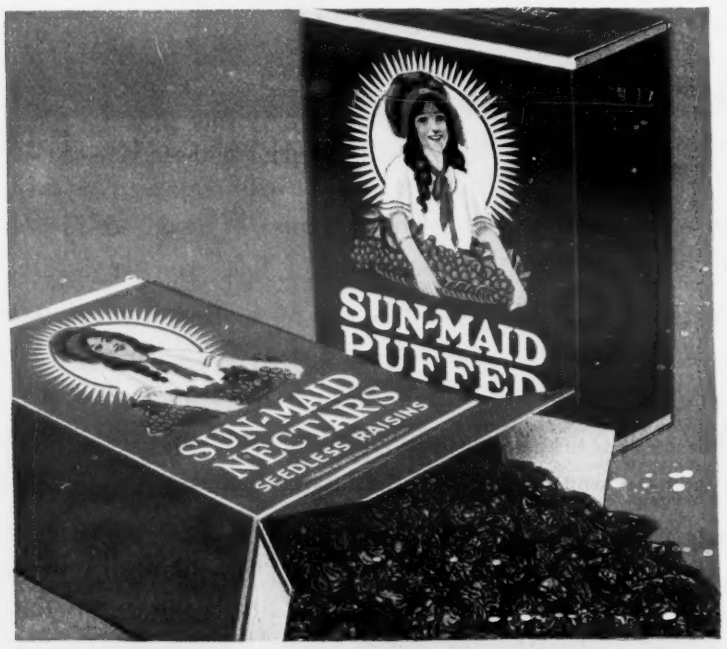
SUN-MAID RAISIN CREAMY RICE PUDDING

1½ cups cooked rice — 3 eggs — ⅓ cup sugar
2½ cups milk — 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup Sun-Maid Raisins

Add sugar to beaten eggs. Pour in milk. Add cooked rice, Sun-Maid raisins, vanilla and salt to taste. Pour into baking dish. Bake in slow oven until thick.

FREE BOOKLET

Send for a new book of delightful recipes, entitled "New Interest in Simple Menus." It is free, and you will find it full of fascinating suggestions. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.



The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Eating Sunshine

By **S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.**

THIS is the story of one of the rare romances of medical science. It began in the dark laboratories of research workers many years ago. It drew its inspiration from the minds of two men—one in an Eastern university and the other in a university of a Middle Western State. Almost at the same time other scientists in this country, in England and in Germany, had reached the conclusions that were to make the story a true one. Now it is ready for all the world to read and to use.

Its message means that delayed physical development, stunted growth and crooked bones in infancy and early childhood can be consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. Its direct promise is that rickets, with all of its devastating complications, can be prevented or quickly cured, that healing and nutrition may be hastened at all ages. Its slogan is: "Take your daily dose of sunshine while you eat."

During the past few years we have become sun conscious. The theory of the ages that sunshine meant light and heat has long been accepted by all of us. Here and there have been wise persons who knew that the rays of the sun brought health, and there have even been those who worshiped the sun as the source of life. Not until recently have we had scientific evidence that certain rays of the sun were essential for growth, for bodily nourishment and for the prevention and cure of many diseases, particularly during the early years of life. We know now that the qualities of sunshine are more necessary for health than are the qualities that we have so long ascribed to our daily bread.

The invisible ultra-violet rays of the sun, shining upon the bare skin of our bodies, have the property of making possible the assimilation and full use of the calcium salts in our foods, which are essential for building strong bones and sound teeth. They liberate within us that elusive, life-giving vitamin which is called the vitamin D. They promote nutrition, stimulate growth, aid in the healing of diseased conditions and are the basis of sound health. The widespread use of this knowledge has resulted in the vogue for tan and for summer costumes so abbreviated that only by a stretch of the imagination can they be called clothes.

"Sun consciousness" has been sold to the American people.

This is as it should be and a wholesome sign of the linking up of scientific knowledge and common usage. But—and this "but" is a big stumblingblock on the royal road to health—in many parts of this country the number of sunshiny days and the temperature out-of-doors have to be taken into account and are apt to limit our sun bathing to sporadic days during a few months of the year. For the rest of the time, warm and thick clothing through which the ultra-violet rays of the sun will not pass, and the all-too-common days in which there is no sun visible to bring these rays to us, make our sun bathing intermittent and often nonexistent.

A Life-Giving Force

HOW to get the value of the ultra-violet rays into our bodies during the winter months is a problem that has had many forms of solution. Ultra-violet lamps, window glass capable of letting the ultra-violet rays enter our homes and the use of cod-liver oil internally because of its high content of vitamins A and D have all become part of a well-equipped household and of enormous value to our growing children.

But possibly the final answer to our quest is the story of how the ultra-violet rays may be preserved and made ready for use, in safe, stated doses, every day and at any time. Our vitamin D can now come to us no matter what the weather may be or whether the sun shines or not. We can take it in drop doses or as a part of certain kinds of food. We can "eat" sunshine in concentrated form.

Fully to understand the story of this life-giving force and how it can be harnessed so that it may be made of use to childhood, we ought to have a clear picture in our minds of all the vitamins and the part they play in assuring us health and strength.

The vitamins are substances other than proteins, fats, carbohydrates and salts, which occur in minute quantities in natural food materials. Ordinarily we should be able to get our daily quota of vitamins from ordinary foods. It is probable that we would if we always had a balanced diet, and if our bodies were capable of fully assimilating the food we eat. Unfortunately we often cannot get every day the food we should have because of the climate, the time of year or any other condition which makes a full supply of the right foods impossible. It is also true that during the period of growth, particularly during very early life, the nutritive processes of the body are so delicately balanced that very slight disturbances upset the relation between the food we eat and the way in which our bodies use it.

The familiar vitamins have been labeled A, B, C and D, and there are others about which little is known. A regular daily supply of all four of these vitamins is essential for normal nutrition in grown people and for both nutrition and normal growth in babies and children. In childhood, when there is a lack of vitamin content in the food, we have as a result a wide variety of what are known as "deficiency conditions" or "deficiency diseases." The chief deficiency disease of early childhood is rickets.

Briefly, vitamin A is essential for growth and well-being at all ages. A deficient supply leads to weakening of the tissues of the body and increased susceptibility to infection from bacteria and to the diseases that affect the lungs.

Vitamin B is essential for the maintenance of appetite and for growth.

Vitamin C is necessary for nutrition. Its lack in the diet causes scurvy, and children who are deprived of this vitamin become irritable and lacking in stamina; they do not grow normally and they are less resistant to infectious diseases.

Vitamin D has the property of promoting the assimilation of calcium and phosphorus in the body, and this makes it possible for the body to use the calcium for the proper development of the bones and the teeth and the phosphorus in the blood. It is the antirachitic vitamin, and during the pre-natal period and the first year of life it is an absolutely essential element for building strong bones and for sound muscular development.

One or all of the vitamins can be found in practically all varieties of food. Milk has them all. The leafy vegetables are rich in vitamins. Vitamin A is found in abundance in milk and other dairy products and in eggs, liver and the leafy vegetables. Vitamin B is found in practically all fruits and vegetables and in many kinds of meat, fish, bread and cereals. Vitamin C is in the citrus fruits, in many raw vegetables and is abundant in tomatoes, sauerkraut and spinach. Only vitamin D occurs in a limited supply in natural foods. It may be found in liver and egg yolk as well as in milk and the other dairy products, but most of us—and children particularly—do not get enough of this vitamin in our ordinary diet, and so we have turned to the sun for an additional supply.

PHOTO. BY SIDNEY L. WEBB

Vitamin D Can Now Come to Us Whether the Sun Shines or Not

In 1924, Dr. A. F. Hess, of Columbia University, and Prof. Harry Steenbock, of the University of Wisconsin, almost simultaneously published their discovery that various foods, such as oils, milk and cereals, could be made to contain a large proportion of vitamin D when they were subjected to irradiation from ultra-violet rays. The following year these investigators announced that the substance in the foods that had this remarkable quality of retaining vitamin D from the ultra-violet rays was cholesterol, which has been long known as a constituent of every cell in the human body.

In 1927, Hess as well as A. Windaus, of Germany, and O. Rosenheim and T. A. Webster, of England, reported that it was ergosterol instead of cholesterol that was activated by the ultra-violet rays in this remarkable way. In the same year Hess published a report announcing his discovery of the remarkable antirachitic activity of irradiated ergosterol. It had previously been discovered, in 1890, by Ch. Tanret, a French chemist, that ergosterol could be extracted from fungi—yeast and mushrooms and more particularly from a fungus that develops on rye. Ergosterol has proved to be the direct source and origin of vitamin D. In its original form, ergosterol possesses no power of making this vitamin available. But subjected to the ultra-violet rays, it acquires an almost unlimited amount of vitamin D.

Capturing Vitamin D

THESE discoveries may seem to be wholly technical and to have little relation to straight legs and healthy childhood, but translated into everyday terms they mean that vitamin D, alone among all the vitamins, can be produced by itself and that it is now available in the form of irradiated ergosterol and in certain foods which have been irradiated; that this vitamin can now be brought into your home in a small bottle or in one of the prepared foods ready for use at all times. It is so important a discovery that the Nobel prize was awarded to Windaus for his work in connection with it; Doctor Hess has the honor of academic priority, but both Hess and Steenbock have the distinction of making a discovery of the first importance to all mothers and to all children.

The foods that have been successfully irradiated so that they will contain a superabundance of the important vitamin D are the numerous oils and fats, including olive, cottonseed, linseed, corn and coconut oils; lards, oleomargarine and butter. Among the cereal products capable of irradiation are refined wheat flour, whole-wheat flour, wheat cereals, oatmeal, corn meal and corn starch. Milk—either whole or dry—orange juice and egg yolk and even vegetables, such as lettuce and spinach, may be irradiated and do not lose the extra supply of vitamin D during the process of cooking. Sugar is almost the only natural food which cannot be irradiated in this way.

Because of the possibility that this method of irradiating foods by the ultra-violet ray might be exploited in a harmful manner and because the production of irradiated ergosterol might be subject to misuse, Professor Steenbock took out patents on the process. With the true spirit of the scientist he has refused any financial gain and has assigned his patent to a foundation formed for the purpose of receiving it—The Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation. The profits are to be used by this foundation for the promotion of similar research with the object of benefiting humanity.

Such an action was not only wise but humane. There is definite danger of overdosage with vitamin D and there is an equal danger of fraud in putting on the market either irradiated foods or irradiated ergosterol of unknown potency. That this danger is recognized by the medical profession is shown by the action of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association in its action with regard to irradiated ergosterol. This council has taken action toward setting a standard for this product and has now announced that the only form under which it can be sold

(Continued on Page 130)

YOUR BATHROOM IS AS ATTRACTIVE AS THE PLUMBING FIXTURES ARE BEAUTIFUL

HOW old are the plumbing fixtures in your bathroom? So old that they are old-fashioned and unsightly—so old that they have an out-worn, not-quite-clean appearance? Then you know that to redecorate your bathroom will only make the plumbing fixtures seem more out-of-place. You realize that bathroom beauty must have its beginning in the plumbing fixtures.

Why not modernize and beautify your bathroom by replacing the old fixtures with new "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures? Never have they been so beautiful, both in design and color. "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures are now made in Ming Green, Rose du Barry, Ionian Black, T'ang Red, Orchid of Vincennes, Royal Copenhagen Blue, Clair de Lune Blue and St. Porchaire Brown, as well as White.

The group illustrated above in Ming Green, built-in bath, vitreous china water closet and pedestal lavatory, all equipped with "Standard" Mastercraft Fittings is priced at $510. The same group equipped with regular "Standard" fittings is priced at $380. The same group in white fixtures with regular "Standard" fittings is priced at $310.

Is it a question of ready cash? Then you will be glad to know that only a small part of the total cost of the plumbing fixtures, including your plumbing contractor's charge for installing them, need be in cash and that convenient monthly terms may be arranged.

Your plumbing contractor will be glad to give you the complete details of the "Standard" Time Payment Plan, or you can obtain them, and any other information you desire, by mailing the coupon. You are invited to visit a "Standard" Showroom to see the new designs in the new colors.

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ARE you going through another winter with inadequate heating? . . . It is really an extravagance to do so, aside from the discomfort, when you can have an American Radiator heating plant installed for approximately $75 a room. And now is the time to install it.

Radiator heat is so natural that it is used in conservatories to protect flowers—and it is equally vital to the health of the family. It is the only kind of heating that assures you clean, even warmth in *every* room, all winter long, regardless of the weather.

And see that your heating plant is "All-American"...part American and part something else means parting from efficiency. "All-American"—Boiler, Radiators and Accessories—means perfect team work. Then get ready to see a transformation downstairs when the "Ideal" Boiler in its red enamel jacket gets busy. It sheds the glamour of a room into the gloom of the cellar.

CONVENIENT PAYMENTS IF YOU DESIRE

And don't worry about the cost. You can take out the old heater and put in American Radiator heating paying for it while you enjoy it. Defer the payments—not the benefits. Modernize your home now with a heating system that will promote the wealth of your property and the health of your family.

Write for details and call in a good local heating dealer.

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☐ Book—"Ideal Heating."

☐ Information on your heavy duty vacuum cleaner.

My name is_____

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City State

Police protection
for your child's health during this

MOST DANGEROUS MONTH

THE THREE bleak winter months that precede March have worn down the resistance of little bodies. Then March roars in with its rains, its piercing winds, its slush. Is it any wonder that mortality is highest during this treacherous month?

This is the time when your child needs the protection of the vitamins most of all. Like policemen on duty they protect the body; help it grow normally and healthfully; guard against the lurking dangers of vitamin deficiency. Rickets, soft teeth, scurvy, nervous disorders, lowered resistance—especially to the common cold—and other insidious enemies of childhood . . . each can be traced to a lack of one of the four necessary vitamins.

Often your child cannot be induced to eat the foods which contain the vitamins he needs. Sometimes the vitamins have escaped in the process of cooking. But today, thanks to the laboratory work of a leading biological chemist, mothers know that Maltine With Cod Liver Oil—added to orange juice in adequate dosage—*provides a sufficient quantity of all four vitamins to promote health.*

Seventy per cent of this product is Maltine (rich in Vitamin B), a concentrated extract of the nourishing elements of malted barley, wheat and oats. The remainder is pure vitamin-tested cod liver oil (rich in Vitamins A and D). When Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is taken in orange juice (Vitamin C), all four vitamins are present. Clinical tests have demonstrated that this food-drink is much more palatable than plain cod liver oil. And it gives the added protection of Vitamins B and C. Keep a bottle in the kitchen cabinet and mix it in with the youngster's morning orange juice.

Every mother should have a copy of our special booklet, "The Doctor Talks About Vitamins." In plain English, it tells you the important facts about the vitamins and their influence on our daily lives. Have us send you a free copy. The Maltine Company, 20 Vesey Street, New York. Established 1875.

The A B C's of Vitamins

A "OFFICER A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is a recognized rich source of Vitamin A.*

B "OFFICER B" *is most essential. Lack of Vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B is found in abundance in Maltine With Cod Liver Oil.*

C "OFFICER C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in Vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "OFFICER D" *is also necessary. A deficiency of Vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child-bones. Sound teeth depend upon it. It is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is rich in Vitamin D.*

Maltine
WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

(Continued from Page 127)

with the approval of the association must be marketed under the name Viosterol.

Viosterol is standardized to a potency one hundred times as great in vitamin D content as that of the highest grade of cod-liver oil. In other words, two drops of viosterol are equivalent in vitamin D content to one teaspoonful of cod-liver oil. Viosterol is odorless, tasteless and never causes any digestive disturbance. It may be added to cod-liver oil to increase the vitamin D content. Viosterol as a source of vitamin D alone is not a complete substitute for cod-liver oil, as the latter contains not only vitamin D but also is a rich source of vitamin A. This latter vitamin is very necessary, particularly during the winter months, as a preventive of respiratory diseases and for aiding in their cure. Its discovery and the discovery of the ways in which food can be irradiated by ultra-violet rays have opened a new chapter in the history of preventive medicine. This chapter has now reached a climax which, as it has been said, "for gripping interest and value to humanity has rarely been equaled."

Irradiated Foods

TO GET an idea of the importance of this new method of getting the vitamin D effect of the ultra-violet rays inside of our bodies, we must know that this vitamin is what is known as a specific for rickets. The term "specific" means some known remedy that will surely cure a known disease. In the entire history of medicine we have discovered only a pitifully small number of specifics. Among these are salvarsan, or arsenic, for the cure of syphilis, antitoxin for the cure of diphtheria, and quinine for the cure of malaria. Now we can add this new specific—irradiated ergosterol—for the cure and, above all, for the prevention of rickets.

Rickets has been the bane of childhood. It is essentially a nutritional disease and its primary cause is lack of the use of the calcium salts in the body. Our bones and teeth are largely composed of calcium; upon the amount that is available for use will depend the strength of our muscles and tissues. We have learned that calcium may be present in abundance in the mother's food and yet not be used by the growing baby in forming sound bones and good teeth because it is not available for this purpose without the aid of a plentiful supply of vitamin D or its equivalent in sunshine.

Cod-liver oil taken by the mother during the period of pregnancy has supplied, in part, this need for the vitalizing effect of vitamin D. Direct sun baths by the expectant mother and the use by her of sun lamps have all helped meet this need. But for a great majority of mothers these aids have not been available as a group, and the use of the common remedy—cod-liver oil—has not fully met the requirements.

We must remember that the baby's teeth begin to form during the early months of pregnancy and that the bones are forming from the earliest months. Irradiated foods and viosterol have not been used for a sufficiently long period of time to make any final statement about this matter, but there is hardly any doubt that the use of these aids by the expectant mother will act as an entire preventive of rickets in the newborn baby.

Children who have rickets are subject to many varieties of illness. They are almost always constipated and are likely to have intestinal trouble, and diseases of the lungs are commonplace. Convulsions are not uncommon. Not only the bones of the legs but all the bones suffer from the lack of calcium. The first teeth are subject to early decay and the second or permanent teeth are equally soft and fragile. The invaluable X ray shows that the joints, particularly those of the wrists, do not "calcify" and become normally articulated at the right age.

In our northern climates with their absence of sunlight on so many days of the year, the bodies of our children have been starved for the lack of this vital necessity for growth and nutrition. Rickets is alarmingly common among babies of all classes and in all conditions of life.

Vitamin D is the answer to the riddle. We should be able to get a sufficient supply of this vitamin through our daily diet. The fact remains that we do not. To prevent rickets and to cure it with a rapidity that has been unknown until the present time, extra amounts of vitamin D must be available. That this supply is now at hand in superabundance is the gift that science has given us.

The determining point as to whether or not any food can be irradiated depends upon its containing the substance known as ergosterol. It is this same ergosterol, or an allied substance as it occurs in our bodies, that makes the latter capable of utilizing the ultra-violet rays to make use of calcium and to promote nutrition. It has long been known that cholesterol is present in every cell in the human body. It has now been discovered that ergosterol is present wherever cholesterol is found. It is in our blood, in the brain, the spinal cord, the skin and in fact in all parts of our bodies. It is this presence of ergosterol in the skin that gives the favorable effects of the ultra-violet irradiation when we expose our bodies to sunlight, intensifying and setting free the vitamin D.

Because rickets is a condition that affects babies either before they are born or immediately afterward, irradiated milk seems to be the food that opens the greatest hope of early cure. Irradiated fluid milk is not yet sold in this country, though it is being used in Basel, Frankfort and in other large communities of Europe. Irradiated powdered milk is now available for the babies of this country.

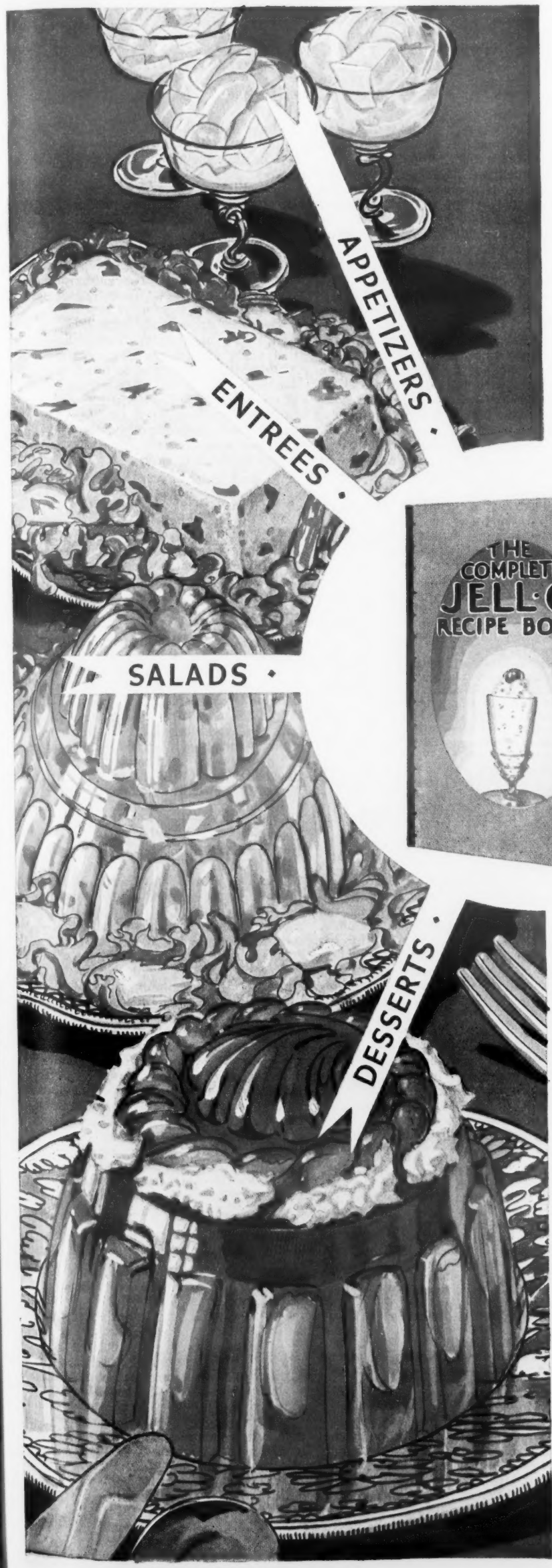
An Epochal Discovery

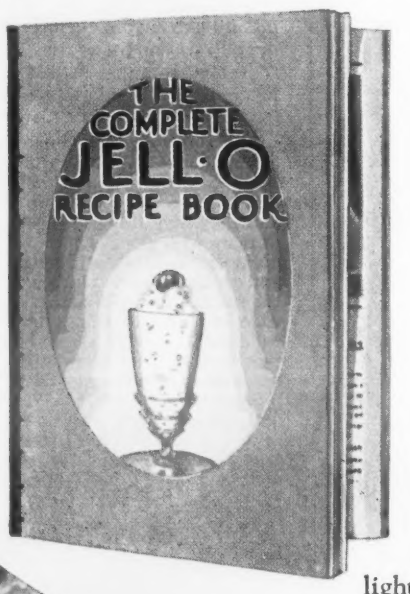
THERE is only one word of warning with regard to the use of irradiated foods and viosterol. In our enthusiasm and in our desire to give our children all the benefit possible, we may overdo the matter. There can be too much even of a good thing and this holds good with regard to vitamin D. We have not yet charted the danger line, but we do know that no child should be having sun baths, sun-lamp baths, cod-liver oil, viosterol and irradiated foods at the same time. Indeed, it is a question whether even any two of these sources of vitamin D should be given together. It is a matter which needs skilled direction. All these immensely valuable aids to health during childhood must be used with discretion. Your doctor is the one to decide just how much of any or all is needed by your baby or child.

The last chapter to this story has not yet been written. The possibilities in the use of viosterol and irradiated foods are practically without limit.

Though Hess and Steenbock have not held out any promise for these irradiated products other than as a specific for rickets, other investigators are suggesting their use in promoting the quick and sure mending of broken bones, especially in children, and in delayed and imperfect healing of fractured bones in older people. There is the natural suggestion that this extra vitamin D will aid in convalescence from prolonged illness, that it is of great value in anæmia at all ages and that it is a health builder during the entire period of childhood. Falkenheim has recommended viosterol in the treatment of bronchopneumonia. Katherine Blunt, Ph.D., and Ruth Cowan, S.M., in their study of the effect of these products state: "What these irradiated foods will accomplish for public health is difficult to foretell. The possible value seems very great."

From the evidence of this value already available, it is entirely legitimate to hope and expect that this discovery marks an epoch in preventive medicine and in public health.





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SURPRISES . . . from cover to cover! A 48-page booklet just bubbling over with new things . . . good things . . . delicious dishes so different from the rank-and-file of cookery, you'll welcome it with open arms . . . and never let it leave your elbow when you are menu planning.

For menus just can't get monotonous with this booklet around! It contains enough surprises to give you a fresh one for every day for months to come!

And how your family will beg for *encores*. They'll never get enough of these wonderful modern dishes. And *you'll* never tire of making them. For even if you've never done much more than "boil water and make toast," you can make them! They're easy . . . wonderfully easy! And certain . . . certain to turn out right!

Just be sure to use Jell-O—genuine Jell-O. None other. It comes in five pure fruit flavors, each package sealed tight by a special process so that the fruity aroma is saved, every bit, till you open it up. Why not buy Jell-O six packages at a time? Then you'll always have it on hand when you want to concoct a delightfully different surprise. Keep an assortment of flavors in your pantry, ready. And isn't it nice to know that Jell-O is more than delicious . . . it's a good-for-you food, if ever there was one. The fact is, Jell-O is one of the easiest foods in all the world to digest. And it's wonderfully economical. Send for this 48-page booklet . . . it will convince you that Jell-O can make the most delicious things you ever heard of . . . at next-to-no-cost-at-all! This little booklet is going to be the best friend your budget ever had! Elaborately illustrated in color, it's a real addition to your library of cook books!

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Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Pumice—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains nothing to injure the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In use over 60 years

What Next in Homemaking?

(Continued from Page 29)

shipping foods, much of the work is done outside the home, leaving only the finishing touches to be added.

The homemaker should know the factors that contribute to sound physical health, the ways to prevent spread of diseases. William has a cold—must the three other children have colds too? What precautions can she take to prevent it?

An appreciation of beauty of color, line and texture adds greatly to the success of a home. Do you know rooms that almost make you dizzy when you go into them? "I felt this room needed something so I put that vase on the piano," said a woman whose living room was a riot. Apparently she had "felt that the room needed something" many times, but never had felt that it needed to have something taken out. So you had a confused jumble of things and more things, until your weary eyes were forced to fasten their attention on one small flower in the rug if you were to have any sense of quiet at all. The homemaker needs to know the fundamental psychological principles involved in child training.

In fact, it is just as true today as it was forty-five years ago when Olive Schreiner wrote of motherhood:

> It is the work that demands the broadest culture. . . . The lawyer may see no deeper than his law books, and the chemist see no further than the windows of his laboratory, and they may do their work well. But the woman who does woman's work needs a many-sided, multiform culture, the heights and depths of human life must not be beyond the reach of her vision, she must have knowledge of men and things in many states, a wide catholicity of sympathy, the strength that springs from knowledge, and the magnanimity which springs from strength. We bear the world, and we make it. The souls of little children are marvelously delicate and tender things and keep forever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is the mother's.

Producing Happiness

A HOMEMAKER needs to have an interest in the affairs of community and state—the schools, the newspapers, the playgrounds, the theaters—all that affect the home and family. And running through all an appreciation of the great values in home relations—the sense of security, the warmth and adventure of living that come through affectionate family companionship.

What other qualifications would you add?

Where would you change the emphasis?

What, indeed, is the modern homemaker's interpretation of her own task?

What do you use as a measure of your success as a homemaker?

Doctor Ogburn, of the University of Chicago, has said:

> The family will have to work out new adjustments to the small family, to a family with reduced production in the home for women, to a family which is not to be held together so much by economic and social bonds, but which is to be based on affection. To make these adjustments, the family will have to make new inventions and utilize new researches in the psychology of personality, utilize new knowledge regarding the habits and practices of affection, and the new discoveries regarding the training of children. It does not seem probable that the family will recover the functions it has lost. But even if the family doesn't produce thread and cloth and soap and medicine and food, it can still produce happiness, which does not seem such a very bad thing to do, after all.

Does this mean that all the old household processes will go out of the home some day—that we shall have everything done in factories or by machinery in the home? I think not. But we shall do things in our homes for a different reason, for necessity of a different kind, not always the need for the thing itself, but because of the desire to have it individual or the pleasure and education to be got from doing it. Home will be used solely to produce greater happiness.

We still use fireplaces and candles, not because we need them for heat and light but for the pleasure they give us. They suggest warmth and light, but also they mean coziness and hominess and seem almost to live. Perhaps more than any other symbols they express universally an intimacy, a sense of repose and cheeriness associated with home in its best sense.

But what about it all, anyway?

Are we going to allow homemaking to drift along without any effort on the part of those most concerned to direct it into the channels they believe to be best for all of us, or are we going to wrestle with the problem, redefine the purpose of the home in the light of present-day needs, then trim our sails one and all to direct our course to the desired port?

Home Engineering

"BUT we don't want all homes alike," someone is bound to object. God forbid! But a clear purpose for homes need not make them uniform. It merely indicates the destination—not the means of getting there. And without a destination we fail to arrive for "to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound no wind can be favorable."

What shall we work for—more hospitals, nurses, nurseries, nursery schools, canning factories, restaurants, public laundries, delicatessen shops, part-time or full-time work for married women, efficiency principles applied to the home, having it operate on regular hours, regularly assigned tasks, up-to-date and efficient machinery, time schedules and the rest?

Is there a middle ground? How shall we find it? Having found it how can we best equip ourselves to discharge our homemaking responsibilities?

Isn't it pretty much an engineering problem—one made up of a great many different factors blended into one whole directed toward some definite accomplishment? Engineering has done much to adjust the problems of industry; it has tackled the problems of agriculture with a degree of success. What can it do for homemaking? Granted that it may in the main be a kind of philosophical engineering. No matter. Engineering it surely is.

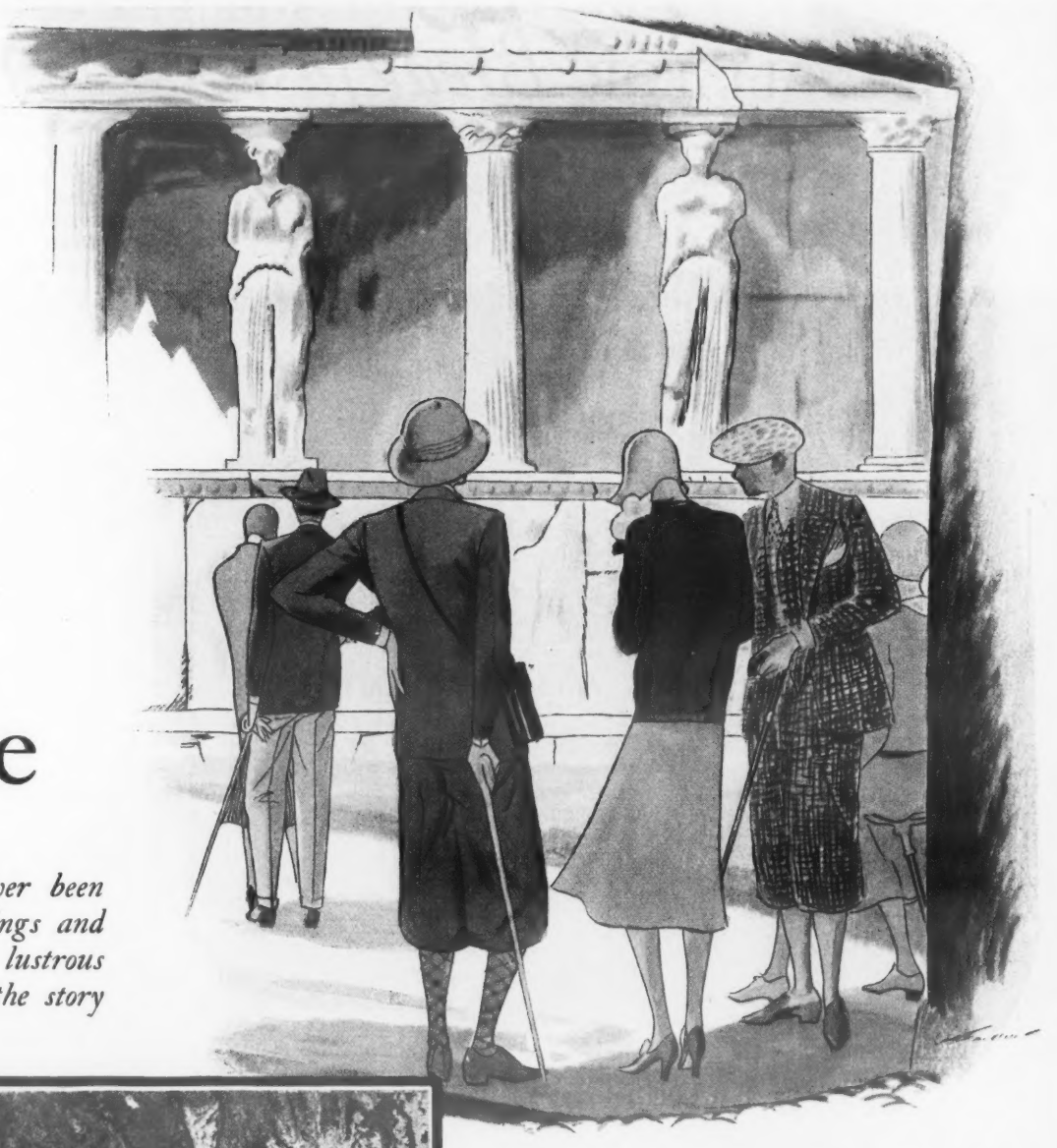
And what do we want to accomplish? What things are needed—the materials, the plan, the personnel? Marion Talbot once suggested as the purpose, "The upbuilding of men and women having noble minds and souls." Rather a remote one it may seem as you darn the knees of the children's stockings, plan the "ungodly three meals a day," as one homemaker designated them, try to make one dollar do service for two, store away the winter underwear and dust the rungs of the dining-room chairs. But isn't that what it is all about?

And shouldn't all our engineering be directed toward that goal and shouldn't all of our choices be made with this question in mind? And isn't it the consciousness of this purpose that glorifies the common task? And aren't you the people who are setting homemaking standards for the future? And will not the echoes of your marching song be caught by homemakers of the future—the things you count worth while be reflected in the homes of your sons and daughters?

What if industry does step in and deftly take away much of the manual work and hand it over to machines? Will that mean the home's undoing?

Is there danger in our handing over so many things to outside agencies? Or is

(Continued on Page 134)



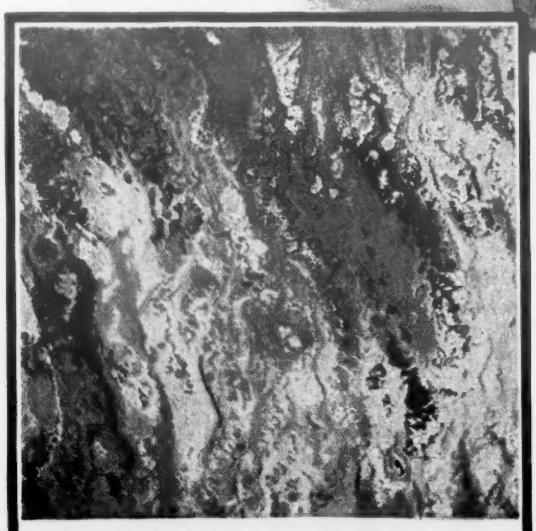
Elusive beauty of age-old marble

THROUGHOUT the ages, marble has ever been associated with culture, nobility, power. Kings and conquerors have commemorated their triumphs in lustrous marble—great cities and nations have written the story of their achievements in this imperial stone.

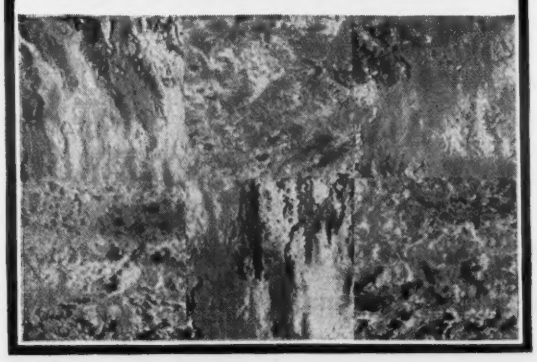
And today marble is still in style. Modern interior decorators, eagerly seeking new and strikingly unusual color effects, have found them in the richly veined varieties of marble.

Today, however, you need not be a prince to "dwell in marble halls"—to have handsome marble effects in your home or place of business. For an inexpensive, modern material—*Sealex Linoleum*—has rivaled the beauty of marble itself.

A challenging statement—but here are pictures to prove it. Look at the realism of these Karnean marbled patterns. Unexpected dashes and splashes of blue and ivory. Flickering red flames. A vivid streak of color sweeping across the tile like a flash of lightning. Almost incredible, that man should succeed in equaling the gorgeous beauty of nature.



A close-up showing the gorgeous colorings and delicate veinings of one of the tiles in the pattern shown below.



"LEONARDO"—This design was inspired by the works of Leonardo Da Vinci, great artist of the Renaissance period. Note the individuality of coloring achieved by a skillful blending of sky blues, sunset pinks, grays and cream yellows. *Sealex Linoleum 3225.*

All marble's subtle loveliness—and none of its disadvantages. Resilient *Sealex Linoleum* is warm, comfortable and quiet underfoot—a really "well-bred" floor. And, thanks to the famous *Sealex Process*, almost as easy to clean as marble itself.

Don't expect to find the wonderful marble realism we have been describing in any other linoleum. The process by which the Karnean designs are made is secret. So remember to ask for *Sealex Linoleums*.

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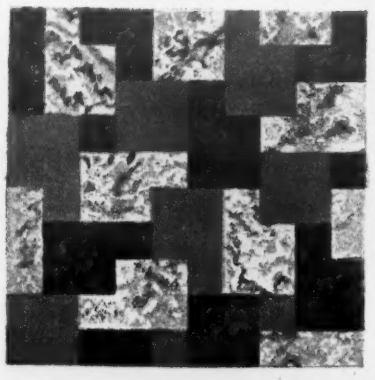
***"WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE"*—look for it in the radio column of your newspaper. A half hour morning program of delightful entertainment and practical help. Write us—*or ask your local dealer*—for a copy of the *WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE* folder with broadcast time-table. (*Not yet on Pacific Coast.*)**

"MARINE"—A beautiful Karnean pattern in Verde Antico marbled effect. *Sealex Linoleum 3211.*



"SEA ROCK"—Black and Sienna Karnean marbled design. *Sealex Linoleum 3037.*

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"FIRST CALL FOR *Breakfast*"

Sunkist Oranges have *the Richest Juice and Finest Flavor...*

EVERY Sunkist Orange or every drop of Sunkist Orange Juice you serve the family—or help yourself to—counts definitely for health. And this wonderful California citrus fruit is as delicious as it is good for you.

It has become an almost universal American custom to eat or drink Sunkist Oranges with breakfast, in particular. "And, in addition to other breakfast fruit," says an eminent diet authority.

And, what food or drink could be more inviting—first thing in the morning—than a bumper glass of cold California Sunkist Orange Juice, dark and rich with its health-making elements; or Oranges segmented into "mouthful-morsels," or a dish of sparkling, thin sliced Oranges.

Sunkist Oranges, like Sunkist Lemons, are a rich source of vitamin "C." And, now comes the word that this vitamin cannot be stored in the body more than 24 hours and should be replenished every day. So, science advises that the fresh juice of half a Sunkist Lemon be mixed with each glass of Orange Juice. Two eight-ounce glasses will supply an adequate daily amount of vitamin "C."

Besides, Sunkist Oranges and Lemons, being alkaline in reaction in the body (though acid in taste), are correctives and preventives of Acidosis, the malady caused by over-indulgence in acid-forming foods. Mail the coupon for a free copy of the popular book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods." It discusses Acidosis, and gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus, approved by an eminent authority.

Sunkist *California* Oranges

California Sunkist *Seedless Navel* Oranges are now in market. They carry the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. "Sunkist" assures dependable quality.

Sunkist Hand Reamer 40c (Canada 55c). Green, pink, or white alabaster glass. At your dealer's. Or, for further information, send coupon for new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.* © 1930 C.F.G.E.

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Send me, FREE, your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods.* You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

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TELLING FORTUNES with FOODS

(Continued from Page 132)

our chief need to be more selective in the things we hand over? Which shall we give, which keep in our homes? How shall we decide?

Is it "a sin and a shame," as an older woman said not long ago, "the way these young housekeepers depend on delicatessen stores?"

Is the woman a parasite who, having no children or all grown children and a small house or apartment, spends most of her spare time in recreation? If not, why isn't she? What is she contributing to society's welfare that justifies her in having short hours of work?

With all the opportunities for education at our doors, just what training do you want your daughter to have before she marries? your son? your daughter-in-law?

Has a young woman any obligation to learn the newer facts of child care before having children of her own? Does it in any way compare with the obligation of the young man to be able to earn a living before he marries?

How can the young woman—and the young man, too, for that matter—be best equipped to meet the demands of parenthood and homemaking?

And how can the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL best help you to arrive at your earnestly desired goal for your homemaking activities?

Shall we offer you more food suggestions? Shall these frequently take the form of recipes?

What of your use of money—are you able to make it buy all that you think it should? What of financial plans for your old age?

Would you like suggestions on child training—psychology in its relation to children, to family relationships, to mental hygiene for all members of the family? In particular, would you like advice intended to help you in keeping yourself mentally fit, well-poised, not easily irritated—keeping your sense of balance?

Have you recreation problems? How can the home better serve as a center for family and community recreation?

A group of one hundred and fifty college women listed the homemakers' chief problems as follows:

1. Money—how to make it go further, how divide it fairly among members of the family, how best provide for an old-age income.
2. Taking care of children and training them to be good citizens.
3. Family relationships—trying to live happily with people of different ages, tastes, interests and dispositions.
4. Providing suitable food in acceptable variety for the family.
5. Keeping all members of the family interested in home affairs.
6. Too much housework—referring to the manual labor.
7. Too long hours of work.
8. Servants and part-time help—how to secure, train, manage, establish satisfactory relations with.
9. Selecting equipment and furnishings—making sure it is what you need and want.

Do you agree with this list?

Will you be good enough to list your three chief homemaking problems and send them to us?

For those of you who still like to play make-believe just step aside for a moment and watch yourself go by. Are you the kind of homemaker you planned to be? Why not? At what points do you most need help? Will you write us?

We wish that every one of you would make this an occasion for introducing yourself to us, debating points on which you do not agree, making suggestions that we have overlooked. Talk it over with members of your club. They may have suggestions. If you do not answer all of the many questions I have asked, will you at any rate tell me what you think a home ought to do for young and old in our present-day world? Then we should like to combine your letters and give through the pages of the JOURNAL a composite picture of the modern homemaker as she sees herself.

Let me hear from you very soon, please.

Your Electrical Equipment

(Continued from Page 122)

go for information and help in the matter of keeping your equipment in good working condition. It's sensible to use the service you pay for when you buy equipment. Then, too, if you have bought nationally advertised equipment, there are service men available in most localities whose job it is to take care of the equipment.

It is quite desirable that you also know something about the care of your appliances, for you can make many of the minor repairs and adjustments yourself; in fact, it is just about as essential that you know when your mechanical trouble is serious enough to call in a service man as it is to know whether Johnny is sick enough to need a doctor or whether a good dose of castor oil will relieve the difficulty. A homemaker who uses electrical equipment can be expected to learn to know general symptoms of slight mechanical disorders that you can fix yourself. For example, the replacing of fuses found in some electric ranges, which is an extremely simple matter and is often not a difficulty serious enough to warrant a service call. In cases of more alarming nature—for instance, when the motor is sparking—there may be every reason to send for a service man.

There are a few elementary facts about the care of equipment that are worth your while to learn, and learn perfectly, for it may save hours of your own time as well as the expense of service calls. For instance, take the matter of motor-driven equipment as an example. Though there are literally dozens of motor-driven devices, the care of the motors for all these consists of a few simple principles the same in every case, requiring a minimum amount of gray matter for their mastery.

First, keep your motor dry. You have always done as much for your automobile, so pity the poor sewing machine, and washing machine, and all the motor-driven machines as well. And select a dry place for storing any equipment that has a motor.

Second, keep your motor clean. Dust and grit will cause bearings to wear more rapidly.

Third, keep your motor properly lubricated. Read the instruction book, and follow it exactly. The directions tell you how often to oil your motor and really that is when it should be oiled, with no variation. Likewise the directions tell you where to oil your motor and they are quite definite and positive about this. It is worthy of notice here that every hole in the motor case is not necessarily an oil hole. We could put food in our ears—but would we?

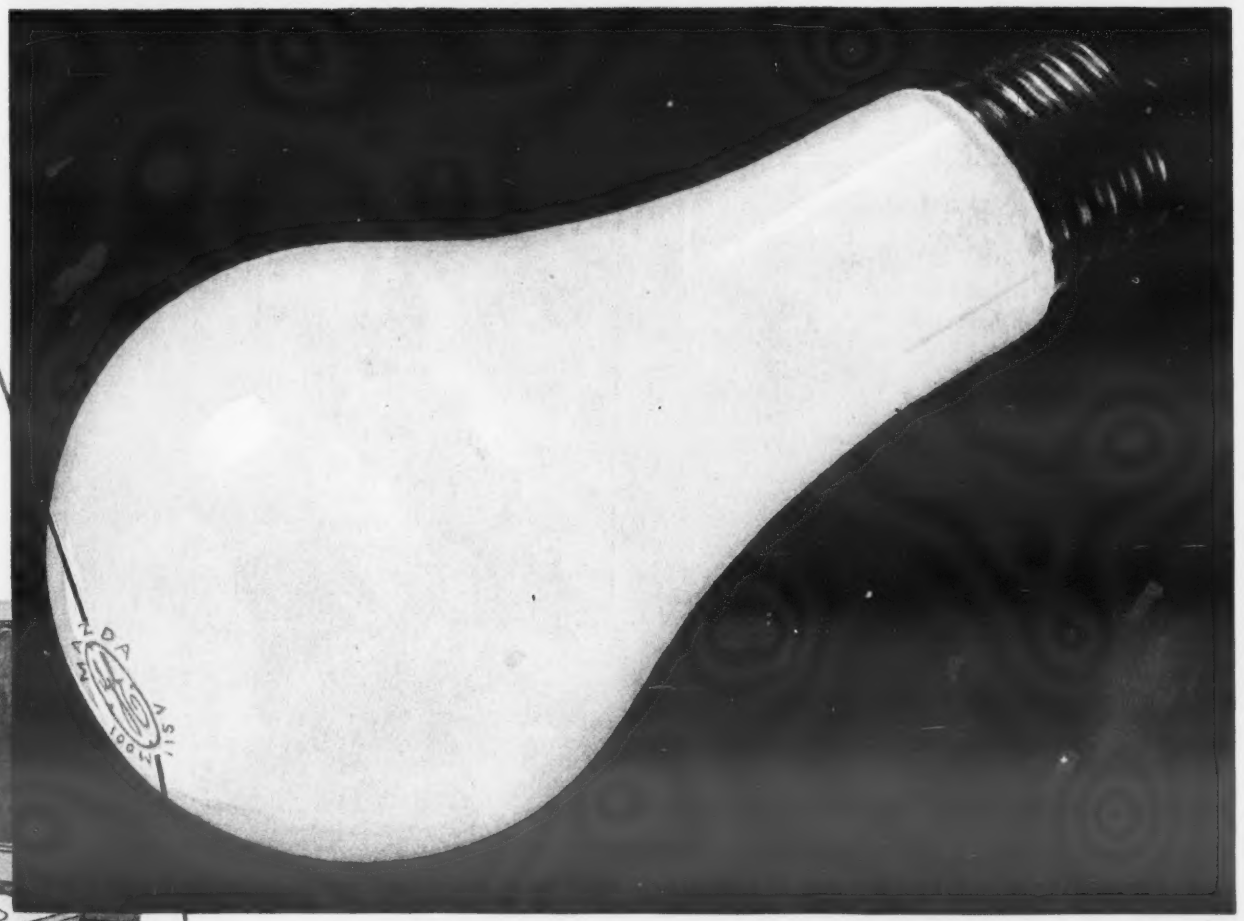
The directions are quite explicit about the kind of oil needed. There are four kinds of lubricants used generally—light, medium, and heavy oil, and sometimes cup grease. Each has its particular use, and must be used in its own place. Don't run next door and borrow your neighbor's oil can when you are ready to oil your machine, unless you are absolutely certain that your neighbor is a specialist in machine oils.

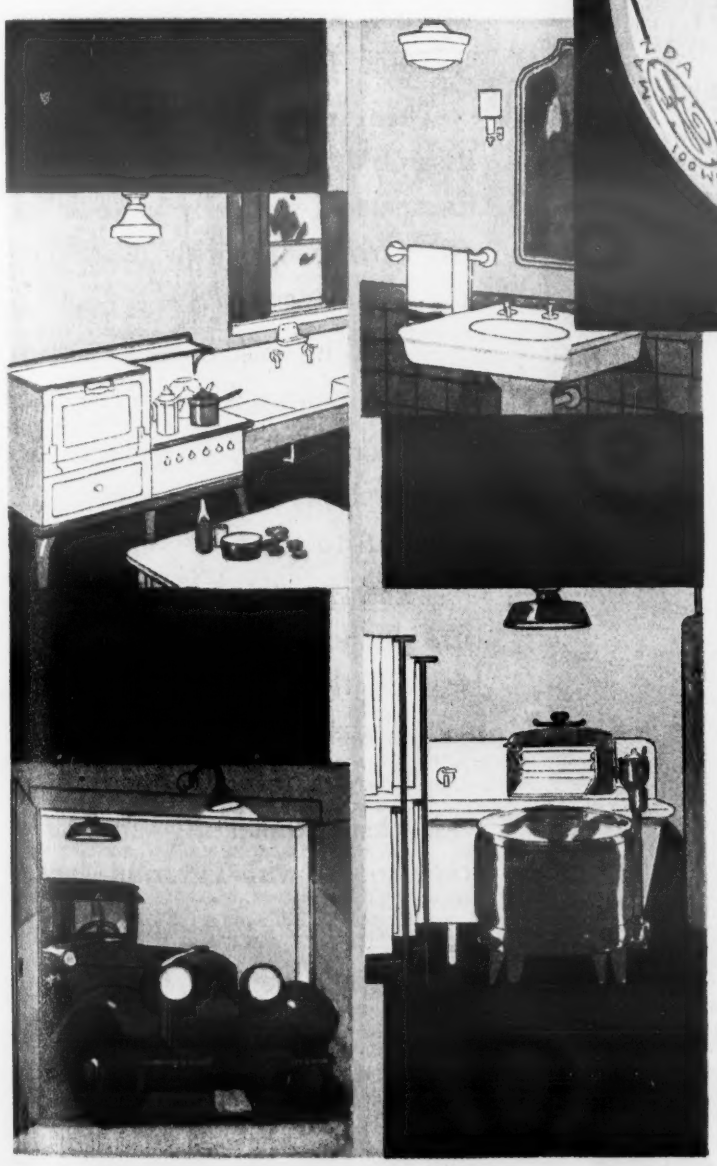
And then that all-important question of the amount of oil! You must learn early if you would be a success in the oiling business, that there is a real difference between "two drops" and two squirts of oil. You must know your oil cans.

MAZDA NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

This Lamp lightens tasks

THE 100 WATT INSIDE FROSTED MAZDA LAMP for the





GOOD LIGHT means as much in the home as it means in the factory. Well-lighted kitchens, bathrooms, garages and laundries speed up tasks. Relieve strain. They are cleaner . . . and safer.

¶ The 100-watt, inside-frosted General Electric MAZDA lamp is helping general managers of homes to get the most out of modern time-saving labor-saving household machinery. ¶ Used in totally-enclosing shades of new modern designs and colors this lamp transforms shadow-ridden workrooms into happy, inviting places where tasks are completed in jig time—with a song and a smile. ¶ From a business point of view this wonderful lamp justifies a place in every household budget. Giving the light of 136 candles for less than one cent an hour, it is the most economical of all present day lamps for the home. ¶ Ask your dealer to show you this lamp to lighten tasks. You will know G. E. MAZDA lamps by this mark on the tip of the bulb and by the familiar blue carton in which they come to you. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

The thrift dentifrice with the wonderful after-effect

ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

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There are a great many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, rather than dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A tie is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

The Versatile Oyster

(Continued from Page 117)

OYSTER COCKTAILS IN TOMATO CUPS are attractive and easily prepared. Select small tomatoes of regular size, scald, chill, peel and hollow out deeply. Allow four Blue Point or other small oysters to each serving. Pour a cupful of cold water over the oysters to cleanse them, then look over well and remove all particles of shell, and set away to chill thoroughly. For the sauce, mix together half a cupful of the tomato pulp finely chopped, one teaspoonful of grated horseradish, two drops of tabasco sauce, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of vinegar, five drops of tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Pour the sauce over the oysters and stir well; serve in the tomato cups on paper doilies; garnish with cress.

OYSTER BISQUE makes a very delicious luncheon first course. A pint of small oysters is required for its making, with two cupfuls of milk, one cupful of cream, one and a half tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, the yolks of two eggs, with salt, pepper, paprika and mace and chopped parsley. Wash and drain the oysters as in the preceding recipe, strain the liquor and bring the oysters to the boiling point in it, then drain and chop them fine. Melt the butter and flour together and add the milk; cook to a smooth consistency, and add the oysters and their liquor, with one teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful each of white pepper and paprika and an eighth of a teaspoonful of mace. Beat the egg yolks with two tablespoonfuls of cold water and add them carefully to the bisque. Simmer for a moment, then serve in cream-soup cups, sprinkling each serving with finely chopped parsley.

OYSTER CHOWDER is hearty and substantial enough to be served as a main supper or luncheon dish. Chop fine one large onion and sauté in three tablespoonfuls of butter to a light brown. Wash and drain one dozen large oysters and chop them fine and pour the onions and fat over them; add three cupfuls of boiled potatoes cut in cubes and pour in four cupfuls of milk and the oyster liquor. Two cupfuls of cooked diced celery add flavor. Simmer ten minutes, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and serve in a tureen over hard crackers split and buttered. Serve a slaw made of red cabbage with the chowder, or a celery mayonnaise if preferred.

OYSTERS LOUISIANA are extremely popular in New Orleans. To do them to perfection fill shallow tins with coarse rock salt and heat smoking hot in the oven; then place oysters on the half shell, large ones of course, on the hot salt and season them with salt, pepper, paprika and a teaspoonful of finely chopped green pepper and pimiento. Sprinkle with chopped bacon, place under the broiling flame of the gas range and cook at high temperature five to six minutes. When the bacon is crisp and the oysters sufficiently cooked, serve at once in the shells, placing the pans of hot salt on platters.

FRIED OYSTERS are delicious when properly done. Always select large oysters for frying if possible. Pour a cupful of cold water over them and drain well; then wipe dry between towels, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dip in flour. Take care that the oysters are thoroughly dry, otherwise it will not be possible to egg and crumb them properly; and avoid picking them up by a fork, for that will break them. Beat one egg with two tablespoonfuls of water and dip the oysters carefully so that every part is covered with the egg. Then dip or roll in very fine, dry bread or cracker crumbs and lay aside until all have been dipped. If a very fluffy fried oyster is desired, dip once more in the egg and cracker crumbs or place in a frying basket and cook in deep fat four minutes at 375° F.; drain on paper and serve with Sauce Tyrolienne, made by adding half a tablespoonful each of chopped parsley, capers and gherkins and half a cupful of chili sauce to a cupful of mayonnaise.

OYSTERS WITH MUSHROOMS make a tasty entrée or main dish for luncheon. Chop a small onion rather fine and brown it lightly in a tablespoonful of butter. Add a cupful of chopped mushrooms and cook ten minutes; then season with salt, pepper, paprika and a teaspoonful of parsley and add a pint of medium-sized oysters. Cook for two or three minutes only, stir in half a cupful of rich white sauce and turn into buttered ramekins. Scatter fine crumbs over the oysters, dot with butter and bake 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven, 400° F., to a delicate brown.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS must be very well prepared to be palatable, as they are often soggy and underdone and unpleasant. Use a shallow dish for the scallop—one that will hold but two layers—butter it well and spread with a layer of fine, dry bread or cracker crumbs, dot with butter, then cover the crumbs with a layer of oysters which have been washed and drained, sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Next arrange a layer of crumbs, dotting it well with butter; then add another layer of oysters with seasonings. Mix the oyster liquor with a little cream and pour it over the dish; then arrange a top layer of crumbs and, sprinkling generously with butter, bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

DEVILED OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL are really served in clam shells or in ramekins. Make a white sauce of one tablespoonful each of butter and flour and half a pint of cream or rich milk. When smooth and thick add three dozen medium-sized oysters chopped fine, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, a dash of mace and three grains of Cayenne. Fill the shells with mixture and brown in a very hot oven.

HOT OYSTER BISCUITS make a tasty Sunday-night supper dish. Prepare a biscuit dough in the usual way and roll a quarter of an inch thick; cut into rounds two inches in diameter. Drain medium-sized oysters well and wipe dry; dip each in melted butter and place on rounds of biscuit dough, using one or more oysters, according to their size. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika, cover with rounds of biscuit dough, brush with milk and bake in a very hot oven. These biscuits are very nice served with a substantial vegetable salad.

The Birthday Party

By ELIZABETH C. WHERRY

THE birthday party's over,
With only one mistake
(It makes us fear the baby
May have the stomach ache):
He ate the candle holders
Off Johnny's birthday cake!

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.,
Dept. 330-J
One Madison Avenue, New York

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N 181

To the woman . . .

who could never think of reading like this on washday

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Washday begins with the first insistent tinkle of your alarm clock. And likely as not, we haven't seen the last of it when twilight settles down. An aching back, tired muscles, frazzled nerves, a topsy-turvy house—these are the fruits of washday.

If these were all of the ill effects, it would be bad enough, goodness knows. But washday takes a heavier toll. It steals more of Youth and Beauty than the other six days can hope to recover.

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SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Pollywog

(Continued from Page 27)

was an old sow with new pigs. Uncle stepped over the rail, pushed her about, and brought up in his arms half a dozen squealing babies.

"Take your choice, Van. You can have one."

That was different. Uncle thrust them into Van's arms, and he held them. They squealed loudly. He had always thought pigs were dirty, but these were as clean as puppies. One little black fellow nuzzled against him, letting out sharp grunts. The sow was frantic with anxiety and reared up with her forefeet on the rail.

"I'll take this one." Van held onto the little fellow that had nosed him.

"I think you picked the best of the lot, at that. Put it back, then. You keep your eye on it, and later you can have it."

"Come on, Van, I want to see how the alfalfa's starting, and that'll take us along the creek," said his uncle after breakfast.

The alfalfa was a bright green patch, with a wooded hill above it and the stony creek on one side. Van lingered along the creek, stepped out uncertainly on a rock over the water, and saw in a pool in the sun below him some little creatures swimming about—creatures with thick dark heads and long weaving tails.

HE REACHED down thin fingers and gingerly scooped one up. Overhead the great April sky was a dazzling blue, with white puffs of clouds that were reflected in the creek. The trees leaning over the water were tender with new green. The stream was full and running fast, save in this backwater where Van fished. The moment was one of strange significance; it sank into the boy's mind forever.

He held one of the little fellows half out of the water, where it wriggled against his fingers, while he looked about for something to put it in. Someone's old bait can was lying near; Van rinsed it out, filled it with fresh water and put his pet in it. He showed it to Uncle Hubert, who told him what it was.

"Young frog. They lay their eggs in the backwater and these fellows are hatched out. Your teacher would call him a tadpole. He swims around, and grows arms and legs, and loses his tail. Also, his insides become more complicated. At last, however, he becomes a sure-enough frog that can breathe on land or water. I think there's an old fish bowl at the house you can put him in."

Grandmother got out the fish bowl, and Van filled it at the pump. He put some gravel in the bottom and put the bowl on the kitchen window sill in the sun. The tadpole swam merrily round and round, his long filmy tail trailing after him. Van watched him in fascination and discovered at length that the men had gone off without him. He found his way alone to the orchard, going warily through a pasture full of feeding cattle. That afternoon he learned to drive the old mare, so that the men could both work at the spraying.

WITHIN a week he was at home in the big barn, at home in the pigpen and hog house, along the creek and in the orchard.

Everyone answered him, everyone loved him, everyone looked out for him. But one day a boy came up the hill and all the old fears came back on Van like a touch of fever. He was near the kitchen door and he went into the house directly, pretending that he hadn't seen. So there were boys in Eden! He felt that he could not bear to begin again the old rôle of being football.

"Van!" Uncle Hubert's voice was low and stern. "Come out here. This is a neighbor. You've got to be nice to him."

Van came out on the porch and under its shelter lifted heavy eyes to look at the other boy. He was about Van's age, but he was taller and broader. He was almost a fat boy, except that his body was hard and smooth. His face was as round as Grandmother's and sprinkled thickly with freckles. His eyes were brown and his hair was red and he wore a wide and friendly smile.

"This is Freckles Maloney from down the road a bit, Van. Shake hands!"

The boy put out his hand and grinned again. Van hesitated. He had never seen anyone like this before and feared a trick.

"What's the matter?" said the other boy, laughing. "You ain't scared of me? Sho—I won't hurt you."

THUS challenged, Van came out and they shook hands. Freckles smiled at him encouragingly.

"I'd 'a' been to see you before, only I'm still going to school, and I have to milk evenings, and work the garden. Bert says you've been sick. Gee, I hope you get better soon."

"I've got a tadpole," said Van. "Want to see him?"

They went into the kitchen and Grandmother, with her left hand, as it were, put out a plate with the remains of a chocolate cake on it.

"Thanks, Mis' Maxwell." The boys each took a piece and stood regarding the tadpole.

"Pollywog," said Freckles, his mouth full. "I've raised 'em. You watch him. His tail'll fall off some day and he'll be a frog. Our teacher says their tails don't fall off, and he licked me because I kept saying they did. He says the pollywog 'sorbs his tail. Well, maybe some do, but mine fell off, because I saw it floating on the water the day it left home. You can't tell me what I see with my own eyes ain't true. Their tails fall off, after they get kind of dried up."

Van believed him. He was always to believe this, against the testimony of noted scientists. There was another piece of cake on the plate. Freckles looked at it and then looked inquiringly at Grandmother.

"Eat it, Freckles. Seems like Van don't eat proper, like a boy should. I never could keep cake around when mine were growing up, but Van, he just kind of picks at his food."

VAN looked at her with his mouth a little open. He had been mortified by his own appetite. More than once he had refrained when he could have eaten more, out of fear of gluttony and of a rebuke.

"Can you go snaring suckers? They're up in the creek."

"I'll ask Uncle."

They went down between the fields to the creek with poles on their shoulders.

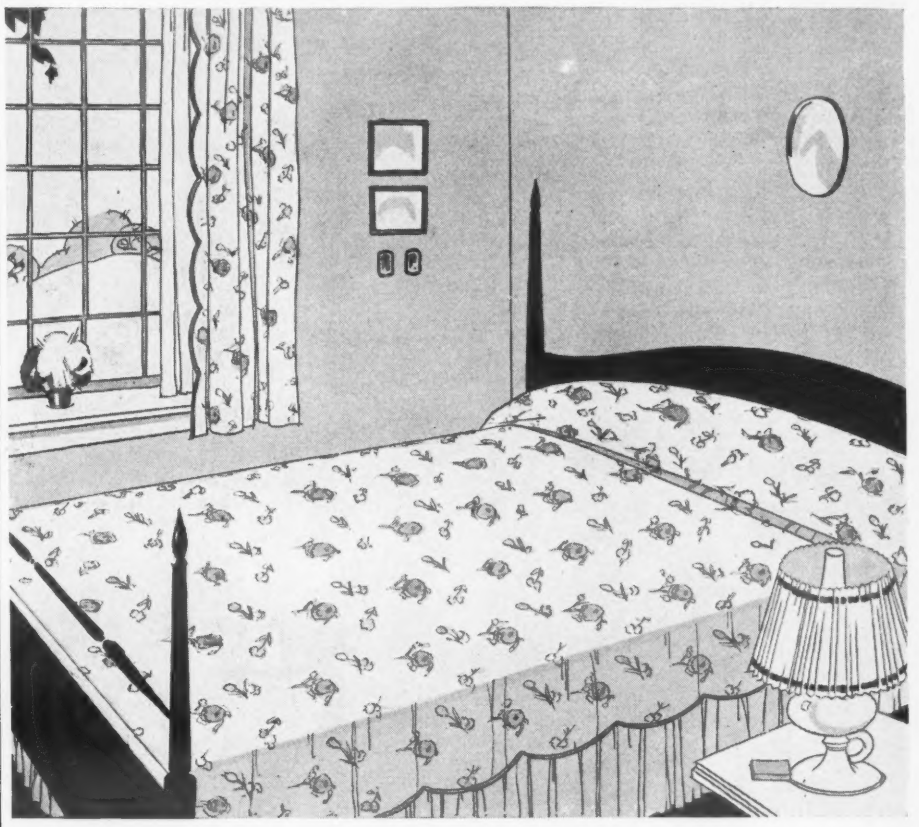
From that day forth all the hours they were not working the two boys were together. Freckles became the chief delight of Van's life.

In all his busy world Van never neglected his tadpole, for which he felt a particular affection. He dug a couple of fresh worms for it every day and he changed the water religiously. He and Freckles watched its development with scientific interest. Every day the tail became shorter, more diaphanous. It became a mere memory of a tail. Little legs appeared in the jellylike substance, little hands behind the great head, and finally these thrust out and gave it more speed and power. It grew bigger, bolder, swimming merrily round and round, feeding in the gravel bottom, sticking its nose out for a bubble of air.

One morning Van got up as usual and went to the bowl; it was empty. He

(Continued on Page 144)

The ensemble theme has coaxed the bed into the color scheme. Here bedspread and draperies match. The flounce glimpsed beneath the scallops is tied to the springs or mattress so that the spread may be removed and the flounce remain to dress the bed. The pattern used is the Puritan Doulton Cretonne "Garden".



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Living								
Dining								
Bedroom								
Sunroom								
Kitchen								

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CITY.....STATE.....
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Significant of Mrs. Armour's thoughtfulness for personal comfort throughout her household are the graceful Simmons beds in the room above, equipped with "*really* comfortable" Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs. Mrs. Armour is as firm a believer in luxurious rest as she is in gracious surroundings.

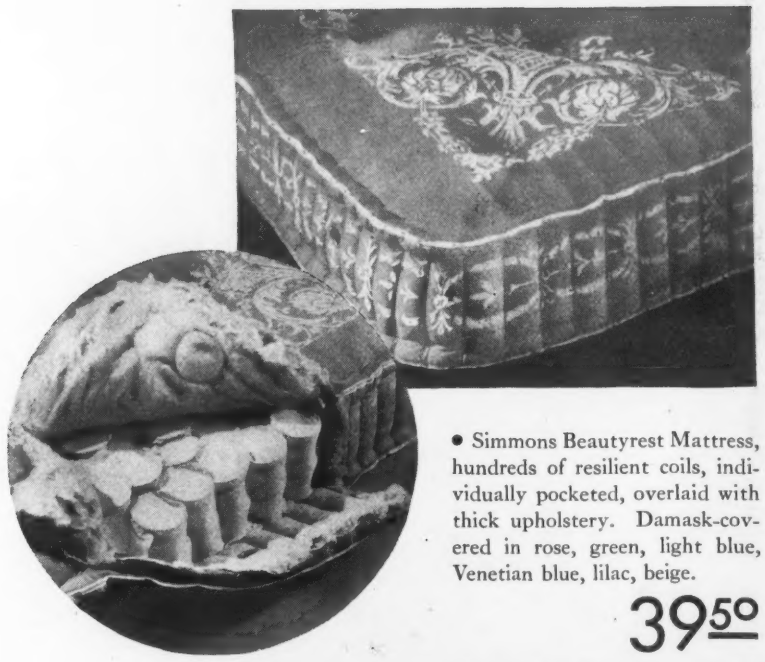
Simmons

this charming member of a distinguished chicago family, who has joined the widening circle of women who choose simmons beautyrest, writes . .

"I first slept on a Simmons Beautyrest Mattress on a ranch in Arizona and I was delighted with it. I felt I had discovered for the first time *real* comfort. Now I have these remarkable mattresses in my own home, and what a difference they make. I consider them really inexpensive for such remarkable comfort.

"Now I understand the Simmons Company have brought out a second mattress of a similar type for a still more reasonable price. It seems to me quite extraordinary—most progressive.

"The Simmons beds I have are a simple and quite gracious design—restful to the eye, as the mattresses are to the body."



• Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, hundreds of resilient coils, individually pocketed, overlaid with thick upholstery. Damask-covered in rose, green, light blue, Venetian blue, lilac, beige.

39.50

• The new Simmons Deepsleep Mattress with inner coils buried between layers of soft upholstery. Dobbestry-covered in four lovely colors, moderately priced at

19.95

• The Simmons Company, for three generations the world's largest makers of beds, springs and mattresses, have endeavored through patient laboratory research and improvements in mechanical facilities, to develop the finest sleeping equipment at moderate cost. Simmons Mattresses and Springs are in two price ranges: The famous Beautyrest Mattress, now in over a million homes, $39.50; Ace Box Spring covered to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, also with inner coil construction, $19.95; Deepsleep Box Spring covered to match, $27.50; Slumber King Spring, $12.00; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00. Bed No. 1636, chosen by Mrs. Armour and shown above, $35.00. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

beds springs mattresses and BERKEY & GAY Furniture

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Where perfect days begin and end in the luxurious comfort of

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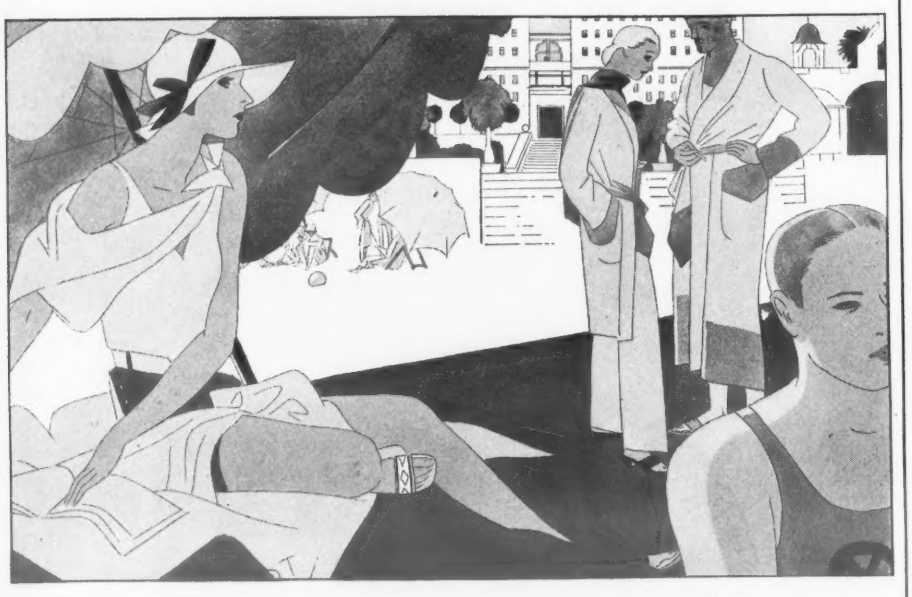

At the smartest hotels on the American Riviera

THE managers of these luxuriously appointed hotels have made every one of their beds as comfortable as your own . . . with Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases that lull you to sleep so that you wake up wondering if you're at home again.

No matter how little of your time may be set apart for sleeping, you always know that when you *do* go to bed, the cool caress of Wamsutta Percale will be there against your cheek and its drowsy smoothness all around you.

The sheets and pillow cases you can buy at your nearest department store are the very same in fineness and strength of texture as the Wamsutta Percale which these great hotels are using. There is *only one* Wamsutta Percale.

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The Homestead
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OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.
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AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA PERCALE SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

(Continued from Page 141)

called his grandmother in a loud, bawling voice.

"The cat's got him," he cried, but she answered him calmly.

"Of course the cat hasn't got him. He's grown up. He's a frog now. He's left his puddle."

They found him in the corner of the kitchen, big-eyed and alert, sitting there, a small green fellow who had lost his tail. His eyes, on their sticks, watched for danger, and Van had to pick him up lightly and carefully. The boy ran all the way to the creek and set him on the bank, where he gave a chunk and disappeared, a green, long-legged streak, in the water. Van stood there a little while, looking, and felt lonely for the tadpole.

Then they cut the hay. Van had never heard of work before. He was expected to do his full part, all day in the hot sun. He hoped that Uncle Hubert would not deny him this privilege because of his heart, and uncle didn't, though Van felt him watching. The boy carried water, drove the team, and at times turned hay with the fork. They cut the hay, turned it, tossed it first into caps and then into stacks, the sweetest-smelling stuff in all the world. The barn loft was now almost empty and they filled it tight.

The oats were ripe, the apples had to be thinned, the corn needed a last plowing.

With a cruel abruptness it was September first, and time for the County Products Show, after which Van was to go back to Chicago. The excitement and activity of the show kept his mind from his departure. All the Maxwells had exhibits.

GRANDMOTHER had some jars of jam in the homekeepers' exhibition, as well as a handmade quilt and three white hens. Uncle Hubert showed his seed corn, his young cow and a mare with colt. He would not let Van show his pig which, though intelligent, was not big; but the calf Van entered.

They were all up at dawn and Van had as his special chore the care of the farm stock that was in the show and quartered in the knocked-up pens in town. Freckles had his heifer in, and he had groomed her and even oiled her hoofs.

Never were two boys so tired, so busy or so happy and dusty. Van's heart was in his throat when the judges moved the young cattle about, but he saw at once that neither he nor Freckles was in it. There was a boy called Girth from the other end of the county a boy Freckles knew only by name, with a black Angus calf that was the prettiest thing Van had ever seen. He was a long-faced, sober boy, with intent gray eyes and a high, quarrelsome voice. His exhibit got first place. Freckles got third with his heifer and Van did not even come in the running.

"I don't care; I like you best, anyhow," he said, and he hugged his obstreperous young Jersey as hard as he could hug him. The calf was contrary and would not go into the stall, and it took Van pulling before and Freckles pushing behind to get him in. When he was finally in place and tied to the temporary manger, the prize winner came in with his quiet, well-mannered Angus. He pushed past Freckles, who said at once:

"Who you shovin'?"

"Nobody, and nothin' much," came the high-pitched answer.

"WHAT'S the matter with your voice?" asked Freckles impudently, and the other tied his calf and came back, pacing with a certain light vigor that was like a cat's and that made Van's blood run cold. He stopped with his face right up against Freckles'.

"There's nothing the matter with my voice, fat boy."

"Get your face away. I might bite you. D'ye think I'll move?"

Freckles was now a bunch of muscles. He thrust his own face forward imperceptibly. For a second neither moved. Then they fought in silence, happy, harmless, panting. Van stood rooted. He had never seen this kind of combat, hard fist on hard flesh, no profanity, no jeers, good hard thumps, but no special temper back of them. Then the boys began to get mad and to try to hurt each other. An intensity, a blaze came into Girth's eyes, and before it and the now furious drubbing of his fists, Freckles fell back a little and, partly stumbling, partly pushed, he fell down, and the thin, serious boy stood over him.

Something misted before Van's frightened eyes. Something clicked and shifted in his inner mechanism. The mist cleared and all that was left in the world was that long, sober face, those intent gray eyes. He made a kind of moan, and then jumped—right up in the air and right onto his astonished adversary. The fight only lasted a minute, and Van was down, pinned hard on his back.

"Say 'nough."

Van ground his teeth.

"Let me up," he cried.

"Let him up, Girth—he's only a kid."

Girth stood back, and Van struggled to his feet, and without any sound this time,

(Continued on Page 146)

"ARE YOU A MARRIED MAN?"

SILVERWARE TOO HAS ITS NEW SILHOUETTE

Fashion has her own favorite word for describing the shape and contour of a thing. *Silhouette.* And that, most appropriately, is the name of the new, modern 1847 ROGERS BROS. pattern. The same long, feminine flowing-lines Paris has given to the new silhouette in clothes. The same clean stream-lines, tapering, graceful. The lines of fashion in a line of silverplate noted for the highest quality for 80 years. Styles change with the times, but its quality goes on forever. For it is guaranteed without time limit.

THE VIANDE KNIFE AND FORK

Now the VIANDE Knife has a new dinner partner . . . the VIANDE Fork. The long handle short blade, so enthusiastically received last fall, is now companioned by the fork with its long handle and short tines. Tines in tune with the times! The first truly new silverware style change in generations. 6 VIANDE Knives hollow handle, mirror finish stainless blades $15.00 . . . 6 VIANDE Forks $8.25. The usual shape knife and fork are available if you prefer. See your nearest silverware merchant today.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Write for booklet Q-28, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware" showing spoons, forks and knives in various patterns, with tea and dinnerware to match. Address Dept. "E," International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

These Two Recipes won First and Second Prize!

Chosen as the two best out of tens of thousands of recipes submitted in the Brer Rabbit Molasses Contest . . .

Full List of Winners!
A full list of the 39 winners selected by the judges—Alice Bradley, Principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cooking Editor Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Director McCall's Department of Food and Household Management; and Katharine A. Fisher, Director Good Housekeeping Institute—will be sent to every woman who took part in the contest.

First Prize . . . $150
MAMMY'S FRUIT ROLL
Mrs. J. Edward Thomasson
Hilton Village, Va.

Sift 2 cups flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder. Rub in 2 tablespoons shortening. Mix to light dough with ¾ cup milk. Roll ¼ inch thick. Brush with 1 tablespoon melted butter and sprinkle with mixture of 2 cups apples pared and sliced fine, ¼ cup seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Roll like jelly roll. Moisten edges and pinch together. Place in greased baking dish (one slightly larger than the roll is best) and cover with mixture of ¾ cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Baste frequently. Serve with cream.

HERE they are . . . the first and second prize winners in the Brer Rabbit recipe contest! Two *different* molasses dishes chosen from tens of thousands of recipes sent in from every section of the country!

Just try them! You'll find they are easy to make . . . economical . . . attractive . . . so delicious they're bound to become family favorites!

And, if you make them with Brer Rabbit Molasses they are sure to be perfect in flavor. Pure New Orleans Molasses—Brer Rabbit has that unforgettably tempting old plantation goodness everybody loves. Gold Label is the finest quality light molasses. Green Label a rich, full flavored dark molasses.

FREE—*6 Prize Recipes*

Every woman will want this special Prize Recipe Folder . . . 6 prize molasses dishes . . . each one tested . . . each one so good you're sure to make it often. Check the coupon! Send it in!

Second Prize . . . $100
PEACH CAKE
Mrs. Sarah Chase
Jonesville, Michigan

Sift 2 cups flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup sugar. Mix 1 beaten egg with 3 tablespoons melted butter (not too hot); add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses and ½ cup sweet milk. Gradually add molasses mixture to dry mixture, stirring gently until batter is smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and scant ½ teaspoon almond extract. Spread in pan. Arrange sliced canned peaches on top, pressing slightly into dough. Sprinkle with 3 teaspoons granulated sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot with cream or pudding sauce.

GET THIS MINIATURE COOKY SET, TOO!

3 labels from Brer Rabbit Cans bring it to you. Your youngsters will love it!

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(Check what you want)
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☐ *Free* copy of special Prize Recipe Folder and *free* copy of recipe book, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies" by Ruth Washburn Jordan.

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 144)

he started fighting again. Again Girth put him down and held him.

"Let him go ——"

"He'll jump me."

Van struggled, heaved with all his soul, got loose and wound an arm around the other's neck; he began to hammer his face as hard as he could, until his arm was forced irrevocably back of his head again.

"Quit, now, Van," said Uncle Hubert's voice sternly. "He's too much for you. You've showed your mind. Now, quit."

Van's pants were torn. His eye began to swell, his lip turned up to meet his nose. He and Freckles went and washed in the water trough, and unexpectedly they began to giggle like girls.

"Gee he was surprised when you whaled into him. I was trying to butt in, only I couldn't whack him while you was at it. 'Taint fair, fighting two against one," said Freckles. A queer burning was in Van's breast, a new and inexplicable delight. He felt giddy, light and gay. He grinned at Girth, who came to wash his bleeding nose, and then the three were hilariously splashing water on one another. They finished the Products Show arm in arm.

AT HOME, Van was a hero. Uncle Hubert looked at him with proud shining eyes, recounted it all to gran, and then to Joe, and gave Van much the best of it. Grandmother beamed on him, and Joe felt his muscle.

"I can't go home tomorrow," Van said. "Mother would faint at this eye of mine. Can't we fix it, uncle?"

"Your mother never had anything to be prouder about," said his grandmother, but Uncle Hubert made a poultice for his eye, and grandmother had him hold a silver knife against his lip. Van's trip home was postponed another day, and his mother notified. At the depot his father's younger brother unexpectedly took the boy in his arms and hugged him. Freckles was nonchalant, gran moistly tearful.

Only his eagerness to see his mother again, now that he was started, made farewells possible.

The journey passed swiftly in recollection and anticipation. He left Polk Street Depot, and found his street car. His mother could not meet him because of her job, but she would be home before him. He left the street car at Mack's corner and stepped up on the sidewalk.

"Well, if here ain't sissy, with a new suitcase—and a shiner." The cry came from the screened door of the cigar store, which flew open, and Tim Mack came out, his face aglow with a bully's joy.

"Hey, fellers, here's sissy back again. Say, I wouldn't have known you ——"

VAN stood stock still in astonishment. Tim Mack had shrunk and withered. Could it be possible that he had ever been afraid of this narrow-chested little cheat? He felt an inner surprise and dismay. This was what had chased him all over the lot—this two cents' worth of false alarm. He caught Tim by the front of his dingy shirt and gave him a shake.

"Where's my suitcase?" he said, and shook him again. "Go on—I won't hit you—you're too small. But I want my father's suitcase. Where is it?"

"In—in the s-s-store."

"Get it—I'll give you two minutes, or I'll come after you."

Tim ducked into the store like a rabbit into a hole. Van waited. The door opened a crack and the suitcase came banging out onto the walk. The door closed swiftly.

"Just let me see you on the sidewalk, when I walk by," said Van in a terrible voice; then he walked on home.

His mother was waiting for him.

"Why—Van—I wouldn't have known you. Why, Van—you're grown up. You're a man!" They laughed and cried and hugged each other. He found out suddenly how dear she was to him, and how much she needed to be taken care of.

There was roast beef for supper.

"Grandmother wrote to me about your appetite! You shall eat the knives and forks if you like, Van. And you've gained forty pounds! And how tall you are! Sit down and tell me all about it."

"Gee, mother, I don't know how to tell you—first thing, I had a pollywog, and we kept it in the kitchen, and mother, it turned into an altogether different creature ——" he began.

Step on it, Sister!

(Continued from Page 8)

something rather romantic about the motorcycle cop. He goes places and does things—you know, like Paul Revere and Young Lochinvar and the fellow who carried the message to Garcia. But the stationary cop goes little and does less. He uses his feet to stand on and his wind for blowing whistles and bawling out citizens. Otherwise in his battle with life the best he can hope for is a tie.

Whether the endless multiplying of these corner kings and their mechanical relatives Uncle Light and old Aunt Blinker, is a help or a hurt to traffic I cannot say. At some intersections it is hard to see how we could get along without direction of some sort. At others, the presence of a cop merely means another five-dollar bill on the Christmas appropriation. At still others, a stopping signal of any kind is a plain hindrance to smooth driving and comfortable progress; it simply means one more sudden spurt to catch the "green" and one more sudden stop to meet the "red," one more horrible moment of uncertainty as to what the lights are going to do, one more certainty of delay, one more possibility of danger to life and limb and property.

In the case of the human—or almost human—traffic directors, everything depends on the type of man chosen for the job. If he is intelligent he can undoubtedly help in meeting the emergencies which are continually arising in crowded city streets. If he is dumb he is simply an added menace.

I am not saying that we do not need and will not have traffic policemen. It cannot be denied that there is a sort of killer instinct which gets into some drivers once they feel their hands on the wheel. Policemen will always be needed to protect the community against this type of driver as well as against those who are obviously reckless, careless, incompetent or drunk; in short, they will perform on the road precisely the same functions which they perform on the sidewalk. And no more.

We must look to bigger men for help with the bigger problems that now face us. Times are changing on the roads as elsewhere. In the country districts, busses and trucks are demanding more and more space. In the cities, taxicabs are multiplying like rabbits. There is a growing tendency everywhere to hang traffic rules—even those designed to further safety—on the green peg "Go" instead of the red peg "Stop." Speed is not the traffic problem, but delay.

This situation marks the second and most annoying phase of the traffic tangle. We could stand our share of bulldozing, even of graft; but, being Americans, we couldn't stand delay—especially a delay which was costing us the huge sum of two billion dollars a year due to the increasing volume of city traffic.

Obviously, instead of getting rid of traffic laws altogether, new laws and drastic ones

(Continued on Page 148)

SURPRISINGLY SIMPLE TO MAKE BAKED ALASKA

Simplified New Way

Eventually Why Not Now?

427 Women Tried Baking This Cake—424 Succeeded Perfectly The First Time. A New Development in Baking—"Kitchen-tested" Flour

GUESSWORK and uncertainty, thanks to modern milling science, have largely been banished from baking. As an example, the Baked Alaska illustrated above was baked by 427 women. *Only three were disappointed;* and they, because of wrong oven temperature!

By the development of an utterly new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity* of *result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill. Tested for cakes, pastry, biscuits and bread by a number of experts under the direction of the noted Cooking Authority, Betty Crocker, before it goes to you.

Thus GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour acts the *same way* with your recipes every time you use it. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

"Kitchen-tested" Flour, being unvaryingly uniform, eliminates that chance—eliminates "Good Luck" and "Bad Luck", guesswork and uncertainty, from home baking.

"Kitchen-tested" Recipe for Baked Alaska and 11 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads. Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy. All 12 of these simplified *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. To get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months

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SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

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(Continued from Page 146)

had to be passed to protect us against this devastating drain. New ideas in regulation came into existence to meet the new needs. They did not replace the old. They were added to them. And thus was confusion twice confounded.

And about this time, President Hoover, then Secretary Hoover, decided to do something about it.

The process wasn't a simple one. The main objective, of course, was uniformity. "I could be arrested and convicted," Mr. Hoover said in his call, "on a dozen counts between Washington and New York if I carefully followed either the Washington or New York regulations." The situation was much worse than that. It is doubtful if Mr. Hoover could have escaped arrest if he had tried to follow one theory of traffic regulation from his office on H Street to his house on S. Things were not only bad—they were bad in as many different ways as there were different policemen!

Obviously, the first thing to do was to study the methods already in existence. For this purpose Mr. Hoover assembled experts from all over the country and made them members of his working committees. But even experts are human. Each had his pet idea, and it was not easy to get him to subordinate it to the general scheme. Each locality thought its own scheme was the best. None cared especially what happened to the others.

It was in the face of difficulties like these—added to those born of fear, anger, tyranny, graft and stupidity—that Mr. Hoover went to work. The first thing he did, of course, was to call a conference. Some men, waking in the night to find second-story artists climbing their front stoops, would call a policeman. But not Mr. Hoover. He would invite the burglars in to meet his own experts on burglary, and, like as not, before the night was over, he would appoint a committee. In this case he appointed several committees which considered long and earnestly the various historical developments of the traffic problem which we have been briefly considering here. And after many meetings, which began in 1924 and lasted into 1926, their work merged and emerged in a Uniform Vehicle Code which was recommended for adoption to all the states.

There was nothing new or experimental about the Hoover Code. Its drafters were men of wide experience, and its provisions were in most cases copied from models already successful somewhere in the country. "It is not our purpose," Mr. Hoover explained, "to create an additional organization for safety, but rather to secure coöperation between the many agencies that are working throughout the country to that end." But if there was little that was novel in the Hoover Code, there was much that was thorough.

The Model Code

TAKE, for example, the matter of the driver's license. The code goes right to the heart of this problem. It says, among other things, that no one shall drive a motor car unless licensed by the state; that licenses shall not be issued to persons under sixteen; that licenses shall not be issued to persons unable to understand signs in English; that licenses shall not be issued to habitual drunkards, drug addicts, insane or feeble-minded or those who are afflicted with mental or physical disability such as to prevent reasonable control over a motor vehicle; and that all new drivers must pass an examination.

The code attacks the speed question with the same fearless good sense. It brushes aside the fixed speed limits which have been such a source of annoyance and graft, and sets up instead a series of prima facie rates which vary from fifteen miles an hour approaching a grade crossing to thirty-five miles an hour on the open road. These rates are chiefly useful in guiding the action of the courts. If the driver is traveling within the limits of these prima facie rates, the presumption of innocence is on his side and the burden of proof is on the shoulders of the cop. If he is exceeding these limits, the situation is reversed. In either case, however, the arrest and the fine—if there is one—is based on how he was driving, not on how fast.

In an explanation accompanying the code, the drafters recognize the "unfairness and inadequacy of absolute limits" and emphasize that "the basic speed law" is contained in the provision that "operators of vehicles shall at all times drive at a careful and prudent speed not greater than is reasonable and proper, having due regard for the traffic, surface and width of the highway and of any other conditions then existing." In further emphasis of this point the speed section declares that no person shall drive any vehicle at such a speed as to endanger the life, limb or property of any person. This," the explanation concludes, "is the vital and guiding principle of the speed regulation."

The code frowns on the method of making left turns used in a few cities—Washington is one of them—which requires an operator intending to turn left to approach on the extreme right, stop on the "Go" signal and complete the turn on the "Stop" signal, and establishes the simpler rule that those intending to turn to the left shall approach the intersection in the lane nearest the center line of the highway and pass to the right of the center of the intersection.

The Women's Part

THE code covers a multitude of other problems, but enough has been said to indicate the simple, common-sense way it sets to work to solve the problems which vex our lives.

Sounds good, doesn't it? And that isn't all. Two years after publication of the code, Mr. Hoover's conferees came through with another life-saver, the Model Municipal Traffic Ordinance, which does for the city and town what the code does for the state. Taken together, these two acts constitute a complete plan for solving our traffic problem, for increasing our safety and decreasing our annoyance. And the plan has now had from one to six years to prove itself.

The Federal authorities have made no attempt to force their suggestions on the individual communities. There is some question of their authority to do so. But twenty states have voluntarily adopted the "rules of the road" provisions of the code. Twelve now require examinations for operating licenses. Numerous cities and towns, including Indianapolis, Providence and Savannah, have adopted or paralleled the model ordinance.

There has been no such nation-wide acceptance of the plan as its merits deserved, but there has been the one thing for which Mr. Hoover hoped—a thoroughgoing practical test. And the result has been a unanimous indorsement of the plan.

The time has now come for the final push. And the authorities in Washington are getting ready for it. In the late spring or early fall, another general conference will be held. But the big task is finished, so far as the experts are concerned. All that remains to be done is to bring public opinion to bear on legislators, aldermen, selectmen and trustees.

That would seem to be our job. I am not sure that it isn't primarily your job. Women are now recognized as the dominant factors in choosing the automobile. They are, day in and day out, its most regular users. Traffic cops are already altering their favorite slogan from "Step on it, buddy!" to "Step on it, sister!" Men have had a quarter of a century in which to settle this traffic muddle, and they aren't much further along with it than they were that stormy night when Mrs. Ford stood on the curbstone with her umbrella and watched Henry "do his stuff."

The time has come, in traffic matters as in many others, for women to take the wheel and let men hold the umbrella!

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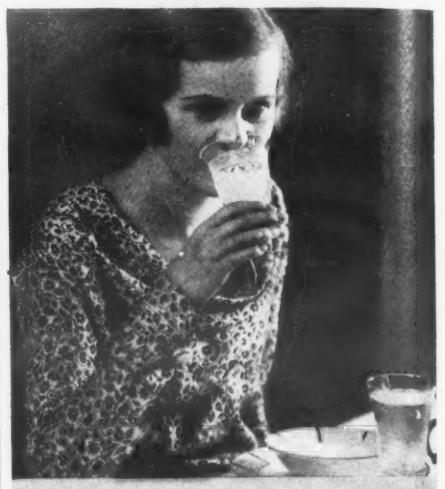

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At the home of **L. F. BIDINGER** *(Below)*

Variety is its keynote! And unusually large, bright blooms make this flower garden just what its owner, L. F. Bidinger, Kenosha, Wis., wants it to be. "I cannot praise Vigoro too highly," he writes. "We tried without it to have the kind of flowers we wanted and failed. With Vigoro we have been more than successful. To it we attribute the remarkable beauty of our garden this year."

Gladioli of exquisite coloring, at the home of Edwin B. Willis, Beverly Hills, Cal. "Never have we had so many large and beautiful flowers," writes Mr. Willis, "nor such fine shrubbery, luxuriant green lawns as we have since using Vigoro."

Lilies are only one of the many kinds of flowers successfully grown with Vigoro at Rose Hill, the Massie home at Greenwood, Va. "We have used Vigoro on our lawn, flowers, shrubs and trees, with very satisfactory results," says Mrs. Wm. R. Massie, formerly president of the Garden Club of Virginia.

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JOURNAL Nurseries and Seeds

Your Garden in March

IF YOU have a semishaded border, secure a few primrose plants just as soon as the weather will permit planting. In the main, all primulas require much the same conditions—that is, soil containing a moderate amount of rotted leaves or peat, and partial shade, though some species are only really happy in a damp or boggy situation. The English primrose, or polyanthus, is among the easiest to grow, and if the plants are carried through the winter with a protective covering of litter to save the foliage, they will flower with certainty during May, after which they may be divided and other changes started on their way.

Given plenty of water during the summer they will make good growth, and if not disturbed will make a greater show the following spring. Fall is a better time to plant than the spring, but the polyanthus is a patient subject; if taken up with a ball of soil it can readily be planted, even when in flower. The flowers vary from white to red, yellows being dominant; blues also are seen.

The Japanese primrose *(Primula japonica)* and the Chinese primrose *(P. denticulata)* are much stronger forms, with huge foliage which naturally dies away after the heavy frost. The last-named pushes up its lavender ball-like heads in April, rising upward until the stems are twelve inches or more tall. The Japonica type, which varies from almost white to dark red, sends up huge trusses, which gradually split into tiers one above the other, until the stems are twenty to thirty inches tall. Both these remarkable Oriental primroses are easy to grow, provided they have moisture and are not subjected to the scorching sun of July and August. Planted this spring they will surely flower and by early September the plants will be of such size that they may be divided into single crowns and replanted. They will reëstablish themselves before frost and a little litter over the crowns will insure them against injury, though they are far hardier than the English primrose. Litter must not be too heavy; if it mats down it may destroy the crowns. Seedlings of these primroses, as well as not a few other species, are not difficult to raise if one has a shaded frame. Sow early in the spring, or in the fall if fresh seed can be obtained, in light sandy soil and shade, never allowing the hot sun to reach them. Merely sprinkle the seed on the surface and press flat; do not cover with soil but keep dark until germination starts. Sometimes the seed will lie dormant for weeks. Transplant an inch or so apart as soon as large enough, where they can be kept moist and shaded. These plants all detest hot, dry situations, so avoid them. I use slat shades over the beds if no tree shade is available. Given good attention and transplanted again in the fall, most of them will flower the following spring.

—T. A. WESTON.

Dahlias From Cuttings

LAST year's dahlia clumps should not be replanted without dividing. To do so results in poor flowers and poorer roots next year. A close examination of the clumps in the spring will show you small buds or "eyes" from which the new shoots will grow. The clumps must be carefully cut apart so that each tuber has one, two or three eyes. A very sharp, strong but thin-bladed knife and a pair of sharp pruning shears are the best tools for this work. Use the greatest care possible not to injure the eyes or strain the necks of the tubers. A blind tuber—that is, one without eyes—will not produce a plant. Very large tubers give better results if a third or a half of the tuber is cut off and thrown away. This should be done at planting time and the cut surface dusted with sulphur.

Green cuttings are the means by which the largest number and in many respects the best plants are produced. In February or March divide the old clumps and start them indoors by half burying them in moist sand or peat moss. Keep in full light so that the shoots will be short and stocky. Cuttings should be made just at the joint, with a heel or part of the stem, for they make the finest plants and each one will produce eye-bearing tubers for next year. Cuttings need be but an inch and a half to three inches long. Trim off a half or two-thirds of the leaves to check wilting and plant almost up to where the leaves branch, in a mixture of sand and peat moss, half and half. Keep moist but not too wet; maintain, as near as possible, a temperature of fifty to sixty degrees, give them plenty of ventilation and sunlight, but shade from extremely hot sun. A slat-covered frame is an excellent place for cuttings. —ROMAINE B. WARE.

Bedtime Stories

THE seed or nursery catalogue is the ideal bedtime story. It can be thumbed at leisure and read in tiny bits. You want no long-drawn-out dissertations at such a time. Three or four lines are quite sufficient, thank you! When we are screwed down too tight to the page, our mind's eye cannot roam out-of-doors to our own back yards quite so freely. Suggest the thing, hint at the high spots, and let us go! Of course, we jot it down, and dream of it, and see it in even greater splendor than any catalogue artist can portray it. We recommend the seed catalogue to all who are weary in mind and heart, whose nerves are frayed, and whose interest in life has sagged down.

Chrysanthemums From Cuttings

IF YOU neglect to divide your chrysanthemum clumps every year or two the flowers will become smaller and smaller and the plants will get weedy and diseased in spite of all you can do; in fact, the finest flowers will be produced upon plants raised from cuttings each year. They are as simple as annuals to grow, and from one old plant new ones may be made to the extent of a dozen or fifty with very little trouble.

The time to make the cuttings is in the spring when the new growth is about six inches tall. Cut off the top of each new shoot, making pieces four or five inches long, strip off all but the uppermost leaves and if these are good sized cut off half of them to check wilting.

There are several methods of rooting these cuttings. They may be started in moist sand in a greenhouse or hotbed. A cold frame will do nicely or they may be grown right out in the open ground. I have had excellent success planting them in the border right where I wanted them to bloom. For the best success the soil in which the cuttings are to be planted should be very light and contain plenty of humus. A sandy soil from the woods, containing plenty of leaf mold, is ideal, or one may be made by mixing sand with compost, leaf mold, peat moss or commercial humus. If you wish to plant the cutting in the border where it is to bloom, simply remove the soil about six inches deep and as much in diameter and fill in with sandy leaf-mold soil and plant your cutting. Water regularly but not too much, and within two to four weeks the cutting will be a plant, growing vigorously.

For garden display, stocky, bushy plants are the best, and so you should begin to "pinch back" each plant almost as soon as growth starts. This should be done several times during the season and then, when blooming time arrives, they will stand without staking and be veritable mounds of color.

Pruning Roses

THIS is the last call for pruning roses. Remove dead wood only from rambler roses, rugosas, and the like. Be very careful about this, as a mistake will deprive you of bloom later on. Rose bushes in the garden should be cut back severely, cutting canes down to three eyes, after all danger of killing frosts is past, and only three or four canes allowed to each bush. Climbing roses should not, as a rule, be pruned until after blooming; then cut the canes back to the roots to allow the new canes full chance for development. This does not, however, apply to the variety Dr. W. Van Fleet. It does best when not molested.

New Perennial Aster

PERENNIAL ASTERS, or Michaelmas daisies, and native plants at that—the named English forms provide the gardener with sheaves of blue, white and pink flowers, that are highly decorative and useful for cutting. The tiny flowered ericoides type, white; cordifolius type, blue, and the horizontalis type with its bronze-centered blooms, are charming for mixing with dahlias, and so on, while the larger novibelgi types, blue and white, and the novae-angliae type, purple and pink, are splendid in themselves, especially Climax, blue; Sam Banham, white, and Barr's Pink.

A new variety of American origin being sent out under the name of Skyland's Queen is distinct from most others, because it never grows above two feet while its flowers are larger than any, frequently measuring two and a half inches across. The color is clear lavender blue and the blooms are produced in great abundance in September. This striking dwarf form, the first American-raised perennial aster we have heard of, makes an excellent pot plant, while it is useful for cutting. Try a few this year.

Garden Booklets

THE JOURNAL has recently published a collection of important garden booklets written by outstanding garden specialists, to assist you in the solution of your garden problems. These booklets supplement the regular garden pages of advice appearing each month in the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

They are more than mere leaflets; they cover every important phase of their subject; they are profusely illustrated with photographs, drawings and diagrams, and run up to 28 pages in size.

These booklets are distributed by the Journal to its readers at cost. The following are now available; others are in preparation:

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When summer comes, will you look out upon a modern *outdoor living room?* A place where trees in leafy splendor give welcome shade—where shrubs, with graceful foliage, shut out undesirable views—where smiling flowers beckon you out of doors?

Or will you see a picture from which you instinctively turn away—an unattractive "back yard?"

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Let the sod provide a velvety green carpet. Plant shrubs and evergreens to give privacy—trees for shade and perhaps fruit for your table. Add color and fragrance by the generous use of hardy flowers. Do this and you have created an outdoor living room—the distinguishing mark of the modern, prosperous, happy home. A place that will yield countless hours of happiness for all the family.

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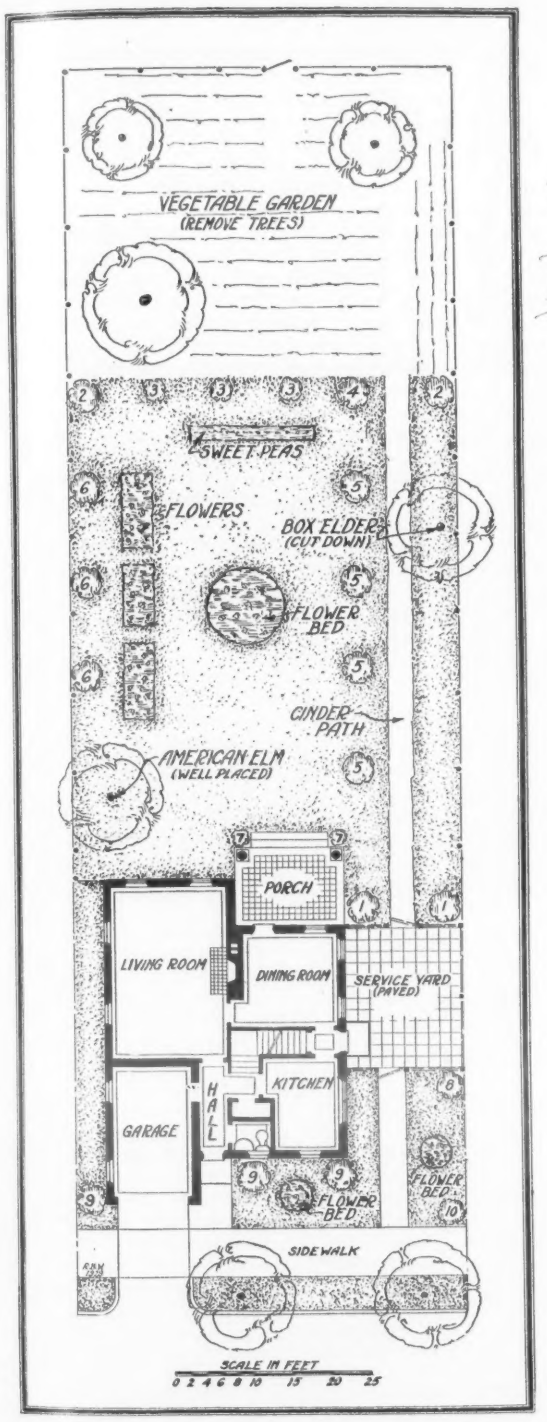


The garden and yard as it was when Tom Walker rented it.

Rebuilding a Renter's Garden for $25

By ROMAINE B. WARE

TOM WALKER loved to putter round among the flowers, pulling weeds, and staking up a plant here and there; to him every flower, every tree and plant was a living creature to be cared for and watched over as he cared for and watched over his children. But Tom Walker, an engineer with a public-utility company, had been moved from city to city so many times in the superintending of construction projects that his love of flowers and gardens had been little gratified.

He had been compelled to belong to the great throng of renters. Sometimes it had been a house with possibilities of a garden, but generally an apartment had to serve as a home. Apartments have their place in our scheme of civilization, but a flower-loving, garden-hungry couple with two small children feel rather cramped in such places.

Then came Tom Walker's opportunity; he found himself in a good-sized Middle Western city, in charge of plant operation and maintenance, with practical assurance of being there at least five years. With this prospect the Walkers determined they would find a house, out where a real garden could be had and the children could get pure fresh air. It seemed unwise for them to buy, but if a suitable place could be found they would lease it for five years, as the company agreed to assume responsibility if a move and subleasing should be necessary.

Several week-ends were spent in search for the ideal place and at last they found it. The location was in one of the newer suburbs where the homes had been built to take the greatest advantage of the lots. The lot was fifty by one hundred and fifty feet, with the house placed well forward, the garage and kitchen to the front, the living and dining rooms upon the garden side, where quiet and seclusion obtained. Mrs. Walker was especially taken with the lattice-inclosed service yard at the side of the house, paved with cement slabs. Here one could hang out clothes without getting the feet wet from the grass. Too, it made an ideal place for little Billy to play with his train and take his sun bath. The lattice inclosure was spaced rather closely and screened the view from the street.

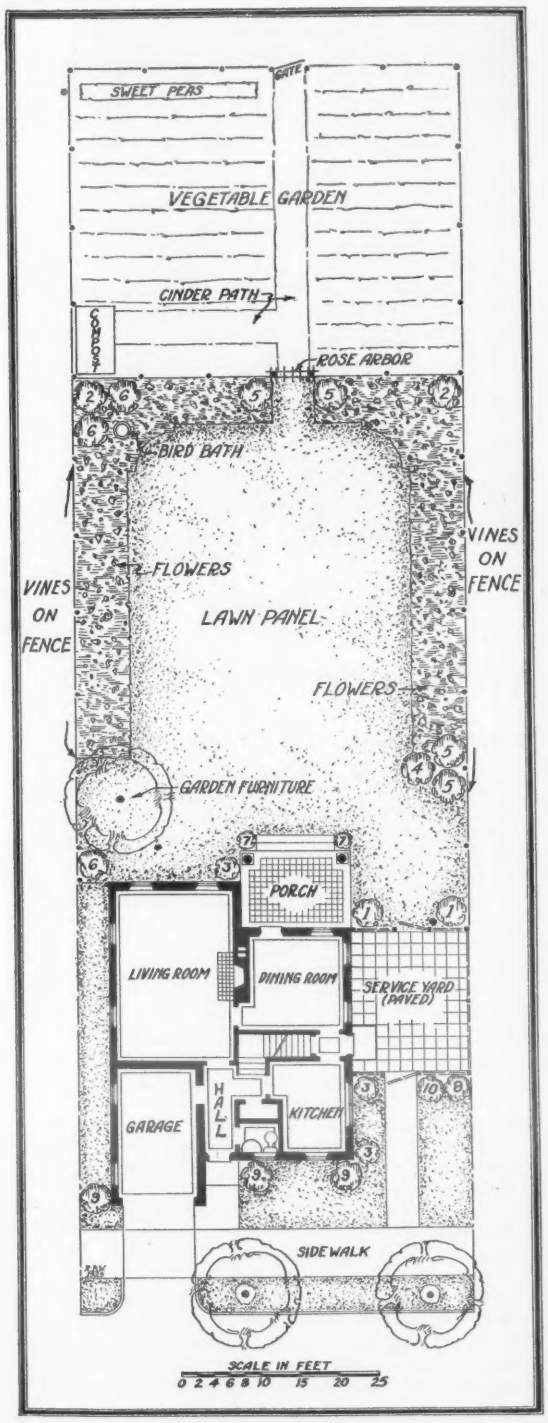
But the thing that took Tom Walker's fancy was the yard at the rear of the house. From the house to the back of the lot it was a bit over a hundred feet. Here was his opportunity and he at once began to dream dreams of what could be done with this area. For all the years that Tom's garden longings had been cooped up in apartments had not been wasted. He had read articles in the magazines about flowers and gardens, about how to arrange them to make the most of the space. His training as an engineer made him learn as much as possible about any subject in which he became interested. And he surely was interested in gardens. One summer he took care of a widow's garden next door to the apartment building in which they were living and improved it so much that its owner's interest was revived and she joined the local garden club and helped others make better gardens. That's the way with those who love gardens—they infect others with their love and the benefit rolls on and on in an ever-widening circle.

It was midsummer when the Walkers moved into this place, which had just been vacated by an elderly couple compelled to go West for their health. They had lived there several years and planted some shrubs, trees and flowers. Like countless other folk they had little idea of arrangement, and Walker saw many things improperly placed. The first few weeks he did practically nothing in the way of planting.

Making a Plan

THE lawn had to be kept mowed, and, as you will note by an examination of the plan as Walker found it, the lawn mowing was a most unpleasant task. With shrubs and flower beds scattered all over, one could not make any headway, and the trimming up around everything took even more patience. About the third time the lawn had to be mowed, Tom vowed that another year would find the place very different. He spent many hours planning and replanning in his mind what should be done. Finally he reached the conclusion that in order to arrive at some definite plan he should put it down on paper.

He secured a large sheet of drawing paper, known as scale paper. This paper is very lightly cross-ruled with lines an eighth of an inch apart. Scale paper is the easiest thing to work out a garden plan upon. One needs practically no skill, as the lines may be used to represent certain distances. Any stationery dealer can get such paper for you. In this case Walker allowed each one-eighth of an inch upon the drawing paper to represent a foot in the garden. By measuring the width and length and counting off the one-eighth-inch squares, he drew an outline of the area. On this he located the house and drew an outline of it the same way.



The regenerated garden as it was a year after Tom Walker took it.

The Walkers determined when they took the place not to spend much money upon it. Tom had read in one of the magazines how a man had built a rather pretentious garden and spent only twenty-five dollars. So he made a sort of wager with himself that he could, as it were, regenerate this garden and make a real place out of it without spending more than that. Mrs. Walker rather smiled when he outlined his plans, which included such things as a rose arbor and a bird bath, to say nothing of a fifty-foot length of fence.

The entire back yard was inclosed with a wire fence five feet high. This was the starting point of the garden. First, something must be done to make a screen out of the fence that it might act as a background for the flowers that were to be planted in front of it and to accentuate the boundaries of the garden. If funds had been available to plant masses of shrubs along the fence, they would have made the finest background; but twenty-five dollars could hardly be stretched that far. Climbing vines were the only thing left; roses would have been ideal but cost too much. He selected Heavenly Blue morning-glories for the sides and the rose-colored Brazilian morning-glory for the rear fence. By soaking the seeds in warm water they were made to germinate more quickly. There are many other quick-growing vines which might have been selected and have given as good results.

The garden was already practically divided into two parts by a row of shrubs and this seemed to be the logical place to maintain the division. The shrubs, however, only partially served the purpose, and so a wire fence was added. As it was merely to act as the support of vines, ordinary chicken wire would do nicely, and it was purchased for $2.50. Five cedar fence posts were bought from a farmer for $1.50, two of them being eight and a half feet long, to be used as posts

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for the rose arbor. Some cedar saplings about an inch and a half in diameter were also bought for fifty cents and brought home tied to the side of the car. These were used to make the crosspieces of the rose arbor after stripping off the bark and staining with raw creosote. A rustic rose arbor, if well proportioned, can be most artistic. Such arbors often seem to belong to small yards since they blend into the surroundings and do not attract too much attention.

In order to make the best use of the shrubs already on the place, Walker made an inventory of them. Rather than give you just a list I'll tell you how he moved them, referring to the numbers upon the two plans. The two sweet mockoranges *(Philadelphus coronarius)*, No. 1, were not moved. Neither were the two Tartarian honeysuckles *(Lonicera tartarica)*, No. 2. The three snowball hydrangeas, No. 3, were much out of place and were moved up around the house. The plant of border forsythia *(Forsythia intermedia)*, No. 4, was moved over and grouped with two common lilacs *(Syringa vulgaris)*, No. 5, at the end of the flower border. The lilacs as originally placed were very poorly arranged and so they were moved, one upon either side of the rose arbor. The three bridalwreaths *(Spiraea vanhouttei)*, No. 6, were moved, two at the farther left-hand corner of the garden to make a group with the honeysuckle and the other at the corner of the house. The Japanese barberry *(Berberis thunbergi)*, No. 7, beside the porch steps was not disturbed and neither was the rugosa rose, No. 8, nor the three weigelas, No. 9. The white rugosa rose *(Rosa rugosa alba)*, No. 10, was moved from the corner of the lot, back against the lattice with its pink counterpart. With the new grouping the shrubs are well placed to make the best use of the few.

Making the Plans

OF THE two trees in this part of the yard, one, the American elm, is well placed; the box elder, however, does not fit into the picture, and as it is a poor tree at best, this one an especially ungainly specimen, it was cut down. As a general rule, too many trees in a small garden are much worse than none at all. Too, they must be very carefully placed or they may spoil the balance and symmetry of the entire garden. Back in the rear garden there were three fruit trees. They cut into the best part of the area and due to lack of spraying had become rather badly diseased and bore but little fruit, and this of an inferior quality. It seemed wisest to remove them. Tom discovered that the two trees in the boulevard were suffering from lack of water due to the paved street and the sewers carrying off so nearly all of the rains. By digging out a small area around them and soaking them thoroughly several times during the summer they were fully revived and took on a better color, within five years far outstripping all the other trees in the block. In the rear yard the cinder path, edged with boards, was dug out and the material used to make paths in the vegetable garden.

All the moving was done in the fall just as soon as the leaves fell and, due to the short distance the shrubs had to be moved, each was dug with a large ball of soil, resulting in the loss of very few rootlets. Thus they required a minimum of pruning, whereas if they had been dug in the usual way with most of the little feeding rootlets destroyed, it would have been necessary to prune them back a third at least.

So far Tom had spent less than five dollars upon the garden, but in the planning and the moving of the shrubs he had got a hundred times that much in satisfaction. He was now ready to add the flower borders that were to be the finishing touch of the garden. They were staked out and the space was thoroughly trenched about eighteen inches deep in the fall and the surface left as uneven as possible, that the action of frost and winter freezing might aid in breaking up the soil. Soil surface treated this way becomes very mellow and friable. The last thing planted in the garden that fall was the climbing rose, Dr. W. Van Fleet, doubtless one of the best of all climbers. An extra-heavy plant, well-rooted, was purchased for one dollar. One thing to remember with this variety is that it should almost never be pruned. The older and apparently more disruptable the branches, the better they bloom.

Tom spent many long winter evenings working upon the details of the flower borders. In order to keep the costs as low as possible the garden would be largely annuals the first year or two. Perennials take longer to establish themselves, and if good-sized plants are purchased the cost is rather high. With annuals, however, it is well along in the season when they start blooming and, too, there are no annuals that will make a show as do many perennials. Where will you find anything to take the place of delphinium, iris or hollyhocks? Twenty varieties of annuals were selected, as shown in the planting list, and one or two seed packets of each were ordered. Four dollars was spent for seed, which included a dollar for some very choice sweet-pea seed. Sweet peas were delegated to the vegetable-garden area, as they are not in any respect an artistic addition to the garden.

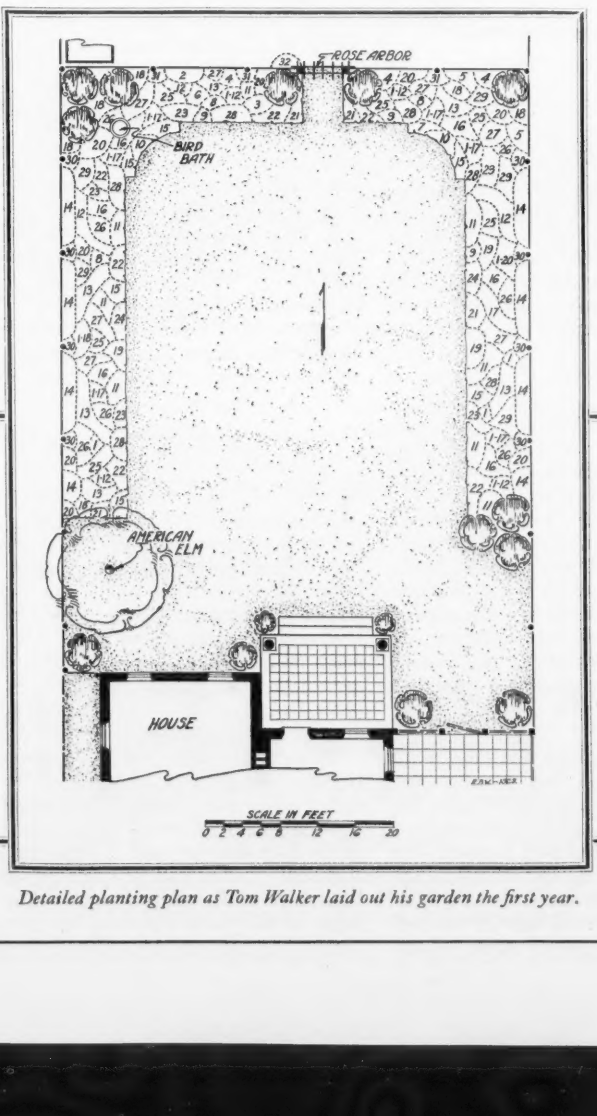
During the winter Tom also built a bird-bath bowl of cement. Out of plaster of Paris he first molded a pattern for the inside, just the shape the depression with the bowl should be. When this was hard and smooth he gave it two coats of shellac so that the cement would not stick to it. Then laying this pattern down upon a flat surface he molded the cement mixture over it, reënforcing with woven wire and making it about an inch thick. When this had set the plaster-of-Paris mold was taken out and the bowl was done. He made three of them before getting one that suited him, but the entire cost for materials was less than two dollars. In the spring he built a pedestal for it out of cobblestones taken from the border, building it around an old piece of pipe driven into the ground. This obviated the danger of an accidental upsetting. Cement left from making the bowl was used to hold the cobblestones in place and to fasten the bowl to the top.

Spending Only $25

OUT of the $25 there was still $13.50 left, of which he spent $2.50 for fifty pounds of bone meal. By carefully using this he helped many things to give him their best. The balance of $11 was divided among the nine perennials in the planting list. Here as with everything else Tom bought carefully. For example, with the iris, of which he wanted quite a few, he found one of the best of the iris specialists advertising one each of twenty-five varieties, all different, and each one labeled, for $2. This was a real buy, because he knew that each plant could be divided into at least three at the end of the second year. He planted them as the plan indicates, using the annuals around them for later color. He shopped for other things the same way and by careful purchasing got a great deal for the $11.

When the end of the first twelve months rolled around midsummer saw the new garden at the height of its bloom.

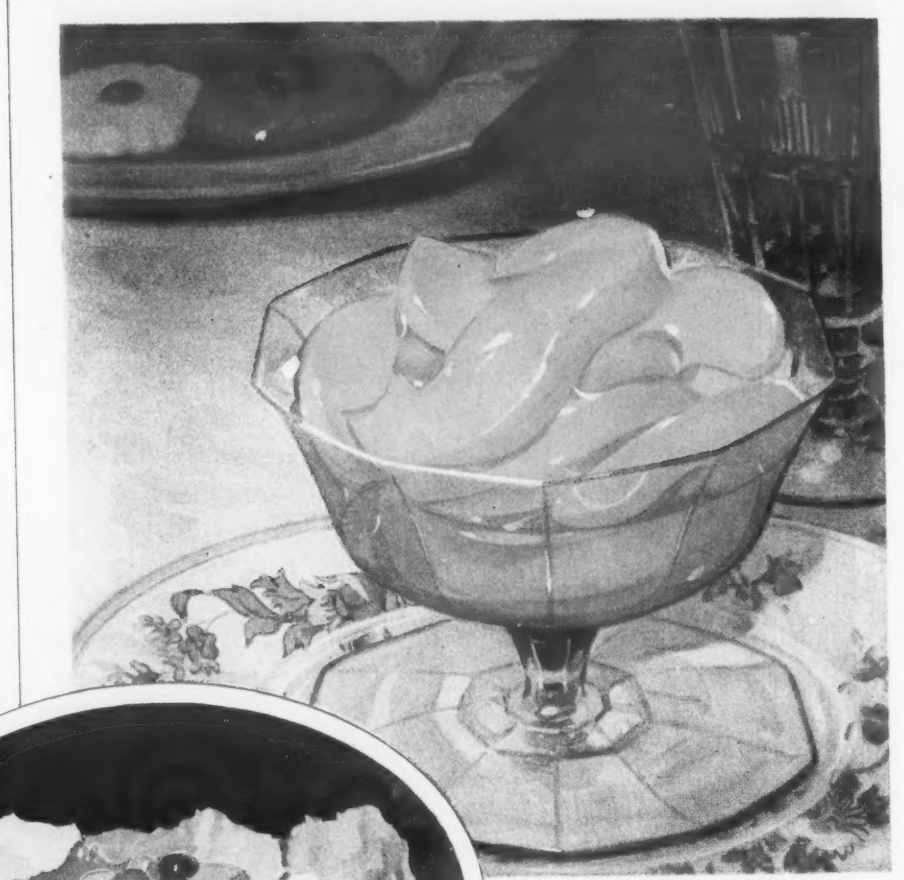
Much as Tom Walker enjoyed the fruits of his efforts, he was looking forward to an even better garden. He planned gradually to replace many of the annuals with perennials, raising them from seed at a mere fraction of the cost of plants. He planned for climbing roses upon the fence, raised from cuttings given him by a friend. He had become interested in growing dahlias from seed and was dreaming of many other experiments. Tom Walker was a true gardener, never satisfied with a thing while it could be made better, always planning for a better garden next year. He had proved that even if one only rents a place a successful garden is practical and can be had at a very small outlay.

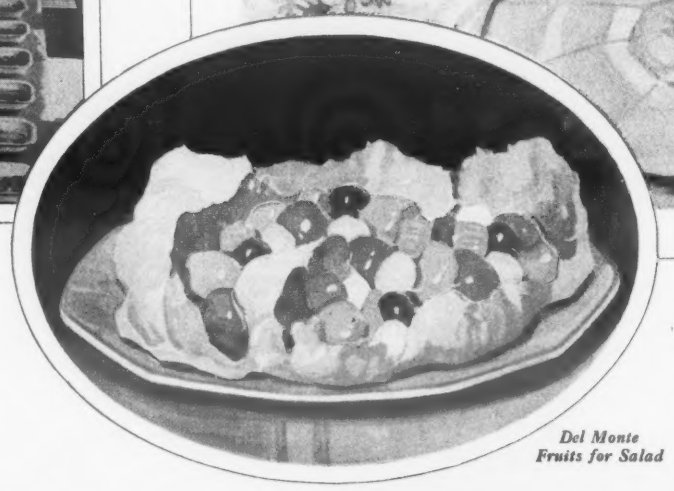


1. Iris in variety.
2. Delphinium hybrids.
3. Gaillardias.
4. Helenium.
5. Hollyhocks.
6. Coreopsis.
7. *Pyrethrum roseum.*
8. Shasta daisies.
9. Viola, Jersey Gem.
10. Sweet alyssum.
11. Asters.
12. Calendulas.
13. Cornflowers.
14. Cosmos.
15. Dianthus.
16. Didiscus.
17. California poppies.
18. Larkspurs.
19. French marigolds.
20. African marigolds.
21. Pansies.
22. Petunias.
23. *Phlox drummondi.*
24. Portulacas.
25. Salpiglossis.
26. Scabiosas.
27. Giant zinnias.
28. Dwarf zinnias.
29. Giant snapdragons.
30. Heavenly Blue Morning-glories *(Ipomoea rubro-caerulea).*
31. Brazilian Morning-glories *(Ipomoea setosa).*
32. Climbing rose—Dr. W. Van Fleet.

Detailed planting plan as Tom Walker laid out his garden the first year.

No compromise with quality! — *these men insist on being sure!*





Del Monte Fruits for Salad

Their daily check ~ the last of many different inspections ~ puts the final guarantee of goodness behind every Del Monte Food you buy

Trifles make perfection—but perfection is no trifle!

To Michelangelo—four centuries ago—goes credit for this famous observation. Yet his words are just as true today. And how well they apply to quality in canned fruits!

Often the little things, the endless precautions that might seem unnecessary, are the final guarantees of a better appearance and flavor.

There's the matter of inspections, for instance.

DEL MONTE Fruits are first inspected in the orchards, then are inspected at the cannery door. They are inspected and sorted on the preparation tables—on belts moving to the canning tables—and again as they are filled into cans. And finally, the plant superintendent himself cuts open samples from each day's "run"—to make sure that results are up to his own ideals.

You'd think that this would be enough!

Yet every day in the canning season, a selected committee of DEL MONTE executives gathers in the sunlit room shown above—and from samples of the previous few days' pack taken from *all* DEL MONTE canneries, determines whether the fruit is fully up to DEL MONTE's quality requirements.

The decision these men make is final—an unprejudiced, impartial judgment of the output of all DEL MONTE canneries and all districts—matched against the one rigid quality ideal for which this label stands.

A remarkable quality test

Unless you watched these men at work, you'd hardly believe the pains they take—the critical severity with which they examine each product as it comes from DEL MONTE canneries!

First, trained assistants weigh each can—count the pieces of fruit—test the density of the syrup—for all these things have their bearing on canned fruit quality.

Then, with all the fruit transferred from cans to gleaming white enamel dishes—DEL MONTE's expert judges start their final, painstaking inspection.

From table to table they go—slowly, methodically—stopping beside each dish. With long-handled spoons they dip into the syrup—noting its consistency and color. They examine, separately, every piece of fruit—judging it for color, ripeness, texture and general appearance—tasting it for flavor.

The most thorough canning process

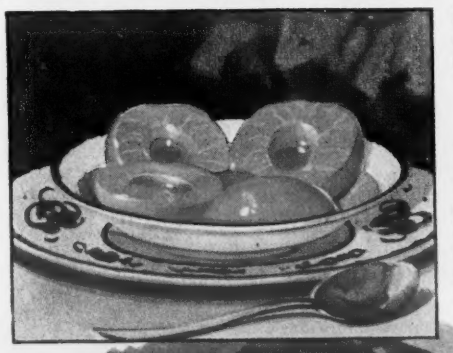
Even the most trifling deviation from the quality DEL MONTE specifies for every fruit it packs, is recorded and brought at once to the attention of cannery officials!

Only when their inspection is completed—after this most particular of juries has said, "Quality OK"—is any DEL MONTE Product ready for your table!

And remember—inspections are just one detail of the DEL MONTE canning process—a process unsurpassed for thoroughness and painstaking care, in the entire canned fruit and vegetable field!

Before canning starts—DEL MONTE Fruits are selected from the world's finest orchards and gardens. Each fruit is picked for ripeness, size, color, flavor and perfect appearance. All this, just to give DEL MONTE the very finest raw materials with which to work.

In DEL MONTE canneries, modern machinery does many of the tasks of preparation you once did by hand. Back of this splendid mechanical equipment—directing every operation with human skill and judgment—are hundreds of trained, experienced workers. In addition—one woman out of each sixteen in DEL MONTE canneries, spends *all* her time inspecting, checking—making sure that all the fruit that goes into DEL MONTE cans is fully up to its high requirements. Even the syrup on DEL MONTE Fruit is specially chosen for the variety itself—independent of any commercial standard—the particular degree of syrup that will best supplement and bring out the fruit's own natural flavor.



As a result of *all* these things—and not simply because of any one of them alone—the DEL MONTE label stands today for *more* than just the best that can be packed. It stands for *uniform* quality in every can—year in and year out. Uniformity, safeguarded by the experience and skill of over 70 years in the canning of fine foods.

And don't forget that fruits are just a part of the many foods DEL MONTE cans.

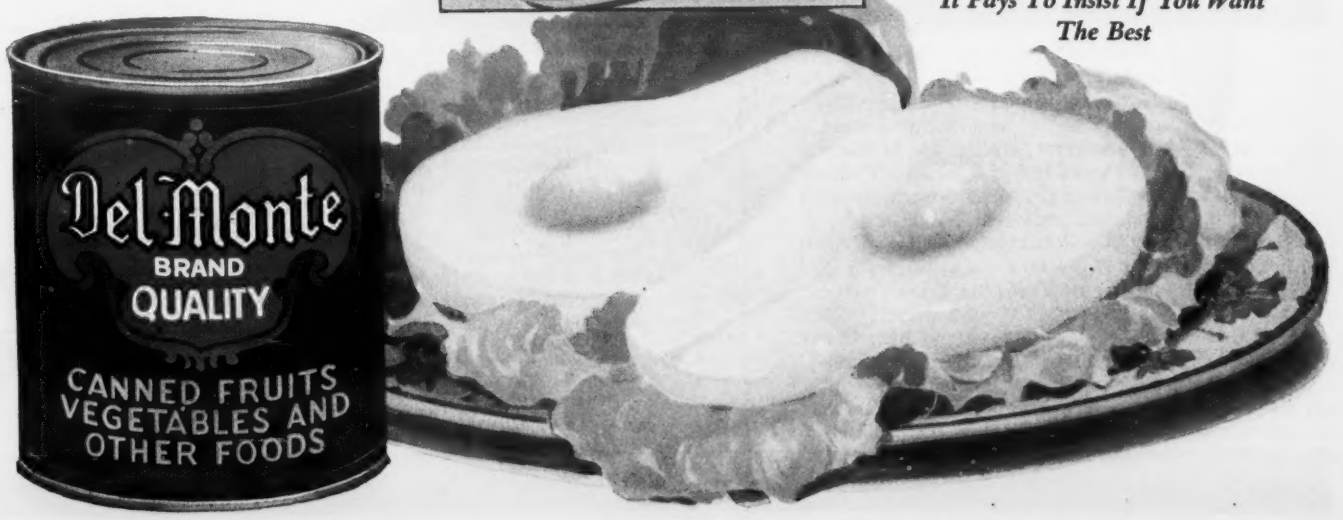
Under this same dependable brand—packed with the same painstaking care—is the widest assortment of vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit, raisins and other foods.

Whatever your requirements—whatever your ideals of canned food quality—you'll find under the DEL MONTE label the varieties you want—and the quality you demand—at reasonable cost.

Suggestions that make meals "different"

Even if you now have a lot of cook books—you're sure to find many new and "different" recipes and menu suggestions in the DEL MONTE recipe collection. There are 267 of them in all—in seven booklets and leaflets, all handy size for filing. May we send them to you—free of charge? Simply drop a card to Dept. 141, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

It Pays To Insist If You Want The Best



Does your Tooth Paste really *work?*

Or do you buy it for its pleasant candy-like taste? . . . Time to "graduate" to a dentifrice, scientifically planned, that does *more* than clean. Here in PEBECO'S cooling tang is more than clean white dental surfaces. Here is more than taste. Here is sparkling white teeth, firm healthy gums—the comfort of a *completely invigorated mouth.* You just know from its distinctive tang that PEBECO is *working,* always *working.* In a week you'll swear by it. Try it!

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Spanish Ideas for American Gardens

By HELEN MORGANTHAU FOX

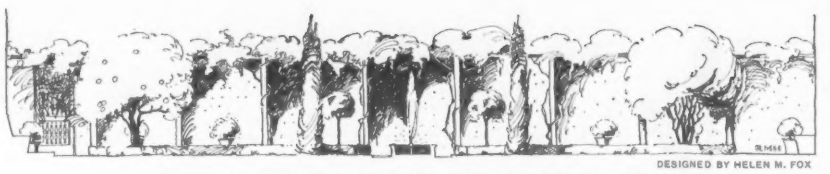
Drawings by Ruth M. Havey

WHEN we gardeners travel we visit the parks and gardens as well as the art galleries and cathedrals, and when we see unusually fine planting or planning it suggests improvements for our own bit of ground at home.

However, we ought never to copy a garden and reproduce it exactly, for no two exposures or situations are identical. Instead, we should adapt what we see to suit our habits and climate.

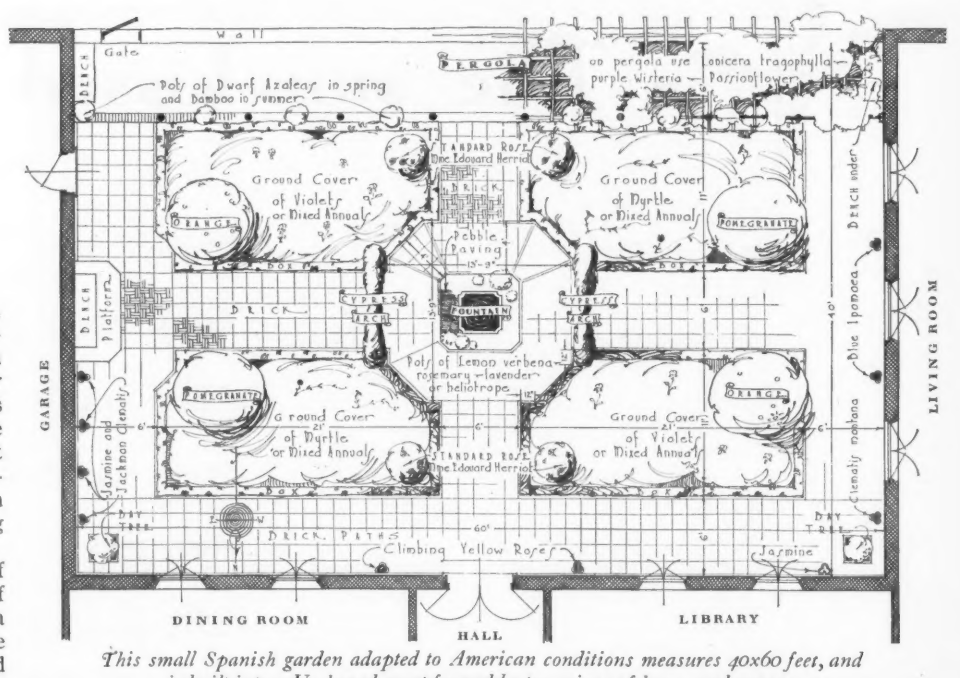
This time we will consider the gardens of Spain and see what we can learn from them. The Spanish garden is definitely a garden of warm climates, where rains are scarce and water a luxury. The Spanish garden grew out of the patio, which is a hollow rectangle open to the skies and surrounded on all sides by the walls of the house. The gardens are small rectangular units, but when the acreage is big many units are strung together; when it is small there may be one or at most two. The gardens are inclosed with plastered masonry walls; there is no grass and the walks and ground are either left bare or paved with tiles or bricks. Its distinguishing characteristics are the many plants in pots and the tiles used for pavements, to cover benches and walls and to line the fountains. And last but not least, its most important ornament is a basin or pool from which gurgles a jet of cooling water.

The planting consists of vines and shrubs, some of these used for hedges, and a few trees. Many plants are grown in pots because potted plants require less water than those in the ground. These pots stand about the pool, on the steps, and along the railings, or hang from the walls and peep over the balconies.

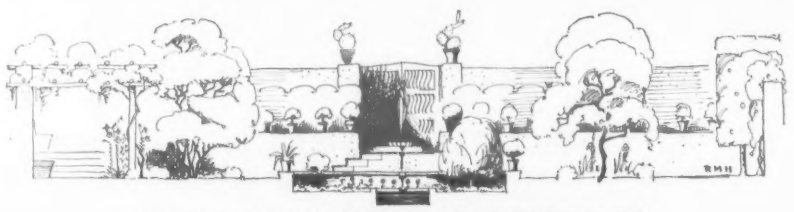


DESIGNED BY HELEN M. FOX

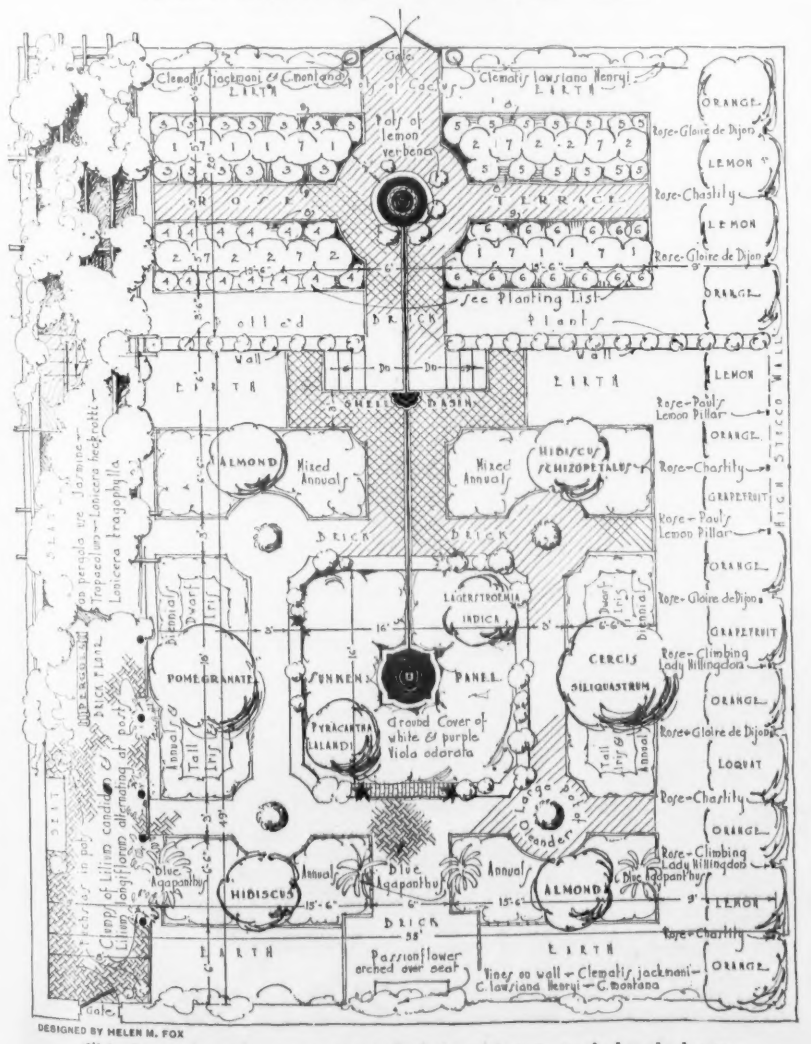
SECTION THROUGH CENTER LINE LOOKING SOUTH



This small Spanish garden adapted to American conditions measures 40x60 feet, and is built into a U-shaped court formed by two wings of house and garage.



SECTION THROUGH PERGOLA AND SUNKEN PANEL



DESIGNED BY HELEN M. FOX

This Spanish garden measures 55x69 feet and is not attached to the house. Masonry or stucco walls inclose it on all four sides.

Planting List for the Rose Terrace

1. Standard Radiance.
2. Standard Lady Hillingdon.
3. La France.
4. Independence Day.
5. Duchess of Wellington.
6. Mrs. Wakefield Christie-Miller.
7. Standard heliotrope.
8. Ground cover of violas.
9. Ground cover of myrtle or purple verbena.

Pots on wall filled with lemon verbena and purple sage for all season or with freesias, carnations, dwarf azaleas, geraniums or cinerarias in their seasons.

Spanish Essentials

WHEN a Spaniard thinks of gardens his mind travels back to the pleasure grounds famed in his poetry, the hillside gardens of Granada and Cordoba, and for him a garden must always be on several levels. Whenever it is possible he raises or lowers a part of his garden, although it may be only for six inches.

Now when we adapt Spanish gardens in our South or Southwest, what will we take from them? We, too, will pave our ground with tiles laid down in amusing designs made of juxtaposing glazed and patterned tiles with unglazed earth-colored ones. Our benches will be built of concrete faced with tile or of brick. Perhaps there will be a tiled niche in the garden wall but instead of forming a shrine we will use it as a cozy nook for a tea party. Lastly and most important, we will have a little fountain to cool the air and the spirits, and being practically minded Americans will make it deep enough so that we can dip into it to water the garden.

There is often a pergola or covered walk in the Spanish garden to furnish a place for sitting during the hot time of the day, and as this is a sensible idea for a garden in a warm country, it is one we, too, will adapt.

We will introduce variety in the levels of our gardens whenever we can, because it lends interest, enables us to look down on one part and up on another and gives an effect of space to a small garden. Then we will inclose our gardens with walls even though most Americans do not like to shut themselves away from their neighbors' gaze. The reason why we will have walls is that masonry walls or hedges furnish the needed background to set off the scene we are placing on our stage. They shut it in and frame it. If we cannot have masonry inclosures we can have hedges of cypress, pittosporum, laurel, lavender, bay, box, yew, hornbeam, privet, dwarf pomegranate, magnolia, or a thousand other possibilities. I once saw a hedge of scarlet and purple fuchsias and they were gorgeous. English hawthorn furnishes a classic hedge, and clipped orange trees might be used too.

As for ornaments, they will be confined to the many pots, a few benches, and the principal feature will, of course, be a pool, fountain or well head. We will not have any statues unless there is a spot just crying for one. Statues are restless and Spanish gardens breathe

(Continued on Page 160)

Flowers are sparingly used. With the brilliantly colored and highly glazed tiles there is little need for additional color and, moreover, in the dazzling light of the South only the strongest reds and greens stand out, while the paler and tenderer shades are absorbed in the glinting sunlight. And so the gardens are green gardens, and the green is most frequently chosen from fragrant plants. Green gardens need not be monotonous, but variety can be introduced by planting gray-green willows, reddish-toned eucalyptus, glossy-leaved laurels and hairy-leaved grayish sages, shiny, pointed bay leaves and very-much-divided elder and sassafras.

The Spaniards are artists in everything they do. Their low rambling houses of plastered surfaces with red or gray tiled roofs are beautiful. Their pottery is well shaped and even their cooking utensils come in handsome classic forms. The women dress exquisitely, with their high combs, embroidered shawls and wide skirts; and so do the men in their broad felt hats, bolero jackets, wide sashes, and tight trousers flaring at the ankles. Naturally when people like that come to garden they do it poetically and with taste and restraint. Because of the lack of space they use scant plant material, and as each shrub, vine or flower has to be selected with care, only the choicest are kept. The gardens are never crowded and a few pots or benches are so well placed that each stands in relief and looks its best. They prefer the plant with several seasons of glory such as the orange tree, handsome for its fruit, its foliage and the waxy-white fragrant blossoms.

The sun-kissed flavor of old gardens

Those were gracious times, those times of an age long past, when meals were unhurried—when the *flavor* of her foods fixed the rank of the hostess. And each housewife had her herb garden where mint, thyme, and sweet marjoram—basil, sage, parsley, and other savory herbs grew. She picked them

© H. J. H. CO. '30

when they were in their very prime, on a sun-filled day. Then after they had dried, she stripped the leaves from the stalks, rubbed them through a sieve, and bottled the fragrant powder to make more opulent still her burdened pantry shelves.

Then it was that long spits turned before the clear wood fire—laden with game, with poultry, with legs of mutton, rounds of beef, haunches of venison, while below the basting pans caught those over-abundant juices coaxed out by the ardent flame.

From the rafters near the kitchen chimney hung long brown sides of bacon and fat, russet hams—gathering further flavor from the aromatic wood-smoke. Braids of onions hung in festoons from other rafters; in an oak cask, in a corner of the cool, damp cellar, vinegar was mellowing—gaining through time and contact with the sweet oaken wood, a glorious flavor and bouquet . . .

We have lost this happy manner of living . . . but our taste for *flavor* still persists.

Heinz has done, for many years now, what the modern housewife is no longer able to do—that is, bestow infinite attention and care on *flavor.* Today Heinz Vinegars are mellowed for months in great wooden tanks. What fruity flavor they have—what bouquet! And all the world knows the delightful zest of Heinz Tomato Ketchup—the very essence of plump vine-ripened tomatoes so deliciously spiced . . . And Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans—tender little bits of flavor so brown, so mealy, so appetizing . . . So it is with every one of the famous 57 Varieties. Each is *unmatched in flavor*, each is wholesome and good.

Enjoy these radio talks! • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Josephine Gibson, Heinz Home Economics Director, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations.*

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CHARM . . . is in many things . . . gay sunlight on southern seas . . . irresistible strains of a Wagnerian symphony . . . cozy nook by the fireside when the wind is blustering . . . In Roseville Pottery there is a charm that endures . . . permanently wrought by artists who love their craft. Glorious shapes, soft blending of twilight tints, subtle beauty of heirlooms . . . these are the charm of Roseville bowls, jars, vases and candlesticks . . . For the home, for gifts or prizes, see them at leading stores.

Write for the interesting booklet, "Pottery." Free on request.

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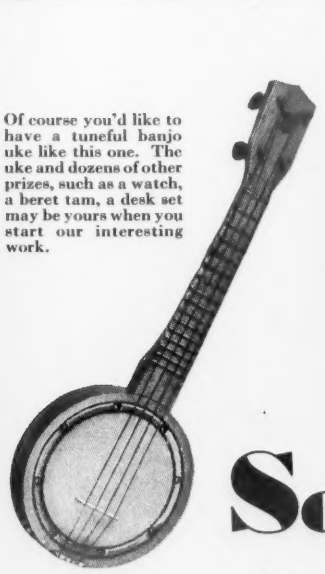

Of course you'd like to have a tuneful banjo uke like this one. The uke and dozens of other prizes, such as a watch, a beret tam, a desk set may be yours when you start our interesting work.

Schoolgirls!

Earn Your Own Money *and* Prizes!

FERN SHOEMAKER is as busy as the busiest of you. Besides her high school studies, she belongs to the Art Club and follows several hobbies. Yet, in her few precious moments of spare time she has recently earned $40.00 for her college fund, *through our easy earning plan.*

And these are but a few of the many delightful prizes she has won:

A handy camera . . . A string of shining pearls . . . A rollicking red beret tam.

Hundreds of schoolgirls are earning their own money in the same happy way. Some of them enjoy buying pretty clothes or furnishings for their rooms, or financing their own vacation trips. They are proud to wear the Club honor pin.

Would you, too, like to start filling your own purse and winning lovely prizes? Then send us the coupon for the details.

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(Continued from Page 157)

the spirit of repose. Moreover, the true Spanish garden has no statues. This came about because image making was prohibited in Mohammedan countries, and the Spanish garden flowered during the Mohammedan rule in Spain.

In placing these gardens we must consider the exposure and if possible place them so that the few trees will cast the most shade. For in a hot climate we cannot grow many flowers without shielding them from the blistering rays of the sun.

When it comes to planting the Spanish type of garden in America, we will naturally have many plants not known to the Arabs, and consequently our gardens will wear a different aspect. In America we shall want to get in as many flowers as possible because we like them either to cut for the house or to give to our friends. Beginners in gardening find it difficult to see the beauty in green gardens. Only after years of practice do we realize that gladioluses, dahlias, peonies and many other flowers are best off to themselves in a cutting garden. Besides, it is hard to eliminate plants for the sake of balance and spaciousness in the garden scheme. I know, for after twenty years' gardening I am still involved in that very battle with myself every time a new seed catalogue comes along. But, at that, all this adds zest to gardening.

Trees and Bushes

THE trees in our Spanish-American garden will be the small growing kinds because of the limited space. But we can choose from amongst the magnolias, the members of the citrus family, the almond, flowering cherries, olives, palms, pomegranates and the cercis, all of which are extremely satisfactory.

The following list of low-growing trees is given merely as a suggestion:

Acacia.
Almond.
Camellia.
Cedars.
Cercis chinensis, and *C. siliquastrum.*
The cherries, flowering and fruiting.
Cypress, Lambertiana, *C. sempervirens.*
Holly.
Laburnum.
The lemons, oranges, kumquat.
Magnolia.
Olive.
Paulownia.
Poinsettia.
Pomegranate.
Sophora.

I am leaving out pepper trees and eucalyptus because they are untidy and few plants grow well under them.

For bushes we will have those with flowers and ornamental fruits as well, and will select them so as to have handsome plants all through the season. John McLaren, the creator of the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, gives excellent lists of plants in his book, Gardening in California.

The following list gives a few of the many possibilities in shrubs:

The azaleas.
Bay.
Box.
Ceanothus (Californica lilac).
Cotoneaster acuminata, and others.
Cydonia japonica.
Datura suaveolens.
Escallonia.
Exochorda.
The fuchsias.
Gardenia.
Halesia.
Hibiscus schizopetalus, and others.
Lagerstroemia indica.
Lantana.
The lilacs.
Myrtus communis.
Philadelphus (the fragrant kinds).
Pittosporum.
Romneya coulteri.
Pyracantha coccinea and *P. coccinea lalandi.*
Roses.
Tamarix.
Thuja.
Veronica.
Yew.
Aloe (these last should be used carefully, as they suggest the desert).
Yuccas.

For vines we can use some of the following:

Bignonia (many kinds).
Bougainvillea (one must be careful with certain shades of it).
Clematis jackmani.
Clematis lawsoniana henryi.
Clematis montana (Mr. Robinson gives the best list in his book called The Virgin's Bower).
Ipomoea.
Jasmine, both white and yellow.
Lathyrus (perennial pea).
Lonicera gigantea.
Lonicera tragophylla.
Passiflora caerulea, its hybrids and others.
Plumbago (many kinds).
Rose vines (banksiae in yellow and white are good, and many others).
Solanum jasminoides.
Trachelospermum divaricata (a fragrant jasmine from China).
Tropaeolum polyphyllum (a scarlet vine a little like a nasturtium).
Wisteria.

For potted plants we can choose from the following:

Artemisia.
Azalea.
Bamboo.
Calendula.
Calla lily.
Carnation.
Cineraria.
Freesia.
Gardenia.
Geranium.
Heliotrope.
Lavender.
Lemon-verbena.
Marguerite.
Oleander.
Papyrus.
Rose geranium.
Sweetbay.
Sweet basil.
Tuberose.

For ground covers there are:

The cotyledons.
Crassula.
Dwarf cotoneaster.
The echeverias.
English ivy.
Japanese grass (*Carex morrowi* and *Carex comans*).
Lippia repens.
The mesembryanthemums.
Pansies.
Portulaca.
The sempervivums.
The sedums.
Vinca.
Violet.
The violas.

I have given the plans of two Spanish gardens intended for America. In both cases the patterns of the beds were taken from existing Spanish gardens.

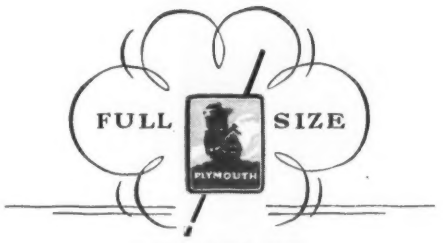
The first is a small garden. It measures forty by sixty feet and is built into a U-shaped court formed by two wings of the house and the garage. The fourth side has a pergola for shade and to inclose the garden. The walks are paved with brick, and little colored tiles could be laid in with the bricks as accents in a design.

Easy to Do

THE second garden is larger and not attached to the house. It is in two levels, the one two and a half feet higher than the next. The walls are of masonry and inclose the garden on all four sides. It measures fifty-five by sixty-nine feet. On each side is a space of nine feet. On one side this is planted with citrus fruits alternating with climbing roses, which form garlands from one tree to the next, and on the other side is a pergola to give the needed shade. The upper terrace is a rose garden. Down the center of each bed are tall standards and under them and beside them tea roses. I put in eight standard heliotropes for accents and perfume. The ground cover under the beds is indicated as of myrtle, verbena or violas, but any of the lovely ground covers could be used. I saw one garden in Southern England in which the gardener experimented most courageously with these possibilities and had mallows and even clematis twined about the rose stems. California poppies might be used, but be careful with these.

By studying the plans you can see what I have indicated as to planting, but no planting plan should be carried out exactly, and this is merely a suggestion as to how Spanish gardens can be adapted to American conditions.

It is quite simple and easy to bring a little of the poetry and charm of these Old World gardens into our new ones, so new as to lack the atmosphere and the aroma of the walled inclosures which have been lived in for a thousand years or more.



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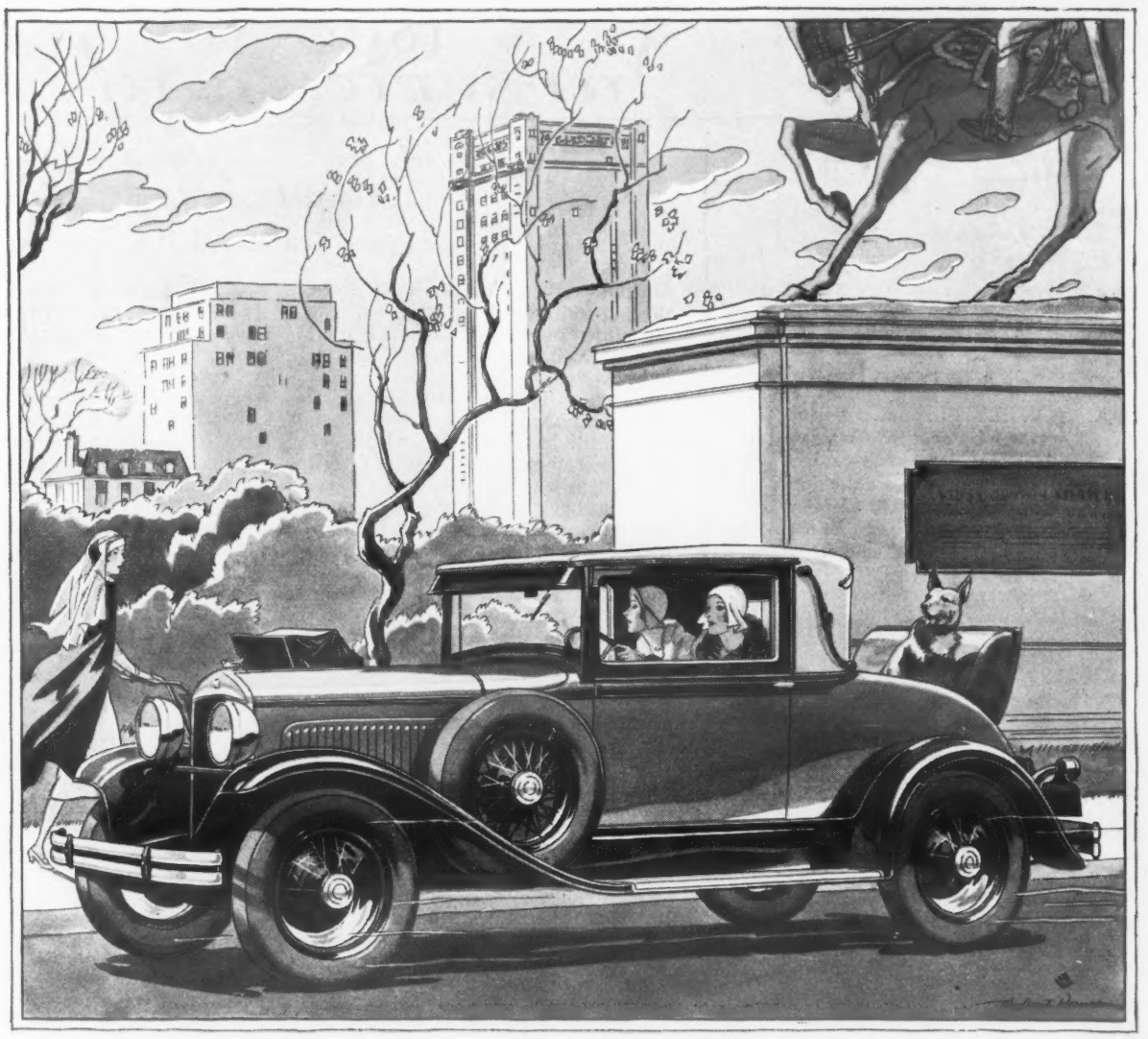

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Sweet Peas

(Continued from Page 31)

bottom is then loosened with a strong digging fork and covered with a layer of old garden refuse or rough stable litter, on top of which spread a three-inch layer of decayed cow or stable manure—preferably the former. The bottom or subsoil is then replaced, mixing with it well-rotted manure and a little bone meal. Unless the soil is rather wet, the trench should be firmed by treading as it is filled. The good topsoil is then put back in its place, mixing with it rotten manure, and also adding bone meal and a little sulphate of potash or unleached wood ashes. We might explain here that the preparation of sweet-pea trenches should be completed in the fall, as this allows the soil time to settle. It is therefore advisable to tread it well when this work is done in the spring.

Well-rotted cow manure is the most suitable for sweet peas, the next best being hog manure, as neither is so heating as that from the horse stable. Failing animal manures, leaf mold is a good substitute, adding bone meal at the rate of one pound to each six feet of trench, mixing it well throughout the soil, and also sulphate of potash, four ounces to each yard of row, and two ounces acid phosphate (superphosphate of lime). When completed, give the surface a dressing of powdered lime just sufficient to whiten the surface, raking it into the topsoil.

We again emphasize the advisability of sowing the seed as early in the spring as possible. It is absurd to sow sweet peas in May and look for a crop of fine flowers. This does not, however, refer to very cold northern localities, where frost may yet be in the ground in early May. But for such locations where the sowing has to be made in May we recommend using the early-flowering varieties, such as Snowstorm, Pink Profusion, Chevalier, Glitters, Lavender King and True Blue.

How to Grow

THE amateur gardener is inclined to sow the seeds too thickly and fails to thin out the seedlings later. Under such conditions heavy sturdy growth, perfect flowers borne on long stems and a long season of bloom cannot be expected when the vine growth is unduly crowded. The seed furrow should be two inches deep and six inches wide along the center of the trench, sowing the seed in a double row zigzag fashion and each seed two inches apart with a clear four inches between the two rows of seed. After covering, make all firm by treading, if the soil is sufficiently dry.

When the seedlings have reached a height of three inches they should be thinned out to four inches apart and staked as soon as possible. The best material is good twiggy brush; failing which, poultry wire or string run horizontally from poles placed in the ground four or five feet apart may be used.

To encourage upright growth until the vines catch on to the trellis or support, draw the soil up to the plants so that they will not fall over. The soil used for this purpose will give you a two to three inch deep furrow on either side of the row, and so facilitate watering. During dry weather the plants should be copiously watered at least once a week, making sure that enough is applied to penetrate to the lower roots. Some time later a mulch will be found most beneficial. This may be in the form of peat or rough manure litter, the latter having considerable manurial properties as water passes through it.

Good Varieties

GARDENERS who have the conveniences of a cool greenhouse or mild hotbed are advised to start the sweet peas in pots. Sow two or three seeds in a three-inch pot during January or early February.

Among the many beautiful varieties of this charming flower we might mention the following: Pink sweet peas are always sought after, and there are quite a bewildering host of pinks in varying shades from blush pink to deeper rose pink. For instance, there is Dainty Maid, a beautiful blush; Fluffy Ruffles, with its large double and ruffled cream-pink flowers; Idyl, a most glorious salmon pink; Magnet, Miss California, Hawlmark Salmon Pink, and Pinkie.

Of the deeper rose shades there are Brilliant Rose and Montrose; and where richer, brighter colors are wanted, Grenadier, a rich geranium red, is outstanding; Edna May Improved is a beautiful pure white; Daffodil, a rich cream, the nearest to yellow; Gold Crest, a pleasing shade of salmon-orange; then Crusader, bright orange-pink; Charity, rich crimson; Powerscourt, the best of all the lavenders; Bluebird, the finest blue; and where striped varieties are desired, America, white-striped crimson red, may be chosen.

Do not omit to remove all dead and fading blossoms if a long season of bloom is to be hoped for.

Do not overlook the invigorating effect a spraying of water has when applied to the vines in the evening after the sun has gone down.

Do not allow the green fly to get a foothold; be forever on the watch. Should they put in an appearance, spray the vines immediately with a tobacco solution or other insecticide, repeating at intervals of three days until the plants are again clean.

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Unquestionably . . . unalterably . . . beige hosiery for Spring! But *new* beiges, such as these smartly subtle tones created by the Realsilk Fashion Committee. Longer dresses and colored shoes, to be *chic*, must be accompanied by beige stockings . . . the *right* beige shade. Never was color more important. The new Realsilk Hosiery shades for Spring preserve this delicate balance, in an exquisite range from clear beige "Cyclamen" to mauve filtered "Iris." Each one is knowingly selected to accent the colorful charm of new costumes. Choose them carefully in your own home with your frocks and shoes. Realsilk Hosiery is never sold in stores. Your Realsilk Representative has these new shades. If he is not calling regularly telephone your local branch office for an appointment today.

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THE NEW REALSILK HOSIERY

"There is a Key to Beauty!"

LESSON No. 1. *This is the first of a series of "lessons" prepared by Elizabeth Arden that all women who use her preparations may follow the methods evolved by Miss Arden. This is just one more example of Elizabeth Arden's personal contact with her clients.*

Cleanliness: THE FIRST LESSON

TWO things only are necessary to assure the clear loveliness of your skin—a wise selection of preparations—a perfect understanding of the way to use them. The contents of a hundred jars and bottles will not yield their loveliness to you unless each cream and lotion is used exactly as it was meant to be. It is like a locked treasure that can be opened only with the right key. The key is Understanding.

In every one of my preparations there is beauty—waiting to be released by you. Every preparation has some unique, carefully developed property to bring definite benefit to the skin. The more closely you adhere to the prescribed treatment, the more confident you may be of results.

Your skin should be cleansed at least as tenderly as a fine piece of kid...never with scrubbing, never with harsh handling...but gently and thoroughly with the finest of oils. Only in this way can the tiny pores be rid of accumulated impurities. It is for this reason that I have formulated my Cleansing Cream to be of feathery lightness, and to liquefy quickly with the warmth of the skin. Swiftly it penetrates the depth of the pores. Night and morning—and during the day, when you wish to refreshen your face you should follow this little program of cleansing:

With a towel or band, secure the hair firmly away from the face so that hairline and ears are completely exposed. Squeeze a piece of absorbent cotton out of cold water. Moisten with Skin Tonic and dip in Cleansing Cream. Cleanse from the chin upward paying special attention to either side of the nose and around the mouth and chin; work gently around the eyes. Do not overlook the neck. Remove cleansing cream with Cleansing Tissues carefully so as not to stretch the skin.

Squeeze a fresh pad of cotton out of cold water, saturate with Skin Tonic and commence patting on the neck. Pat from the center around to the back on either side. Then, from the chin upward to the forehead. Continue patting for about five minutes, going over the same movements. Dry with Cleansing Tissues.

If this is your morning clean-up, your skin is now ready for your make-up which should be applied according to the method I will describe in a later lesson.

CLEANLINESS

Cleanliness is the peg on which all beauty hangs—like a multi-colored chiffon gown on a crystal hook.

There is a kind of grubby beauty which artists like to paint, but almost nobody wants to live with. And after all we are here in this life to be lived with—at least by a few people, let us hope by the ones we like best in the world. And we want those few people not only to be happy with us but proud of us.

We hope that when we enter a room, something clean and lifting and gay enters with us—something people feel but don't quite know what it is—it stirs the air like a nice, fresh, little wind. It touches the life in that room more awake.

It is because everything about us is so clean! We are wholly alive because nothing is clogging us up—our clothes, our bodies and faces and hair, our purpose in life, our judgments, our impulses, our dreams BREATHE!

The root of the word "purity" means "to clear away." A clean person is one who has cleared away all the clutter, who is traveling light and free, everything about him breathing free. He walks as if "stepping to a fair." He arrives where he meant to because his unclogged energy and uncluttered purpose has taken him there.

Eat less, dream more. Strive less, direct more. Put everything that comes into your life into two piles—"These are important. These only seem important." Then lop off all the ones that only seem important. You have cleaned up your life a bit. Clean house mentally and emotionally—there is no greater waste than carrying along something through the years that you really finished with long ago.

The Preparations Required in this Lesson Are:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

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A light, feathery cream that liquefies quickly with the warmth of the skin and dislodges impurities. It rids the skin of dust, powder and excretions, and leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $6.00

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

Joyous Remodeling

By J. HAROLD HAWKINS

RINDGE AND RINDGE, ARCHITECTS

The old house stood tall and awkward, revealing to a casual observer little of its remodeling possibility.

One needs to look sharply to realize that this is the same house, plus not many alterations, as shown in the smaller picture above. The addition of stone masonry lends a pleasing effect.

I KNOW a family that bought a little old house with a view to remodeling it into a home for themselves. But, for some reason or other—and it wasn't money, because they could easily have bought an entire block of such properties—this family moved into their little place before remodeling started.

Once settled under the old roof, there seemed no need for hurry. Tentative plans for remodeling were offered, first from one member of the family and then from another. Each plan was thought out, visualized, and mentally picked to pieces. Living right in the very house to be remodeled, it was easy enough to imagine a door here, a window there, or the stairway opened up.

"Why did you wait so long before remodeling?" I asked my hostess, upon my calling to see the finished job.

"If people only knew," she half sighed, in answer to my—and everyone else's—blunt question, "the wonderfully interesting time we had during that year of planning. There was as much pleasure planning the remodeling as there is in seeing your plans carried out to completion."

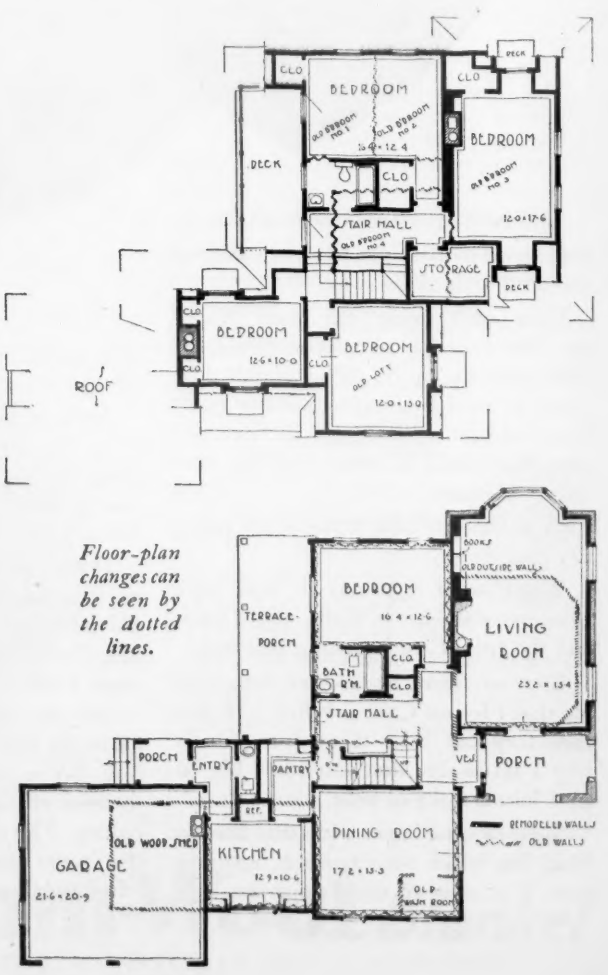
Other friends, the Wallins, spent not a little time contemplating and considering, as it were, their remodeling questions before they actually began work. With the Wallins, however, there was an added interest in the planning and anticipation of their home, because it was as much the site that intrigued them as it was the actual remodeling of an old house.

Whether one chooses the countryside or suburban setting for the desired home, or perhaps selects a certain neighborhood right in town, there are usually plenty of opportunities to remodel—that is, many old yet substantial houses are scattered across our wide country that offer wonderful possibilities for remodeling.

In fact, in a good many instances there will be found more opportunities to remodel at or in a particularly desirable spot than there will be to build a new house on an unoccupied plot of ground. Human nature doesn't change greatly, and those who have trod our paths before us were just as susceptible to ideal building sites as are we ourselves. If their tastes in

(Continued on Page 167)

A dull-finished walnut mantel, with common brick around fire opening, graces the living room.



Floor-plan changes can be seen by the dotted lines.

OVERHEARD GOSSIP HAS ITS HELPFUL SIDE. SOMETIMES IT OPENS OUR EYES TO BETTER WAYS OF DOING THINGS.

Jean's husband is always hungry for cake..

now he gets "Hostess" every time he wants it!

HOSTESS DEVIL'S FOOD BAR

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

Jean stood by the open window watching the other girls drive away.

"Jean can't come," she heard Nancy say. "Says she has to bake another cake. Why does she do it? What if Bill does think no meal is complete without cake! She could get a Hostess Cake from the store that would be better than any cake she could make.

"I never bake cake at home any more. Do you?"

Think what it means to have cake whenever you want it, without hard work and the risk of costly baking failures!

Ever so many housewives have told me that Hostess Cake is better than any cake they can bake themselves. That's why I am so sure that you would like to try Hostess Cake in your home.

Suppose you begin with this Devil's Food Bar, which your grocer is featuring now. It is made of two deep layers, rich with chocolate and butter. It has a beautifully soft crumb, delicate and tender.

Between the layers and thickly spread over the top and sides is a smooth, fudge-like butter cream frosting. Everyone speaks of how particularly good this frosting is.

Every kind of cake you especially like is made in the Hostess Kitchens—delicious old-fashioned frosted Cup Cakes (2 for 5¢), Chocolate Layer, Lemon Loaf, Pineapple Layer.

All the ingredients we use in these cakes are the very best that money can buy. We're just as particular about the method of mixing and the process of baking. The sugar must be fine and dry, the butter just soft enough, the flour sifted to billowy lightness. The ovens are even and perfectly regulated. That is why Hostess Cakes are so unvaryingly fine and good that we give them this remarkable guarantee: If you are ever disappointed in a Hostess Cake—if you don't find it perfectly fresh and delicious—take it back to your grocer and he will cheerfully refund your money.

This offer applies only to Hostess Cakes, of course. Be sure that the grocer understands it is Hostess Cake you want. Order one today!

Alice Adams Proctor

INGREDIENTS

FLOUR. Specially milled from the finest soft wheat of the Pacific Northwest, white wheat and the famous red winter wheat from the Middle West.

MILK. Every drop pasteurized.

BUTTER. Pure creamery butter testing "90 score."

EGGS. All inspected *five times.*

SUGAR. Must be 99.7% pure.

FLAVORINGS. We make all our own flavorings.

YO-HO! YO-HO! for the Happy Wonder Bakers, now on the radio at their *new hour* every Tuesday evening. Frank Black and his Wonder Bakers orchestra. Over WEAF and the N. B. C. network.

Hostess Cake

© C. B. Co., 1930

BAKED BY THE BAKERS OF WONDER BREAD

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co. (L15)
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE your interesting booklet of recipes, "Fifty Quick Desserts."

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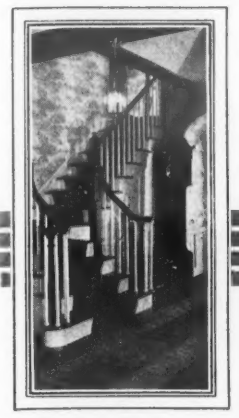
Street_____

City_____ State_____

Joyous Remodeling

(Continued from Page 165)



The new hall and open stairway.

The charm and decorative color of open bookshelves were not overlooked when making plans.

architecture happened to be a little different from ours, and their conveniences within the home more or less nil, these are not reasons why we should not make use of what remains that is usable, and especially the more choice sites already selected by past generations for us.

And this is exactly what the Wallins did. Having cherished for many years certain childhood remembrances that centered around a joyous spot on the bank of a river, what more natural, and glorious, than that in later life this very spot should be their home?

Was there keen interest in the problem of making of the old house a suitable home for nowadays, and yet of not losing one whit of the cherished atmosphere of old? Who will deny that downright pleasure in living comes only from such things that tug at heart strings as well as purse strings?

The Wallin house, as it was before remodeling, is a fair example of many to be seen most everywhere. The front porch was really an architectural necessity for the old house. Imagine the old stiff edifice without its front height having the saving grace of that porch roof!

Perhaps one of the main problems in the remodeling of the Wallin house was the task of lowering this palisade aspect. It needed to be done without lowering the roof, for the original structure was cut into as little as possible. How was it done? The eaves were lowered to the first-floor ceiling. The roof expanse was broken by putting dormers into it. And—here is the simplest and most telling trick—by gradually grading the plot up to the first-floor level.

Other lesser, although in themselves important, features of the remodeled house, that help to bring it down to earth, are the fieldstone masonry, wide siding, cut-up window sash, a wide chimney, and, what is now being done, foundation planting.

Fenestration, or the placing of windows and doors, is important in remodeling. The windows in the old Wallin house were so placed that they made the house appear taller, whereas, in the remodeled job, the deft "pyramiding" of windows and doors tends to lessen the height of the ridge. Across the front, at the first story, there are three openings; at the second floor there are two; and in the attic but one. The resulting appearance is balanced and pleasing.

The original living room in the old house was enlarged considerably, as can be seen by the dotted lines on the floor plan, which represent the old house. The downstairs bedroom the Wallins left as-was, but they added a modern bathroom alongside it. A new stairway was built. The size and shape of the old kitchen remained the same, but of course new equipment was installed. The old woodshed was done away with entirely. A two-car garage took its place.

Additional features downstairs that are new are the rear porch, the entryway, a lavatory and toilet, and a pantry. The latter is a connecting link between the kitchen and the front hall, if one doesn't desire to go through the dining room.

The best way to decide upon new features to be included in a remodeling job, and alterations as well, is to make a floor-plan sketch of the original layout of rooms. This may be a little difficult at first, but the fascination of the thing will conquer.

The living room is furnished with a comfortable mixture of furniture styles.

Fleecy warmth in the walls of your home!

... Include it in your house plans.. this cozy comfort that costs so little

YOU have planned so carefully—the kitchen arrangement, the closet space, the electric outlets . . . all the things that make a house convenient, and livable, and *modern*.

But have you neglected one of the most important things of all? The comfort that *true house insulation* will bring your family and you. The cozy warmth on coldest winter days.

You can make sure of it so easily, and inexpensively—with Balsam-Wool Blanket.

It tucks in!

Thick, fleecy strips of Balsam-Wool fitted snugly into the walls and roof of your new home will make it really heat-tight—proof against wind and cold.

Balsam-Wool looks for all the world like sheep's wool. It practically equals sheep's wool in actual warmth.

It comes in thick, flexible strips, held firmly between strong, tough liners. It *tucks* into cracks and crevices. It fits snug and tight within the walls.

Thus, everywhere that cold and wind might enter, Balsam-Wool blocks the way. It assures the comfort of your home—protects your children's health.

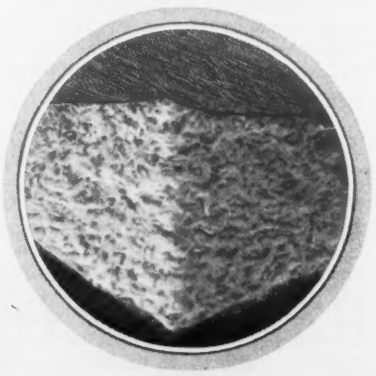
And, best of all, Balsam-Wool really costs you nothing! It quickly pays for itself in fuel savings—from 25 to 40 per cent each winter. Then it saves you money year after year!

Send for free sample and booklet

See Balsam-Wool for yourself—how warm it looks and really is! Send the coupon for a free sample and instructive booklet that tells you all about house insulation and Balsam-Wool.

Sold only by retail lumber dealers

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
CLOQUET, MINNESOTA



"WOOL" FROM WOOD! *This photograph shows how much Balsam-Wool looks like sheep's wool—a full inch of fleecy warmth in the walls of your home. It adds so much in healthful comfort—and costs so little!*

Also makers of Nu-Wood —the All Wood Insulating Wall Board and Lath.

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
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Please send me sample of Balsam-Wool and Free Booklet. I am interested in insulation for

☐ A new house ☐ Attic of present house

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THICK... FLEXIBLE INSULATION... EFFICIENT

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Builder Division—Dept. L-330
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Please send me, *free*, the set of architect's color sketches of Hoosier-equipped kitchens.
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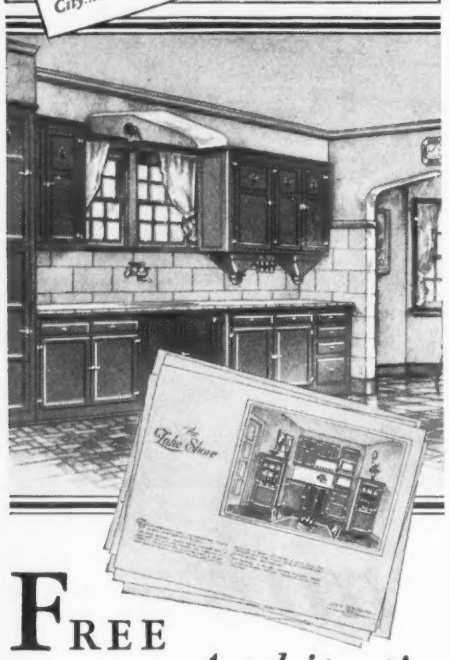


FREE ... *Architect's sketches of colorful* KITCHENS...

THE new Built-In Equipment by Hoosier assures you a smart colorful kitchen, thoroughly modern.

From these color sketches, carefully drawn to scale, you can see how simple it is to work out the arrangement best suited to *your* particular needs.

Expense doesn't enter the picture. *For this fine equipment actually costs no more than just ordinary millwork or carpentry—in many cases even less.* And it brings you patented time-saving, step-saving conveniences unobtainable any other way.

At your nearest distributor's (name sent with your sketches) you can further study the many different types of units and the latest color schemes. Factory-trained experts make installation a quick, simple job.

Whether building, remodeling, or planning, you'll first want to know about Hoosier Equipment. Fill out the coupon above and *mail it today!*

DEALERS:

An unusually fine business opportunity exists for men of right character and experience to acquire the exclusive franchise on Hoosier Built-In Equipment. A number of territories are still open. Just address our General Office, New Castle, Ind., for further information.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.
Builder Division
NEW CASTLE, INDIANA
New York Office:
H. M. C. Sales Corporation
101 Park Ave., Room 1130

Why You Should Build Your Home This Spring

(Continued from Page 32)

and the gradually lower price quoted is evidence that 1930 will be a satisfactory year for home building."

Lower costs in materials might easily be offset, however, by higher costs in necessary equipment. We demand something more than mere shelter these days, and no one dreams of building a home that is not served by every convenience modern planning can afford.

What is the situation right now, so far as equipment is concerned? Clarence M. Woolley, chairman of the board, American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Company, says: "Costs to home builders of plumbing and heating equipment are now generally lower than they have been in ten years, due largely to increased productivity of workmen all along the line, from production of raw materials to installation of finished product in the home." L. L. Smith, of the Kohler Company (plumbing equipment), agrees with Mr. Woolley, and adds: "I anticipate this will continue to be true this spring."

In the case of lighting fixtures, C. A. Bridges, president of Moe-Bridges Company, reports: "My own impression is that the lighting-fixture portion of the building industry will sell at lower prices. I have contacted several of the leading construction contractors in Milwaukee and they are unanimous in forecasting a downward trend in prices, which has even now taken effect."

J. H. Balmer, a manufacturer of bathroom fixtures, says: "It is common knowledge that products such as we manufacture are now being sold at prices much lower than at any time in the history of the industry. This is partly due to manufacturing facilities, which have been very materially increased during the past few years."

Equipment Lower

IN THE case of hardware, J. P. McKinney, of the McKinney Manufacturing Company, reports: "At the present time hardware for all kinds of buildings is as low, if not lower than it has been in the past ten years, and from the information we can get, the total cost of residential building today is at its lowest point in the past ten years."

Edward C. Waldvogel, vice president, Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., feels the same way, after his investigation. He says: "The cost of such building will be lower, due to the fact that building materials are at the present time very low in cost and readily obtainable."

So far as paint, brushes, and the like, are concerned, Walt R. Foss, of the Wooster Brush Company, says: "So far as materials in our own industry are concerned, we know that the price of paint is now lower and the tools used to apply painting materials are also at a lower point than they have been for some years."

C. G. Johnson, president, Overhead Door Corporation, reports that "building materials cannot hope to become lower and the past keen competition assures modern and high quality on everything used in construction if product is backed by national advertising and responsible companies." W. P. Werheim, vice president, Pratt & Lambert, Inc., says: "We do feel that this would be a splendid time for anyone to build. Prices should be lower, if anything, labor plentiful and money available."

D. C. Miner, of the Ambler Asbestos Shingle and Sheathing Co., agrees that "building costs are certainly lower than they were during the period following the war." He suggests that if one is not in a position to build a new home at this time in order to take advantage of the favorable situation, it would be a good plan to remodel the old home.

Prices are lower in the steel-products field, particularly in the case of steel windows. E. L. McDuffee, of the Detroit Steel Products Company, reports: "This is particularly true in our field, where evidence of increased efficiency in production has brought about a stabilized market, enabling costs to the consumer to be reduced accordingly." G. L. Curtis, president, Curtis Companies, Inc., manufacturers principally of interior woodwork, says: "It appears that building costs will be lower [first six months of 1930] than for a long time past." H. H. Hobart, of the same concern, adds this significant statement: "We here are firmly convinced that anyone who builds early in the year will obtain more for his dollar than he has been obtaining in the past few years." Glass prices are lower, according to H. E. Allen, vice president, Libbey-Owens Glass Company.

We might run on through each and every individual bit of materials and equipment necessary to create a modern home. But it would only reiterate what has been said by the manufacturers quoted. But favorable prices in materials and equipment oftentimes are not enough to make conditions as a whole attractive. It is often true that when prices are favorable in a given industry, money is not available, or is so high in price that it nullifies any advantage offered.

What is the money situation? What are the prospects for easier money in the next few months? And what do these prospects, translated into your own individual case, indicate?

The overwhelming consensus of opinion is that money will not only be available, but at lower rates than in recent years. Let us turn to the evidence again.

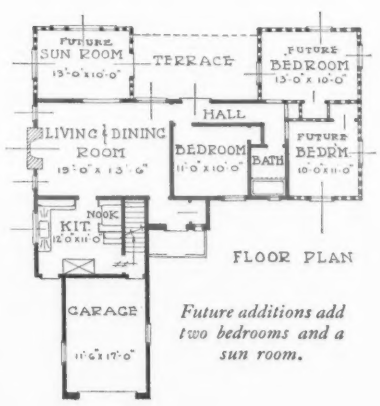
Easier Money

JOHN B. NELSON, president, Long-Bell Lumber Company, feels that many people will build homes this spring because "a great volume of the money which has flowed into the stock market during the past two years is returning, thus insuring more and cheaper money for home building." W. R. Willis, manager, Copper and Brass Research Association, is of a similar opinion. "The money situation is more favorable to construction activities than it has been at any time during the past year and a half," he says. James S. Adams, of the Johns-Manville Corporation, makes a similar point, adding: "This is especially true with regard to the second-mortgage situation, which has handicapped building for more than two years." W. K. Simpson, secretary, Hoffman Specialty Company, adds: "We believe that for the first six months no difficulty will be found in financing new construction." H. B. Watkins, of the Masonite Corporation, agrees that the problem of financing a home "will be a more simple proposition

(Continued on Page 170)

PLANS FOR $1.00

JOURNAL House Patterns (trademark), which contain complete plans and specifications, are available for the attractive Spanish-type cottage, at one dollar, postpaid.



FLOOR PLAN

Future additions add two bedrooms and a sun room.

The jury that sits round your table - what is its daily verdict?

GUILTY?—guilty of giving them the same food too often? Guilty of making all your meals look alike—taste alike? Let's hope not.

Still you must be always on guard. The family jury is sitting in judgment. But they'll never give an unfavorable verdict as long as you make each menu distinctive.

It's easy enough. A little variety, a new flavor, a touch of delicacy—that's the secret. And that's exactly the combination that California Canned Asparagus offers you, for any meal or occasion.

In soup or in salad, in the main course as a hot vegetable, or just as a garnish for other foods, asparagus always provides the spring freshness that's such a treat for midwinter appetites.

What's more, canned asparagus is ready to use. There's no time lost in advance cooking or steaming. No trimming, no waste—it's all goodness. And you can eat as much as you like, even if you are on a reducing diet, for asparagus is one of the principal non-fattening foods.

Why not send the coupon below for a copy of our free recipe book? It suggests dozens of delightful ways to give your meals new variety, easily and economically.

But don't wait for the book to come—your grocer can provide you with canned asparagus today, so you can serve it tonight or tomorrow.

Just note how the family welcomes its distinctive flavor and delicacy. Then you'll plan to serve asparagus regularly, and the first thing you know—the jury around your table will be turned into a real cheering section.

CALIFORNIA CANNED

Asparagus

The World's Most Popular Salad and Vegetable Delicacy

Canners League of California
Asparagus Section, Department 164
800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name_____

Address_____

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Don't hold them back at the start

WHATEVER your children are going to be twenty years from now is on the starting line right now.

If parents could only understand this. If our parents could have understood it, there's nothing in the world that we could not have been today.

Everything that can possibly happen between the ages of twenty-five and fifty is being decided right now between the ages of five and fifteen.

Parents didn't understand this twenty-five years ago. But we new parents, who understand this now, we must not carry on in the old way; we must not hold our children back at the start.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia for Children is one of the ways in which four hundred thousand homes are now helping to give their children a flying start.

For Compton's is a complete encyclopedia, written and pictured entirely for children—intensely interesting in pictures and stories from beginning to end, yet absolutely authoritative and completely encyclopedic in content and form. And, therefore, Compton's is not only a wonderful source-book of learning such as children have never had before, but a source-book of inspiration as well which fires their imagination and makes them eager to learn.

The value of this to children is beyond all measure of price. For this inspiration and desire and eagerness to know has been the foundation of all the world's achievements since the beginning of time.

Children that have Compton's get better marks in school, and acquire greater leadership amongst their playmates, of course. But that isn't the big thing. The big thing is that Compton's with all of its simple learning and pictures, broadens their vision, deepens their understanding, and gives them their first flying start at the success which means so much to them in the years to come.

Don't hold them back now.

Send for our big, free, Sample Pictured Section, and see for yourself.

You can have Compton's in your home for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

Here is the coupon. Fill it in and mail it now.

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Please send me at once, without any obligation, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

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Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

(Continued from Page 168)

than it has been for the past eighteen months or two years."

C. J. Rodman, president of the Steel Sanitary Company, says: "The financing of such homes should be accomplished on an advantageous scale in as much as interest rates certainly will be attractive. Only recently homes have been built in our vicinity and financed by some of the leading insurance companies at a rate of 5½ to 6 per cent to people of dependability. This not only relates to the cheaper class of homes but to some of the finer homes."

B. F. Affleck, president, Universal Portland Cement Company, is extremely optimistic concerning financing costs, feeling they will be materially reduced. "Cost of financing may decline because of greater availability of mortgage and bond funds and a lower interest rate following changes in the stock market."

C. W. Williams, president, Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corporation, agrees with this viewpoint. "Homemakers who want to build this spring will find money much more plentiful, and cheaper in all probability, than in a long time. The stock-market readjustment released vast millions of dollars from Eastern centers and has made it available for investments of permanent and lasting worth. The brightest spot on the building horizon in numerous years was the recent financial-center liquidation." C. E. Stedman, vice president of the Celotex Company, is of a similar opinion.

With materials, equipment and credits available on a more favorable basis than in recent years, the sole remaining factor that might adversely affect home building this spring is labor. What is the situation in regard to labor?

Everywhere the opinion prevails that labor conditions are more favorable just now than they have been in a long time. Skilled labor in particular will be readily available to those who start construction early in the spring. Later in the season, when more work opens up, skilled labor will naturally be at a higher premium. General labor is likewise available in greater quantity because of recent slackening in building operations.

Labor Costs

WHARTON CLAY, commissioner, Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, points out: "Without question, the time for anyone to build is when mechanics are not busy and contractors are seeking work; this cuts costs in many surprising ways; the contractors have better control over the output, the mechanic personally desires to make a good showing, as he knows that work is scarce, and the contractor himself is scaling down his prices so that he can keep a reasonable crew on his pay roll against the time when they will be badly needed. . . ."

This point, in effect, gives those who take advantage of it a reduced labor cost. The dollar-and-cents cost of labor has not decreased in the past ten years, but authorities generally agree that the productivity of labor has materially increased in recent years. If this is true, then it operates to lower labor costs.

Materials of all kinds are less. Equipment is down. Labor is plentiful and more productive. Money is available in greater quantities than for at least two or three years, and at a lower cost.

The factors, then—all of them—are favorable to home builders who act with dispatch. We cannot expect these favorable factors to operate in our favor for the next year, or even for many months.

Perhaps opinion, impressive as the opinion set out above may be, is not sufficient for you. What do the cold figures, gathered by impartial agencies, show?

We'll be brief about them. In the Survey of Current Business, a record has been kept of the cost of materials to build a given frame and a given brick house, month by month since 1922. Unfortunately the record goes back no further than that. The index figure for the frame house in 1922 was 182; it shot up to 207 in 1923 and has constantly decreased, with slight fluctuations, down to 178 in November, 1929, the last figure available. Similarly, the index figure for the materials for a brick house in 1922 was 186; in November, 1929, it was down to 182.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that the index figure for the construction of a composite building—including labor—was 235 in 1920, with 1914 costs as the base (100). This had decreased to 219 in 1926, the last year the figures are available. But we have found that there has been a recession since 1926 in materials costs. Though labor is still at higher levels, the two factors of lowered materials costs and greater productivity of labor would indicate that these index figures if available would check out with the opinion so widely prevailing among the authorities whom we have quoted.

In some quarters it is felt that we are overbuilt at the present time, as far as residences go, and this may deter some people from building a home. Louis Brandt, a housing engineer, however, points out that there are approximately 17 per cent more families in the country than there are dwellings. The Chicago Real Estate Board has found that 10 per cent vacancies in residences is normal in that community, at least. In December, 1929, the postal authorities in Chicago made a survey of all vacancies and found that it was only 4.7 per cent. And yet many people in Chicago have felt that it was "overbuilt!" When the facts are dug out a similar condition will be found in most communities in the country.

Authorities are so confident of these favorable factors being taken advantage of by discerning investors that they say more than 50 per cent of the estimated expenditure of $8,435,000,000 by the building industry in 1930 will go for residential construction and remodeling. One statistical organization says the increased expenditure for new homes will amount to $594,000,000 more than in 1929. Another authoritative organization says it will amount to $600,000,000 increase. You can take your choice.

Ready money at attractive rates means an incentive to build. And when residential building speeds up, the surplus of materials, equipment and labor is quickly absorbed. This means that the law of supply and demand commences to operate, in effect against the home builder, because it raises the level of prices. Costs then will not be as favorable in the future as they are now. The time to act is *at once!*

There is no substitute for a home. The establishment of a home is the end and aim of our whole society. It is the hem string of our universe; it is the hub of our civilization. Every agency that society has set up to promote better living and the well-being of humanity centers around the home. All the safeguards of Nature, even, are thrown around the family unit.

And no family can really be secure, can ever have that freedom we all aspire to achieve, until the home has been won. It comes first, because it is of the greatest importance.

Build Now!

THERE is a magic in the ownership of a home that is not found in the ownership of any other thing in the wide world. The quality that flows out of the ownership of a home is truly spiritual, because the home represents the finest and best aspirations of human kind. It is the old nest—the nest we have built in which to rear and to shelter our loved ones. It is our citadel of faith and happiness. It is here that our family withdraws from the world unto itself; it is here, and here only, that we have a chance to keep to ourselves the background of our lives together; here, and here only, that we can wholly and completely work out our individuality. It is ours, *ours!* We are not dividing the roof over our heads with anyone else. No one in the whole wide world can tell us when to move on!

Build that home now! Do not hesitate another day; you have every financial advantage in your favor—more in your favor than at any time in ten years. All the other advantages are present too. They have not changed in this spring of 1930. They are more necessary than ever before, for, as Ludington Patton, a hard-headed business man, vice president Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, says: "Home ownership is an assurance of American stability and human happiness."

We are not interested, as Mr. Hoover has said so many times, in building an economic system in this country. "Our purpose is to build in this nation a human society . . . its final purpose is happier homes. We shall succeed through the faith, the loyalty, the self-sacrifice, the devotion to eternal ideals which live today in every American."

And the greatest ideal, the strongest instinct, within all of us is a home of our own, because it represents all the finest and best aspirations any of us can have.

FLOOR PLAN

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL DESIGN NO. 308

PLANS $1.00

COMPLETE plans and specifications for this charming Colonial cottage with wood-shingle side walls and roof are available at one dollar, postpaid.

"Women must have influenced the design of that car. It is so smart and delightful to drive."

The NEW ESSEX *Challenger*

is engineered to women's taste in smoothness, comfort and beauty

Women on the engineering staff have contributed a major engineering development in the creation of the new Essex Challenger. It is what women want in a motor car—as women themselves see it. There is challenging interest in the car thus fashioned for you.

Here are women specialists in color and design. They ride and drive cars as you do. They have similar social, business and style requirements.

Because of these women specialists the New Essex Challenger is smarter in appearance, longer, wider. You will enjoy greater roominess, natural seating posture.

"Frocks and hats must not be crushed," was the first commandment. Hence there is plenty of head room. You don't have to squeeze in behind the wheel. Three in the rear seat won't crowd. Operation is simplified. Starter button on the dash saves scuffing dainty footwear. Only details, but the sum of many such details is the difference between mere transportation and a thorough joy and pride in the ownership of your car.

Essex performance supremacy challenges again in greater degree than ever. Speed is greater. There is more power. Getaway is even faster. For women want performance and the assurance of power for any situation.

When you drive the New Essex Challenger you will observe a smoothness and comfort altogether new in this field. It contributes a great deal to enjoyment to drive with relaxation. To shift gears easily, smoothly, quietly. To operate pedals with a light touch. To steer effortlessly. To park so easily. And whether shopping, calling or cross-country driving to arrive fresh and refreshed, with no marks of the traffic battle on nerves or temper.

You will be delighted with Essex beauty. Interiors are luxuriously finished. There are eight models, and a wide choice of colors, at no extra cost, to meet your own good taste.

It challenges the attention of all as a brilliantly different car. It challenges the smoothness and comfort of any car. And, in value, it challenges all that motordom offers. It remains at a price all can afford.

ESSEX SUPER SIX

Clothes that touch the Skin need Borax

HOW anxiously we guard our children from impurities of every kind these days. Wash their toys, watch over their food, launder their clothes with painstaking care. And in laundering, BORAX is a friend indeed!

Soak with Borax; wash with soap *and* Borax; rinse with Borax. For 20 Mule Team Borax loosens dirt and grease, softens water so your soap can do 3 to 5 times more work, kills the faintest trace of body odor and—finally—removes all the lingering particles of the soap itself! You need not fear the slightest bit of soap or soil will be left to irritate tender little bodies—if you use Borax!

Let 20 Mule Team Borax help you every time you wash! Available everywhere.

An Excellent Mouthwash
With its definite deodorizing and purifying qualities, Borax is ideal for keeping the mouth sweet and clean. Just dissolve 1 teaspoonful of Borax in a quart of water and gargle night and morning. It's easy, pleasant and very inexpensive.
ONE POUND NET
20 MULE TEAM
PURE
BORAX
POWDERED

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 118
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name.....

Address.....

The End of the World

(Continued from Page 11)

at all. Then he had a vision of his mammy looking for him. Yes, he would carry her up the mountain the night of the twenty-second of August. Many a time had she carried him when he was little. Mammy, Mammy!

He went down the mountain, and there were his books again and his calculations. What if they were mistaken? But they couldn't be!

Dandelion Creek Church and churchyard on the hot, dry Sunday; with the wind blowing, but so hot and dry. "What night'll we see the comet? Tell us dat! What night'll we see the comet?"

Vowed Jordan, standing upon the steps of Dandelion Creek Church, that and his height giving him range, remarked the surge of men, women and children that his knowledge and his learning and his insight into words and figures and into the ways of things had brought around him, under the locust trees and the heaven trees and the oak trees. Even though companies of them broke away to those others and their poor mixing and poor masonry, he, Vowed, had told the thing!

HE BEGAN to speak and his own voice sounded to him thin and far away. "My brethren and sistren, turn your eyes and look at Thunder Mountain. Most of us have climbed it. Maybe we've climbed it many a time when we were boys and girls. Look and see the great top up there, with room for us all. I been there yesterday. Yonder is the place for us that last night. Yonder is the camp ground for us that is pilgrims of the forever and the forever! Let us travel, the twenty-second of August, to the mountain top, to watch our old cabin going and our new cabin building larger and taller ——"

It took Vowed to originate. All the lines of cleavage blurred themselves over. "Praise God! Praise God!"

"Oh, Rock Mount Sinai.
Oh, Rock Mount Sinai.
Oh, Rock Mount Sinai in the morning!"

August drew on and August drew on. The Great Comet careered always closer and closer.

Dilsey went out of the cabin, leaving Vowed reading the poetry book. Cobwebs might be said to have gathered for months past over the poetry book, but now there sat Vowed reading it. Dilsey returned. "Vowed! Vowed-to-the-Lawd! It's there—it's there!"

He got up and put his arm around her and they went out to the burned grass above Dandelion Creek. The sky clear and vast, and brushed across it the Great Comet, the Pale Steed. . . . It was not late; the small lights shone in the cabins sparsely threaded along Dandelion Creek. The oak scrub rustled, then parted, and Drusie Wood stood beside them. "I saw it, and I had to come. . . . I thought it would be ugly and terrible, but it's grand and beautiful!"

"YES, it's grand. Yes, it's beautiful," said Vowed. The three sat down upon the turf. They looked up in silence. As the night deepened it came plainer and plainer, the Great Comet. It had a bright and wondrous head, and a pale and long and wonderful veil streaming backward across the heaven. It was a marvel, an awful loveliness. . . . Now someone else down Dandelion Creek saw it. There began an excitement and hurry of human voices. Many who could not read had believed in the comet solely because Vowed Jordan had said it was coming. Now there it flared across the sky!

"It don't look fiery," said Drusie. "It look ez peaceful ez a dream."

Vowed passed his long, sinewy hand over his eyes. "I can't tell you how I feels. I feels different from what I thought I would feel. It looks so solemn I want to weep, and it looks so innocent I want to laugh."

The August days dropped away hot and dry, fever hot, cinder dry, and the August nights dry and warm and superbly clear, with that vast portent sailing overhead. The twenty-third drew nearer and nearer.

THE women of Dandelion Creek Colored Church were making white cotton dresses for the great day in the morning when the Ark should swing low for them and they would go aboard. Only Drusie Wood, it seemed, was not making a dress. She said she didn't have the money for the cotton.

"Mr. Paul Turner Brothers will trus' you, Drusie. It's right for them to trus' you, right at the end ——"

Drusie thought that over. She had a wish to look well and was not too fond of being singular. But in the end she did up an old lavender calico dress that she had. Ironing it, she sang at the board:

"When I lay my body down,
Yaas, Lawd, in the graveyard,
When I lay my body down,
Yaas, Lawd, in the graveyard,
Then you hear my coffin sound,
My voice a-singing under the ground.
Toll the bell, Angel, I have got over!"

And all the time she sang she saw Vowed. God was fond of Vowed and He ought to be!

Dilsey was not troubling about her dress. Her brown linsey was good enough to go to heaven in. But she bothered about Vowed. He looked distracted and he worked and worked with those texts and figures and the history book. And then again he put it all down and went out and lay in the grass with his face to the skies, and when he came back to the cabin he looked big and peaceful. But that would fade and his master figuring catch him again. Once in the big peaceful spell he said to Dilsey: "Mammy, I was double sure it was coming to an end! I am double sure. Most all the time I am. But what if it isn't so? What if, work and study and think as hard as I have, I was plain mistaken? What if I ain't anywhere like strong enough yet to catch and hold Knowledge by the mane? No more than I can swing myself up there and take hold of that comet! What if it don't end, Mammy, what if it don't end?"

DILSEY, who was washing potatoes for their dinner, said in her small, quiet voice: "It'd make an awful ruction, Vowed!"

Each night now flared the comet. It would be visible, the wise men said, up to the end of the month. The twenty-third bore down upon Elderflower County.

The twenty-second was the day of the great and final pilgrimage. All the colored folk who could get there were at Dandelion Creek Church as early in the morning as might be. Nearly five hundred were going to the top of Thunder Mountain, going as high as they might to meet the end of the world. All that believed and yet could not go to the mountain wept, shouted and said farewell, looking to shout "Howdy! Howdy!" so soon in another and better order. Just as many of the white folk as could get there lined the road to the foot of Thunder.

They marched in column, men, women and children, singing and shouting. Some of the women carried babies. Men had sacks of cooked food or food that could be cooked before a fire on Thunder Mountain's level top. The spring just under the big cliff would give them water. Vowed Jordan and Dilsey . . . and Simon

(Continued on Page 175)

TREAT that corn *kindly*

Let Blue-jay end its pangs instantly, gently . . . and protect the sore spot from pressure while it works its clean magic. Don't allow any corn to keep you house-bound when spring sunshine fills the air.

Mild, yet positive. Blue-jay is certain death to corns. Made in a factory famous for its sterile surgical dressings, each Blue-jay Plaster is a *safe*, dependable 3-day *treatment* for banishing corns. Simple, complete, it quiets their torment, shields them, softens and destroys their structure. Clean, pleasant, bath-proof.

Why nurse a corn when you can buy Blue-jay at any druggist's? Nationally known and approved for 30 years. 25 cents. (In Canada 35 cents.)

Blue-jay
CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago • • New York • • Toronto

inconspicuous

MODESS — PREFERRED BY THOSE TO WHOM THE NICETIES ARE IMPORTANT

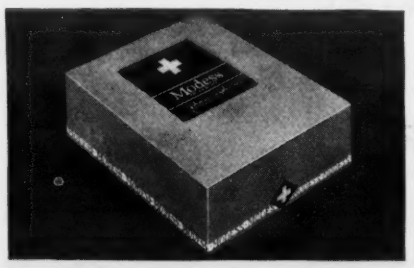
GRACIOUS softness, a yielding pliancy, rounded sides which cannot irritate, greater absorbency —these refinements are so convincing as to justify this offer: Buy one box of Modess. Unless you are convinced that it is far superior to the kind you have been using, we will refund the price you paid.

That surprising offer has been read by millions of women. Two have asked us to return their money. And one of the two returned our check, explaining that she had changed her mind and that she was now convinced that Modess was better.

Trained nurses in our employ have interviewed thousands of women. Practically without exception, women who have used Modess tell these nurses that they prefer it because of its greater comfort and efficiency.

We have discovered that the saleswomen in the stores carrying it almost invariably prefer Modess for their own use. This fact alone has influenced many customers to try Modess.

Modess superiority is due to three basic improvements. The filler is made of a substance invented by Johnson & Johnson. It is fluffy like cotton, highly absorbent, disposable, and vastly more comfortable. The sides are smoothly shaped and rounded—no edges to irritate. A specially softened gauze is used, which is meshed with a film of downy cotton. The ends are rounded to conform.



These few simple proofs that every woman who tries Modess is impressed by its fineness will, we hope, encourage you to test it yourself. And then, if you are not convinced that Modess is softer and finer in every way, tear off front of the box, write on it your name, address and the price paid, and mail to us. We will return your money.

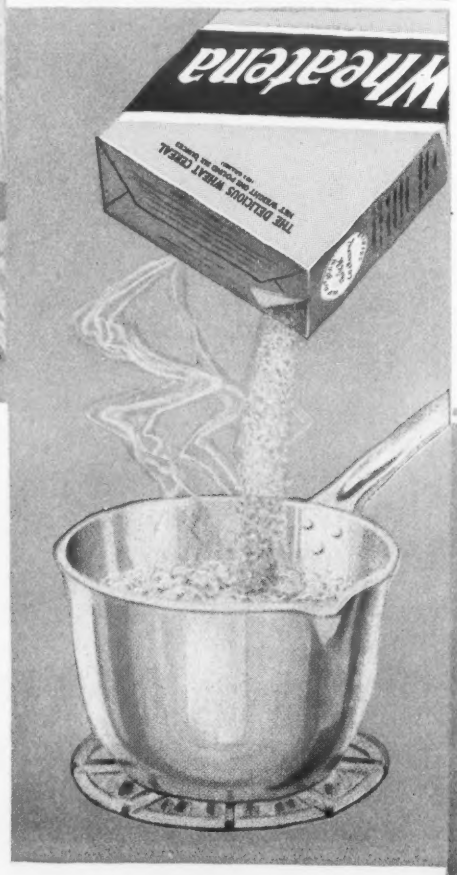
modess

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

SUN BROWNED

QUICK COOKING



FOR
HEALTH
STRENGTH
GROWTH
ENERGY

DELICIOUS NOURISHING

Wheatena is sun-browned because it is made from the entire wheat kernel . . . from wheat *as nature made it*—ripened and browned in sun-drenched fields.

Wheatena is quick-cooking because it is roasted and toasted at the Wheatena Mills. Two minutes of boiling and bubbling and it's ready to serve. (For babies, longer—of course.)

Wheatena is delicious because this same roasting and toasting process develops a nut-like flavor you'll find in no other cereal.

Wheatena is nourishing because it contains the great health, strength, growth and energy materials absolutely needed in the diet. There's no "Hidden Hunger" where Wheatena is served regularly.

Why not give your entire family the benefit of this wonderful cereal? It costs you less than 1 cent a dish to serve.

Send for this book

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College," was written expressly for mothers by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. It contains vital information on diet—also many attractive recipes. Now only 15c for an attractively-bound copy. Use coupon below.

3 Servings FREE

☐ Check here—enclose no money—and we'll send you a friendly little package of Wheatena—sufficient to make 3 generous servings.

☐ Check here—enclose 15c—for your copy of "Feeding the Child from Crib to College." Also a Wheatena sample.

Name .....

Address ..... LHJ—3-30

Mail this coupon to The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Wheatena

(Continued from Page 172)

Peter Dandridge and Third William Harris and Magnus Carter—and Cato Baron—and Drusie Wood with her old father, and all the rest, the host of them.

"Way up on the mountain, Lord!
Mountain top!
Lord! I heard God talking, Lord!
Children, the chariot stop.
Lord!"

When the mountain was reached the road became lonely. Lonely and narrow and stony and twisting upward like a ram's horn. Hot; it was so hot!

They halted for the feebler sort, the old people, the women with babies and the children; halted and went on, halted and went on. After all, there was a breath about it of a great, a gorgeous holiday. All the excitement culminating, and the opposition flung off, remaining below.

It was afternoon when they reached the crest.

They cooked and ate their supper. Then came sunset. Fiery gold, pale gold, purple isles, meadows of green. They watched and were silenced. It grew darker; there showed no color at all in the west, and no particular light. The stars appeared, the big ones and the little ones, thick, thick, in the clear, high, summer night. The Great Comet streamed overhead. To their excited fancy it seemed greater to them tonight, it seemed nearer.

A GIANT with a pale robe, and what was coming? And they had no definite idea of what was coming, beyond angels and chariots, and the figure of Jesus out of the illustrated Bible, and destruction for the people of the plain.

At daybreak—at daybreak the trump would blow, and they would see their salvation.

"I've been traveling all the day,
Ride on, Moses! . . .
They prayed so long I could not wait.
Ride on, Moses!

I knew the Lord would pass that way.
I want to go home in the morning.
Ride on, Moses!
Ride on, King Emanuel!
I want to go home in the morning."

They were folk used to early bedtime and sound sleep and also to early rising. They thought they would sleep a while—being worn out with excitement and the climbing and the unusualness of it up here—and then awake.

Toward the middle of the place a lift of three or four great bowlders made as it were the boss of the shield. To these came Vowed Jordan and seated himself upon a ledge of the rock. Now he had the sky and the earth, the sleeping multitude, and that swift Presence, whatever it might truly be, up there in the sky. Vowed sat hunched up, his chin sunk in his hands. He would recapture that rich, that awed, that tremendous, authentic sense of the problem solved. That which he felt in the winter and the spring, when he was first assured, when he saw God's Mind as to earth, and God's hand indicating to him, Vowed Jordan, his proper trowel and hod and mortar . . . Vowed sat there and he sat there, and the stars moved from east to west and the comet changed its place. Vowed thought and Vowed thought. At the very end to be not assured, and that not because he doubted he had gone too far, but by reason of a doubt that he had not gone far enough.

And always the night streamed away from Thunder Mountain rather than ran toward the dayspring.

Down by the Winding a cock crew and was answered by his fellow. Just the turn of the night, but the company led here by Vowed stirred, stretched, opened its eyes and began to rise from the earth. Down among the vales and hills flowing from the foot of Thunder cocks were crowing, telling the day. It could not be long now—any moment, any moment, Lord!

EXCITEMENT mounted. They demanded that Vowed speak to them. He spoke from that central bowlder. "Oh, people! I worked and worked, all you here know I worked, to understand the world and the ways and the beginning and the end of it! And last year I was certain and this spring I was certain, and June and July I was certain, and what could a man with a heart in his bosom do but tell his neighbors and his friends and the whole world if it would listen? Like Noah, like Noah long ago! Oh, folk, I don't see—I can't see—but I got it right. By the books and by figures what is true. But now I've a strange feeling, a strange feeling. I'm but a child—I've felt that more and more—Ise but a child. . . . The dawn is breaking. There's a streak of light yonder in the sky. We've got to wait and see, Vowed Jordan just the same as all of you. Vowed Jordan has got to wait and see!"

His voice reached them all. But it is to be doubted if they perceived his doubt.

They sang, they prayed, they shouted and some of them danced. And always the cocks crew down below and the pale light strengthened. And the eastern stars began to fade, and then the midheaven and the western stars, and the comet that was now low in the sky. Across the east started a band of lilac and then a band of saffron.

"It's time, it's time! The blast of the horn, Lawd, the blast of the horn!"

"The end of the world—it's the hour and the minute for the end of the world!"

But the minute and the hour went by. The end of the world did not happen. Unless it was always ending and always beginning.

The sun came up amid a silence as of exhaustion. The stars were gone, the comet was gone, the day had broken, the same old day. The difference was that it found them high upon Thunder Mountain, lifted for a laughingstock, a laughingstock for the white folk, for Windingville, for Elderflower County, for everybody, for themselves. . . . Out of work, out of food, out of money, everything run down, belongings given away. . . .

Third William Harris made himself their mouthpiece. "What we wants to know is, what do you think of yo'self, Vowed Jordan?"

And Vowed, from the boss of the shield, answered, "I think lowly of myself, I think lowly. I was honest mistaken. I thought I was serving you all and bearing you with me into the truth. I got a sorrowful

(Continued on Page 178)

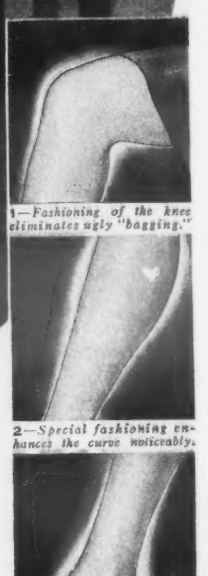
Next Month

A notable list
of SHORT STORIES *by*

Warwick Deeping
Juliet Wilbor Tompkins
Lois Seyster Montross
Grace Torrey
Jay Gelzer
Alexander Sprunt, Jr.
Arthur T. Munyan

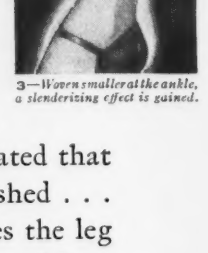
in the
APRIL JOURNAL

INA CLAIRE, *brilliant comedienne, acknowledged the smartest dressed woman on Stage and Screen*



1—*Fashioning of the knee eliminates ugly "bagging."*

2—*Special fashioning enhances the curve noticeably.*



3—*Woven smaller at the ankle, a slenderizing effect is gained.*

NOW, madam, the Reason this Hosiery *Enhances Shapeliness* . . . . . .

AN utterly new type of hosiery has recently been created that accomplishes what every woman has secretly wished . . . It gives bewitching slenderness to the ankle. It makes the leg more graceful and appealing. It banishes ugly creasing and bagging at the knee. (Please note the 3 illustrations above showing the improvements made.) . . . Now, virtually every Screen Star of note favors this hosiery. Every day thousands of women are choosing it in preference to long standing favorites . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. $1.95 the pair. Other improved Allen-A styles $1.50 to $2.50.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Allen-A HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from $1.50 to $2.50 the pair.

The BEAUTICIAN BATHROOMS....

"I AM BAB-O. I owe my being to the modern American Bathroom. I was created especially to *beautify* enamel and porcelain. In but a few years . . . I have become the beauty specialist to millions of bathrooms a day...the bathrooms of glorified American housewives.

The bathrooms I have seen, North, South, East and West are myriad. Magnificent modernistic bathrooms, colorful bathrooms in charming homes, compact ones in city apartments. I have *conquered* all the perils to their gleaming beauty. I have *lightened* toil throughout the home.

Everything I touch, *shines*...magically. I bring sun-like *brilliance* to all enamel and porcelain. Beneath my velvety caress tubs and basins become pools of brightness . . . mirrorlike tile walls

★

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

Four types of beautiful American housewives portrayed by foremost artists. The paintings from left to right are by Neysa McMein, Bradshaw Crandell, Haskell Coffin, Hayden Hayden

15¢ AT ALL GROCERS

BAB-O
brightens bathrooms

to MILLIONS of now speaks for herself

reflect the beauty of every glowing color and the glitter of sparkling fixtures. *Immaculate cleanliness* abides wherever I perform my mission.

I have heard the praise of housewives everywhere. They speak of me as a "*treasure.*" They tell of dull film, water lines, stubborn stains and rust marks dissolving at my *lightest touch!* I have been taken into *kitchens* . . . there too, to bring *showroom sparkle* to sinks and china, refrigerators and ranges.

I have no *twin.* Refuse substitutes under any other name. I am modern . . . not an old-fashioned scourer. I *do not scratch* the finest surfaces. I leave hands *satiny smooth.* I am the most famous member of the celebrated B. T. Babbitt family. And once you try me . . . you will never be without me."

B. T. BABBITT, Inc. ▾ *Est. 1836* ▾ New York, N. Y.

★

The American home, the world's highest standard, reflects the efficiency and artistry of the modern housewife. She knows and accepts instantly the best products for beautifying her household. She uses BAB-O for the bathroom, enamel and porcelain.

"A WIPE AND IT'S BRIGHT"

BAB-O

works like magic all over the house

© 1930 B. T. Babbitt, Inc.

"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

How to make oily hair behave

Dear Miss Carroll: My curly hair used to be the envy of my permanent-waved, marcelled friends. But now it is oily and lifeless—not nicely straight, but simply in strings. And I'm wondering whether I'm doomed to wear a hat constantly. And why not . . . when I used to hear, "You've the most beautiful hair I've ever seen!"—Mrs. H. G., Ebensburg, Pa.

H. G. Please, please, don't adopt that close-fitting little hat you've threatened to wear. One of the things your poor scalp probably most needs is plenty of fresh air and sunshine!

Don't get panicky. With patience and the proper treatment, I'm sure you can revive the true beauty of your hair. You see, relaxed oil glands simply won't take correction quickly. But this is the way to help them reform—

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, every time a glance at the mirror hurts your pride. Yes, even if at the beginning this means a shampoo every third or fourth day! For Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo *is a special shampoo for oily hair* . . . fresh, healthful pine tar and vegetable oils are combined with an antiseptic *astringent* which coaxes the lazy oil glands to tighten up and behave themselves!

And make your finger tips help too! . . . with light, lively massages that bring the warm blood into your scalp. And perhaps you should discuss your diet with your physician—you may be a bit too fond of rich foods!

What to do for dull dry hair

My dear Miss Carroll: Do I *have* to brush my hair one hundred strokes a day? I don't want to—because after months of training, I can coax a fairly good wave into it. And I'm not anxious to brush it out!

My hair is naturally dry, sort of a straw heap, very thick and coarse. And I don't think it has the gloss it should have. It seems to be "all ends" over my head.—Miss V. W., South Bend, Ind.

The idea of calling your hair a "straw heap," when probably it merely needs a simple treatment to make it shining and smooth! First, I'm going to ask you to use a shampoo made especially for dry hair—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It's a smooth golden liquid that makes a wonderfully soothing, fragrant lather . . . and beside olive and vegetable oils, it contains *glycerine*—just enough to make your hair more lustrous and tractable!

Then you must do something to stimulate your scalp and those under-active oil glands. If you won't use a brush—though I strongly advise it—will you try massage? Prop your elbows on your dressing table, and drop your head until your temples are cupped by your palms. Then make nice little merry-go-rounds of your finger tips—but gently and slowly. This will help to bring the bright lively glints into your blondish hair!

Relief from dandruff — out of the pines

Dear Jean Carroll: I have red-brown hair that's about a yard long. It used to be very thick, but now I have so much dandruff, that my hair comes out in combfuls. I intend to enter college next term, so I'd like my hair to look its best. You see, my eyes and hair are nearly the same color!—Miss S. C., Lynchburg, Va.

Oh! I can just see that head of gay lovely hair! You must get right to work to thwart those pernicious little dandruff germs! The very best way to do it is by scrupulous cleanliness—shampoo, shampoo, shampoo! Yes, every time tell-tale white flakes appear you should wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Soap . . . doctors have recommended this soap for years as a splendid treatment for dandruff.

Between those tonicking piney shampoos, remember to brush and brush your hair! And don't forget that brushes and combs can carry these persistent dandruff germs . . . wash them every day! Be faithful to this treatment, and your hair *will* respond!

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—*radio talks* by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System in the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

* * *

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the Packer products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally. The coupon below is for your convenience.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 7-C, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose_____cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(Continued from Page 175)

heart toward you all, and I asks yo' forgiveness. I thought I was given to understand the height and the depth and the ways of things . . . and I was just a baby, I was just a dog. . . . Yet will I grow up to understand, though it take me a million years! And I see that it may take me a million years . . . maybe longer. I never fooled you meaningly. And now we're going down Thunder Mountain."

The August heat and drought broke in a torrent of rain. When, finally, the weather cleared a half-moon rounded and rounded and whitened the night with her beams. And always the Great Comet grew fainter. When the full moon had come and gone, and again shone the host of the stars, the comet had quit this corner of space and time.

September sun, September color, September ripening and garnering. Drusie Wood came up Dandelion Creek. Drusie was a strong, rather tall woman, still young, in a blue cotton with a kerchief about her head, with a dark wide, comely face. The zinnias were in bloom, rows of them, before Vowed Jordan's cabin. Dilsey sat out-of-doors, in a low chair, peeling apples. "That you, Drusie? Ise glad to see you. Sit down and rest yo'self."

Drusie sat down upon the door stone. "I was in Windingville and I see Vowed making the brick steps for Miss Mary Marchant's garden."

"Yaas."

"Ise honest-Indian glad he's found work!"

"Yaas; it saves a man."

"But," said Drusie with pride, "before he looked for himself he went to all the white folks and begged work for the others."

"Yaas," said the little old woman peeling apples, "dat boy Vowed's a good man!"

"I thought I'd just rest here awhile, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind a bit," said Dilsey. "Ise glad to have you. You and me's the kind kin get on well together."

They sat in silence. Then said Drusie, "Is he studying, just as he used to do?"

"I don't know erbout it being as he used to, but he's studying. He wouldn't be Vowed," said Dilsey, "ef he wasn't studying."

Drusie said, "No, it wouldn't be Vowed. I like his studying."

"I hear him coming," said Dilsey. She looked at Drusie and she looked at Dandelion Creek, then she got up from her chair with her pan of apples. "You stay heah. I gwine put these heah apples away."

Vowed in his blue overalls came by the creek path and up the hill. He came slowly and he looked bowed. Drusie rose from the step and went to meet him.

"That you, Drusie?"

"Yaas, Vowed."

The water ran like molten gold. They stood and watched it. A red-shouldered blackbird flew down to drink. "Ise glad you's got work, Vowed."

"Yaas, I'm glad."

"Ise glad you's studying on, Vowed. Ise glad you's a thinking and a studying man."

"I can't help it, Drusie. I'm made that way."

"I wouldn't want you any other way. . . . Vowed!"

"Yaas, Drusie?"

"Vowed, couldn't I help you?" She stretched out to him a brown arm, and her voice had all the power of song. "Ef you'd see it that way, Vowed, I could help you. . . . I could, I know I could! . . . Vowed, Vowed, I want to help you. I want to, Vowed!"

Vowed returned her look. His eyes dazzled. A thrill went through him. The world kept on coming to an end and beginning afresh.

Air Vacations

(Continued from Page 20)

planes and at a certain point transfer to a chartered ship provided by a local aerial-taxi company which, notified in advance, will be expecting you. Or you may charter a machine and have the pilot take you to your destination. Whatever the route, the traffic men in the aviation offices promise to arrange your itinerary for you, make all the reservations and sell you a ticket for a complete trip.

They base their claims to your patronage on the time to be saved between your home and the place where you intend to spend your vacation, the vastly greater distances which you will be able to journey and—this is most important—the scenic wonders reserved only for the traveler in the air.

Imagine, for example, doing a hundred miles between Buffalo and Toronto in one hour, and taking in Niagara Falls. Ten of you, say, arrive in Buffalo. You go down to the dock and board one of the Colonial Sikorsky amphibians which operate from either land or water. Here is comfort rivaling the best in a Pullman or motor car.

There is first a bird's-eye view of Buffalo, which is worth having. Soon the falls appear in the distance. In no time at all you are close enough to see them clearly. The plane swings slowly in a great circle over the American, the Bridal Veil, the Horseshoe, even the ever-present rainbow, all before you, on one side the winding Niagara, on the other the Whirlpool Rapids. Farther on are farms and woodlands, the blue expanse of Lake Ontario, then Toronto in a single glance. It will cost each of you about $17.50.

Out in Northwestern Arizona one of the twelve-passenger Ford planes of the Scenic Airways will pick you up and carry you on a fifty-mile panorama flight of the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert, for $12.50.

Let us assume that you and your party have been doing Los Angeles. You have flown on the Pacific Air Transport, Western Air, Maddux and other services which cover that remarkable section within almost any radius, including Tia Juana and Agua Caliente in Mexico. Somehow or other you find that you have one day more.

"How I should love to see the Grand Canyon before I go back home." You make the usual remark, wistfully. The Grand Canyon is more than two hundred and fifty miles to the northeast. The Mohave Desert lies between. There is no time to see the Grand Canyon, but wait. You produce a folder distributed by the local branch of the Curtiss-Wright Flying Service, which has well appointed branches in thirty-six important cities.

They will fly you anywhere out of Los Angeles in a chartered plane. You can flit out to the Grand Canyon and back in something like eight hours. It will cost each member of your party about sixty dollars for the round trip.

For about three hundred dollars, the average first-class fare to Europe, you can fly from New York to Los Angeles, San Francisco or Seattle in less than forty-eight hours. Or you can begin your trip at a number of points on the various routes—Universal, Transcontinental, Safeway and Western Air Express, which take the southern course through the Southwest; or Boeing Air Transport, Stout Air Lines, and others which tie in together and make up the route between New York and the Pacific Coast.

You can hurdle the five hundred and sixty-seven miles between Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco in six hours for forty dollars. You can cover the 1099

(Continued on Page 181)

Ten Million Home Makers Created the Improved Fuller Broom*

From ten million women we learned what the perfect household broom should be. They want:-

First—A broom that will last longer than their old-fashioned corn broom. *In the FULLER BROOM, we give you an Aztec fiber that outwears three of the best corn brooms.*

Second—A broom that will not lose its straws. *The FULLER BROOM has the upper ends of its fibers embedded in a pitch base and riveted in a light metal shell.*

Third—A broom that will sweep light dust from smooth surfaces. *The inner core of the FULLER BROOM, of fine Aztec fiber, gets the smallest particles from polished floors.*

Fourth—A broom stiff enough to sweep carpets and rugs. *The outer casing of the FULLER BROOM, of a tough springy fiber, gets at the dirt in rugs of even the deepest pile.*

Fifth—A broom that will be easy to handle. *The FULLER BROOM is perfectly balanced, and lighter than the ordinary broom.*

Sixth—A broom that will wear evenly on both sides. *Because the FULLER BROOM is evenly balanced, the sweeping is done with its entire sweeping surface—not just one corner.*

The FULLER BROOM is only one of six equally practical household tools, in the FULLER SILENT MAID SET. These products can be had only from your Fuller Man.

To get this FULLER BROOM or any other Fuller product before the next visit of your Fuller Man, just telephone the Fuller Branch Office in your city. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3596 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. In Great Britain, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Union of South Africa Building, Wembley, London.)

**Fuller Men call at over 10,000,000 homes every year. All Fuller items are the scientific results of knowledge gained from wide first-hand experience.*

On The Air

Be sure not to miss the Fuller Man's Program every Saturday evening from 7:30 to 8:00 E. S. T. over the WJZ network of N.B.C.

FULLER BRUSHES

Tested and Approved in over Ten Million Homes

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

CHILDREN are especially susceptible, doctors and hospitals say, to serious ailments caused by harsh, chemically impure toilet tissue.

Millions of careful mothers are heeding this medical warning by equipping their bathrooms with health-protecting Scott Tissues.

And many go still farther in safeguarding their children.

They see that each child, starting off to school, carries a few sheets of these softer, more absorbent tissues.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are made from specially processed fibres—"thirsty fibres." Crumpled in the hand, they feel actually cloth-like in texture.

Each sheet is extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality, thorough cleansing is impossible.

Scott Tissues are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

They are made from the finest materials—and are always clean, sanitary, safe.

Not only your children but the grown people in your family need protection from the more serious maladies that come from inferior toilet tissue.

Be sure of safety! Always ask for either ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. They cost no more than the ordinary tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

TO BE SAFE, toilet tissue must be soft, absorbent, chemically pure. Scott Tissues are specially processed to meet these health requirements.

Prices for U. S. only

All three Scott Tissues are closely wrapped to fit the modern built-in fixtures.

Scott Tissues

© 1930, Scott Paper Company

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

(Continued from Page 178)

air miles between Los Angeles and Seattle in less than thirteen hours, which is about half of the time required by train. And you may span the three hundred and seventy-nine miles between San Francisco and Los Angeles for twenty-five dollars.

At least one hundred and seventy-five cities and towns are stopping places on the regular air lines. There one may transfer to other planes or continue the journey on the surface. You might cover all the scenic wonders of the United States by air.

The rates are not exorbitant. They range between seven and twenty-one cents a mile on the regular air lines. The average is ten cents. You can fly about one thousand miles for one hundred dollars.

For chartered planes, where your party requires a machine for its sole use away from the regular routes, the average rate is twelve cents a mile per passenger if you have a capacity load. The fare varies with the territory to be traversed and the kind of trip you are making. If you charter a plane to go hundreds of miles into an out-of-the-way place and keep the plane and its pilot waiting for days while you have your fun, there will be an extra charge for that.

The vacation retreats are now accessible to persons who in the past have considered them too far from home. If you live in the South, in Georgia, Tennessee or Kentucky, you now can fly to the resorts in the Northwest, Michigan, New York State or Maine in the period ordinarily required to traverse your own state.

Regular lines operate north from Nashville and Louisville. You can fly from Cincinnati to the Twin Cities by way of Chicago for sixty dollars, six hundred and forty miles in half a day. A plane will carry you into Cleveland or Buffalo, where you can charter planes and continue northward.

The Stout Air Lines will fly you one hundred and twenty-eight miles across Lake Erie between Cleveland and Detroit for fourteen dollars, between Chicago and Detroit, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, for twenty-four dollars. Either Stout or Curtiss-Wright will take your party to any of the numerous resorts in Northern Michigan, where in the past few months some twenty airports have been established to receive the flying tourist.

This Aerial Age

FROM New York you can wing your way up the Hudson, over the Palisades, Lake George, Lake Champlain, across the St. Lawrence and into Montreal. Colonial Air Transport operates a daily passenger service both ways. This three hundred and forty-six miles of flying is one of the most beautiful in the East. And if you ever get anywhere near New York, don't fail to make a flight over that metropolis. Any number of companies and flying bases are located in that area. Your hotel can arrange the trip, as they do in almost any town.

You can see the greatest city in the world at a glance—the two rivers, two harbors, five boroughs of Greater New York, part of New Jersey, in all about four hundred square miles of docks, and parks and homes and skyscrapers appearing like so many toys which you might, if you wished, pick up in your hand. It will cost you about ten dollars.

If you are bound for the Adirondacks, airplanes, flying boats and amphibians are always available to take you to Saranac Lake, Lake Placid, Saratoga Springs, Schroon Lake, Lake George or Champlain. Invariably you will save a night and a day, or rather have a night and a day extra in which to do your sightseeing, if you go into these northern resorts by flying machine.

You now can fly into Boston from the Newark Airport. Coming from the South you will see New York lying off to your right, and close enough for you to identify the buildings. At most of the larger New England cities you can charter planes which will fly you to York Beach, Old Orchard, Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert Island or Lafayette National Park on the coast, to Moosehead or the Rangeley Lakes.

And for very little extra cost you can go on by plane to St. Andrews and half a dozen other attractive resorts in New Brunswick, to the Salt Water Lakes of Cape Breton Island and the Acadia of Nova Scotia. You can fly the St. Lawrence River and stop over at scores of places, traversing a thousand miles in the time required to make one or two hundred on the surface.

Coming up from the South or in from the West, the average woman has a desire to see Atlantic City. She can do it by train or boat, it is true, but if she is bound for Bar Harbor, chances are she will remain on the train and see only Baltimore, Pittsburgh or Philadelphia from the car.

In this modern aerial age you can fly into Baltimore, stop over one night, go on to Philadelphia by train the next morning, see a great deal of that city, which is one of the places all Americans should visit, and late in the afternoon fly down to Atlantic City in about half an hour. Leaving, you can fly up the Jersey coast.

The Great Southwest

FOR those of you who live in the East and are familiar with its wonders, there are the upper Mississippi Valley and the lakes of Wisconsin. You can hop over there in a day from Cleveland or Columbus, Ohio, sense the delightful freedom of a flight across one of the Great Lakes and land at Chicago or Milwaukee. Universal, Northwest Airways or Curtiss-Wright will fly you to many of the resorts on either side of the border. Or you can go on into the Far West, to the dude ranches or national parks in ten to twelve hours more of flying.

Last season the women who made those cross-country trips were amazed at the mileage they could cover with a hundred-dollar bill. They learned that by flying on their annual vacations they might soon lay claim to being well-traveled Americans.

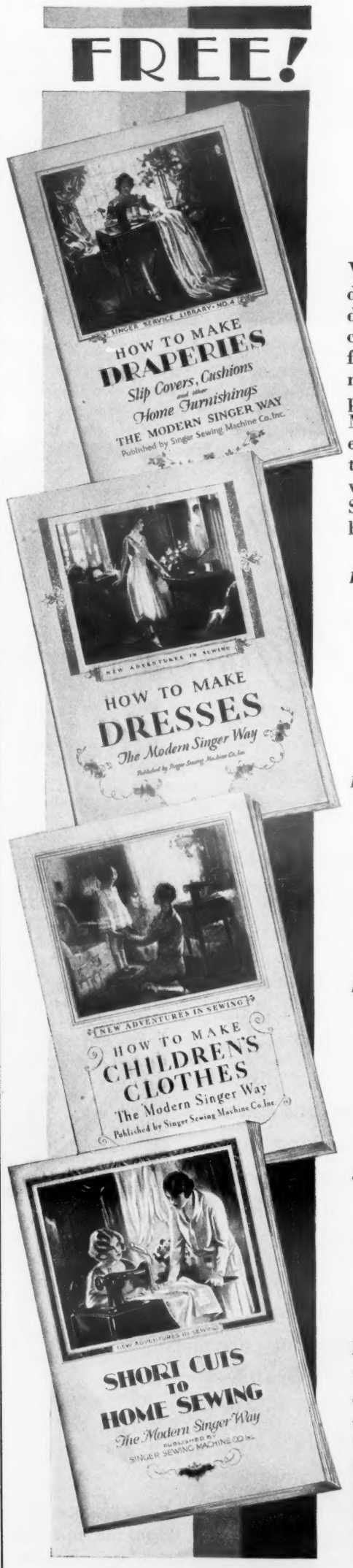
Every state has its own special kind of attractions for the vacationist. These resorts cater to the woman visitor. For unless they first secure the women, they will not get the men or children. Today there are fifteen hundred flying fields, many with conveniences for the traveler.

But the aviation people will do something else for you which the surface transport agencies have been doing these many years. Long in advance of your trip they will provide you with the names, locations and rates of the resort hotels, lodges and camps. You can, if you wish, make a budget of your entire vacation before leaving home, even though you may be traversing half the continent for the first time, a snowdigger from the North, let us say, bound for two weeks in the Great Southwest.

Soon it will be possible to fly from New York to Phoenix, Arizona. Phoenix is surrounded with interesting places which the vacationist must not miss, not forgetting Tucson, which rivals Phoenix in catering to the tenderfeet. Here in Southern Arizona you will find the Petrified Forest, Roosevelt Dam, the famous Indian reservations, Superstition Mountain, the ancient cliff dwellings, the colossal cave of Tucson, dude ranches and innumerable other strange institutions and natural sights forever curious to the Northerner. You can go to Albuquerque, and from there visit Indian pueblos reputed to have been in existence before the days of Columbus. It is a vacation land at almost any time of the year. Once here in the Southwest, you can make short flights and see everything worth while during a limited vacation.

If you are coming down from the North to satisfy a lifelong urge to see Texas, prepare to fly. There is too much mileage in that state for one to cover it in any

(Continued on Page 183)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Your choice of these 4 books

Would you like to have lovely new draperies for your home, more smart dresses for yourself, attractive new clothes for the children? Here are four practical books to help you make them...These books were prepared for users of Singer Sewing Machines. But in order that women everywhere may know the advantages and economies of home sewing, we are making this special offer. Simply choose any one of these four books and you may have it free.

How to Make Draperies. **A book that shows you how to dress windows attractively, how to take window measurements, how to design, plan and completely make curtains and draperies with the skill of a professional decorator. Contains equally complete directions for covering chairs and making slip covers, dressing table skirts, bed covers, cushions. 64 pages. 182 illustrations.**

How to Make Dresses. **This is a step-by-step guide to the creation of lovely frocks. It tells how to choose a becoming style, select fabrics, alter patterns, cut out, fit and finish a dress to the last distinctive detail. For the beginner it makes dressmaking easy, and to the woman with years of experience it brings new methods of attaining smart effects. 48 pages. 187 illustrations.**

How to Make Children's Clothes. **The kind of book every mother has wished for. It brings you everything you could want to know about making baby dresses and slips, rompers, little girls' frocks and little boys' suits—garments of all types for children of all ages up to dresses and coats for the high school girl. 64 pages. 153 illustrations.**

Short Cuts to Home Sewing. **A book of simple, fully illustrated directions for successfully using your sewing machine and its attachments. It shows how to do tucking, shirring, ruffling, plaiting, how to apply binding, sew on lace, how to do two or three operations at once. 48 pages. 77 illustrations.**

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK

Telephone or call at any Singer Shop or ask the Singer Representative who comes to your home for a copy of the book you would like to have and you will receive it without charge or obligation of any kind. Wherever you live, there is a Singer Shop nearby. Look in your telephone directory for the nearest shop address.

SINGER
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
INCORPORATED

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ACTIVE CHILDREN NEED THE ENERGY *from this natural food-fruit. Bananas are always available and of unvarying goodness in cold or warm weather.*

NEW ZEST FOR A BUSY DAY *from ripe bananas. Highly nutritious and easily digested, bananas make an ideal "morning food for every member of the family."*

WOMEN WHO WATCH THEIR FIGURES *find that a banana with milk provides a light but satisfying breakfast. Makes a deliciously welcome mid-day meal, too.*

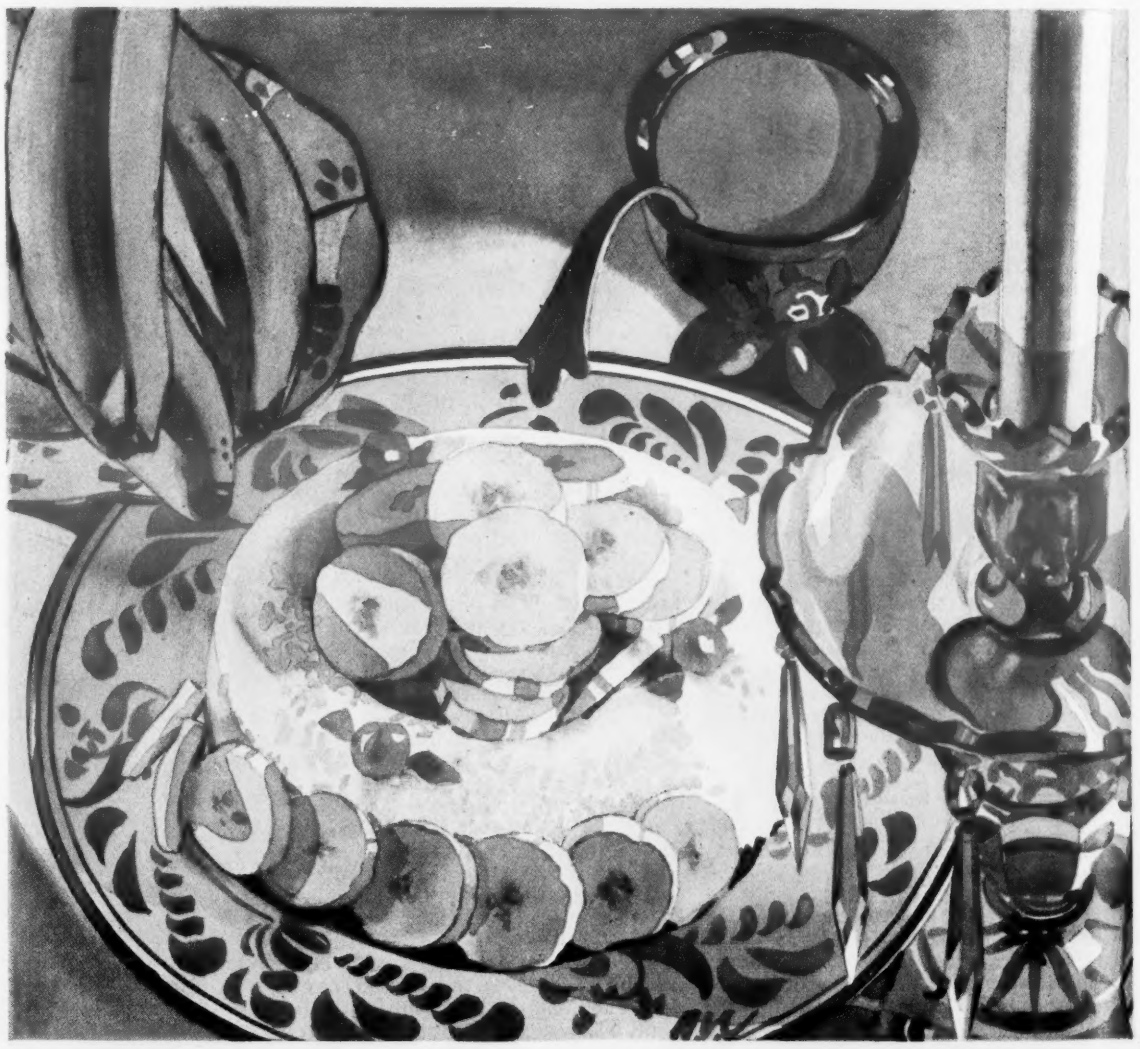
Keeping your VITALITY *high!*

Blowy March days . . . when you need energy-producing, easily digested food—balance your daily diet with bananas

DURING long hours of tropical sunlight, nature has stored in the banana a host of her choicest gifts. *Not* just a flavor of unrivaled delicacy. *Not* just a fruit-pulp of melting tenderness, but a rare combination of nourishing, vitalizing food materials. Three protective vitamins, invigorating fuels, regulating minerals—these health essentials are sealed in every banana's glove-like covering.

Now that its high food value is known, the banana is becoming a substantial part of the year-round diet. A real health-builder winter and summer . . . in season when fresh fruits and vegetables are scarce . . . always reasonably priced . . . always quick to prepare. Is it any wonder food experts say *bananas belong* on the family table?

BANANA
GROWERS ASSOCIATION



SOMETHING GOOD FOR TODAY—*Banana-Rice Ring: Fill buttered mold with steamed rice. Set in hot water ten minutes. Turn molded rice out on serving plate. Fill center and garnish with sliced bananas. Serve with orange sauce or whipped cream . . . a dish that makes a wholesome addition to luncheon or dinner.*

COOKING STAGE
When the tips are green, cook bananas as a delicious vegetable, or keep a few days for further ripening. Always ripen them at room temperature, never in the ice box.

EATING STAGE
When all yellow, the banana is ready for immediate eating. The familiar brown flecks are but additional signs of perfection—both in flavor and in food value.

NEW BANANA BOOK FREE

Just off the press. Brimful of unusual recipes—all thoroughly tested. Also menus and serving suggestions. Send coupon below. Be among the first to benefit by the new knowledge of the banana's place in the regular diet.

LHJ-3-30

BANANA GROWERS ASSN.
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send new book, "Bananas in the Modern Manner."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 181)

reasonable period unless you travel by air. You can land in San Antonio, which is the Philadelphia of the Lone Star State, being a cradle of liberty and having its old landmarks fairly well preserved. You can spend your vacation on a dude ranch or you can fly over to Corpus Christi on the Gulf Coast where they seem to have more than their share of summer throughout the year. You can fly all the way from San Antonio to Brownsville on the Rio Grande—two hundred and seventy-four miles in three hours. Or, if you are thinking of visiting Hot Springs, Arkansas—and thousands of persons come to Hot Springs from all corners of the earth—you will make the quickest possible time by air. Fly from Memphis, if you are coming through from the East; you can cover the one hundred and seventy-five miles in less than two hours.

Thousands of you readers in the Middle West take pride in the fact that your fathers came from Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. You can go back there now at speeds much faster than the birds in their maddest flight. You will have an enjoyable vacation, at Skyland in the heart of Shenandoah National Park, at White Sulphur Springs or Hot Springs. You can go to Virginia Beach at any time of the year. You can fly straight through to Augusta, Georgia, and be within motoring distance of numerous resorts, Aiken, Asheville, Stone Mountain, and you can fly on to the Georgian coast and the Golden Islands of Goya, which persons of wealth from all parts of the United States have chosen for their principal vacation grounds. For slightly more than the surface fares you can fly straight through to Sea Island Beach, St. Simon's Island, and other places on that coast and do it in approximately one-fifth of the time, particularly if you are coming in from the West.

Now if you still are determined to take your vacation abroad and have only two or three weeks in which to remain out of the United States, you can do it without spending most of the period on the water. Fly to Mexico, or the West Indies.

Across Mexico

MEXICO CITY, at least twenty-eight hours from the border by train, is now five and a half hours from Brownsville, Texas. The handsomely appointed Fokker planes of the Universal system will take you aboard at many points between Cleveland and Dallas. Southern Air Transport will carry you on to San Antonio, Corpus Christi and Brownsville. Or Curtiss-Wright will fly your party from Houston.

You leave Brownsville shortly after eight o'clock in the morning on one of the planes of the Campania Mexicana de Aviacion, which is the Mexican division of Pan American Airways, and you arrive in Tampico at eleven o'clock. Half an hour later you are in the air again on one of the most remarkable trips in the world.

There are mountains, of course, and volcanos. Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl stand sentinel along your path through the skies, their lofty peaks on a level with your machine. You pass over the prehistoric pyramids at Teotohuacán, more ancient than the monuments of the Aztecs and Toltecs; and you have an absorbing view of the floating gardens at Xochimilco and Chapultepec Castle.

The present fare on this unusual aerial journey between Brownsville and Mexico City is one hundred dollars.

But why not see Florida first? You can drop down to Jacksonville on the Eastern Air Express from New York; and fly over the beautiful Indian River and along the Atlantic coast to Miami, three hundred and forty-five miles for about forty dollars. And once in Miami you would not care to stop until you had at least seen Havana. You can fly there. The Pan American Airways will take you over the two hundred and sixty-one miles of tropic waters for fifty-five dollars in a little over two hours.

Trips Everywhere

THEIR West Indies Air Limited, carrying from ten to twelve passengers, will take you to Havana, Santiago, Port-au-Prince, Santo Domingo and San Juan.

Miami and San Juan are 1440 miles apart. As this is written the Pan American Airways is not flying passengers over the water at night; but you can very profitably stop over in Santiago and still arrive in San Juan in the afternoon of the second day. The fare is two hundred and forty-five dollars, but if you purchase a round-trip ticket, which is good for ninety days, you will save half of a single fare. Similar arrangements can be made on a number of the air lines; and their rates are being reduced constantly. By the time you are ready to fly out on one of these vacation trips your fare may be less by 20 per cent.

You can fly from Miami to Havana and then hop across the sparkling waters of the Caribbean to Belize, in British Honduras, a distance of eight hundred and forty-one miles in a single day. And what a day! Your plane wings its way over jungles, mountains, volcanoes and lakes, and, lo and behold, directly past those famous Maya ruins which Colonel Lindbergh and his wife have been studying!

Although there are few places where you cannot fly today, the difficulty is that unless you travel over the main routes with the regularly operated and scheduled lines, you must charter your own plane, and unless you have a party which will fill that machine to capacity, your trip is an expensive luxury. A majority of the companies have machines which will carry only two passengers, others, four, six, eight, ten and twelve. The problem is to fill a plane both ways, coming and going, and thus reduce the cost for each person.

And yet, if you are sufficiently interested in saving two or three days of your vacation and at the same time desire to visit a resort hundreds of miles from home, you can do it now. Strike off a straight line on the map between your home town and your destination. Prepare to spend ten or twelve cents a mile for the total on your line of flight and phone for reservations.

The airplane has transformed this continent into a very small place and there no longer exists any good reason why we should not see it from one extreme corner to another.

Next Month

She was a vaudeville actress—and her daughters were ashamed of her.

Fanny Foley Herself

By

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

is one of the very best short stories we've printed in a long time. In the

APRIL JOURNAL

$2850.00 IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST LETTERS

355 awards; cash prizes ranging from $1000.00 *to* $10.00. . . . *Write a letter and win the* $1000.00 *award*

SOMEWHERE in every heart is the perfect love letter. The letter you would write to the one person in all the world that you love best. Fine and true and beautiful, this letter would reveal the *real you* as no spoken words could ever do. Write this letter. The names may, of course, be fictitious. But Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. offer prizes totaling $2850.00 in this big letter-writing contest. Read the rules on this page.

The exquisite love letters of famous men and women may be read in the world's great literature. But the one high quality which exalts and glorifies them forever is their passionate sincerity . . . the same sincerity which you will put into the letter you write for this contest. Pen and paper are right on your desk. Won't you start now? These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

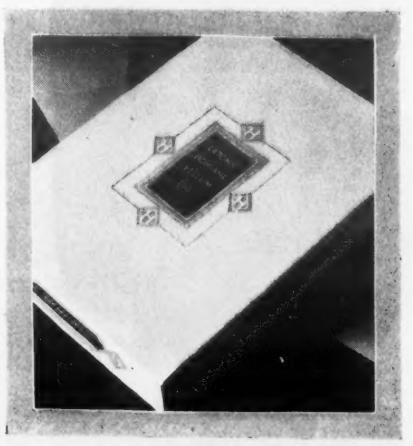
IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

* * *

Eaton's Highland Vellum is a new smooth-surface writing paper which has won rapid popularity. It comes in blue, buff, grey, silver-grey, green, ivory and white. There are plain designs, attractive decorations, and beautiful packages to suit every taste and personality. Never before has it been possible to buy a writing paper of such unquestioned smartness at so reasonable a price. In richly decorated boxes, it makes a most acceptable gift. Of the same high quality as the famous Eaton's Highland Linen. Eaton's Highland Vellum can be bought at your nearest dealer's. Prices from 50c to $3.50. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.



EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM *HIGHLAND LINEN*

Little Accidents don't disturb Mr. *and* Mrs. Valspar

"It's lucky for us, Val, that Valspar got there *first.* Just think . . .," says Mrs. Valspar.

"Yes, just *think,*" interrupts Val, "how *many* times Valspar has laughed off these little accidents. There was that broken hot water pipe upstairs. And the living room floor the night we forgot to shut the window. . ."

"Yes, and the car when the steaming radiator blew off, and *now* a misbehaving percolator loses out!" concludes Mrs. Val.

Valspar never fails when put to the test. A dependable protection for any and *every* surface. Household accidents are bound to happen but they are just so many harmless *in*cidents in the life of Valspar. Nothing more! Whether on a book-stand or on the house itself . . . whether indoors or out . . . there is a waterproof Valspar Finish to obey your demands not only for color and beauty, but for w-e-a-r as well.

Remember, besides Valspar Clear, Valspar Enamel and Lacquer, there is a full line of Valspar House Paints, Flat Wall Paints, Porch and Floor Paints . . . all unexcelled in their ability to resist and *keep resisting* . . . water, wear and weather.

The store that displays this sign is the place to obtain Valspar Finishes —for outdoors or indoors.

VALSPAR FINISHES

• VARNISHES • • PAINTS • LACQUERS • • ENAMELS

Forgotten Firefly

(Continued from Page 19)

never left hers. He was saying more than the conventional word of health. She touched her lips to her glass, but did not drink. She would have to appear again, later. She never risked the possibility of being less than at her best.

"And you," he said as if they had not ceased to speak—"you belong in the open too. Where there are trees—and grass—and stars ——"

Her eyes went wide at that. Something like fear possessed her. What was this man doing to her that he could make her sit like this, contentedly, quietly, as if she—belonged beside him? How could he know what was in her heart and mind?

"What's the idea of—this?" A half turn of his head, that did not take his eyes away from her face, indicated the crowded, suffocating dance floor.

Her eyes fell away from his.

"THIS"—her smile was a bit tremulous—"represents the 'lure of the tropics.' I had to see them! All my life I've longed for palm trees, hot, golden days, and warm, balmy nights. But my father died a long time ago, and after that there was no money. I ran away from the well-meaning aunt who wanted to raise me and got a job in New York in a chorus of a musical comedy."

"The chorus!" he interrupted incredulously. His eyes said far more than that.

A rose-pink flush tinged her cheeks.

"I—I don't think you know much about theatrical life," she countered. "I couldn't seem to be—nice—to the right people. And as for beauty"—her clear eyes met his with some somber memory close behind them—"the agents' offices are surfeited with it. When I was offered a contract for cabaret work—'strictly high-class,' they called it, in a Panama café, I jumped at the chance to see the tropics."

"But you haven't seen it yet!"

"No"—she sighed a little—"only a few hours each day, but I've done the best I could ——"

A slight gesture of his hand flung the idea away. His eyes were alight with a distant vision.

"No, no! I mean that Panama City—as it is now—doesn't represent the real tropics. Lord! How I'd like you to see the places where I've been! Guatemala! The jungle there is all green, and shadowy, splotched with bright, golden sunlight. There are tapestries of liana vines that hide old Mayan temples; orchids that no New York florist will ever see—red, flashing birds like bits of flame—and away off in the distance, howling monkeys sounding their rain call ——"

Her lips parted. Her eyes were wide. They were silent for a long moment.

SHE shrank away from the too poignant emotion that his words had awakened in her. She took refuge in a question. "You're waiting for a boat north, you say?"

"Yes; Nicaragua, Salvador, Guatemala again." The hovering black waiter filled his glass once more. He drank deeply, absent-mindedly.

"I'm putting my whole capital into a venture that will either make or break me. I'm financing an expedition for bringing out rare birds and animals from Central America for zoos and museums. The chap I'm to meet in Nicaragua has the experience and the contracts, and I have the money. If this expedition goes over, we'll be all set from then on. If it doesn't—well, that's the gambler's chance."

Firefly nodded. He would go away—he would go into those green jungle places—she would never see him again.

Then suddenly he leaned toward her. There was something strange in the expression of his eyes. For a fleeting instant she wondered if the champagne had affected him. Then she dismissed the idea.

"Look here"—there was a strained quality to his voice as well—"I've never known how to pretend, and I won't begin now. I've never cared for women; I hadn't the time or the inclination. I had my kid brother to take care of, and I've worked hard saving up for the chance that's come to me now. I'm telling you this because—I want you to know what I'm like, what I'm trying to do. If I come back from the jungles—I'm going to ask you to marry me until you either say 'Yes,' or tell me there's someone else. That's all—except—I love you—Firefly ——"

His voice stumbled, fell away. Only his eyes held hers, saying deep, torrential things too turbulent for utterance.

"But—you don't know me," she managed faintly.

"Don't say banal things like that! I know you, and you know me. You either love, or you don't. I love you. Whether you love me or not—it won't change my feelings for you. But I'm hoping—oh, Firefly—I'm hoping ——"

His brown hand suddenly gripped hers as it lay on the white cloth.

All her life Firefly was to remember that moment. She was never to hear that *danzón* music again without a blind, whirling, dizzy sensation.

She tried to speak, but could not. All power had gone from her.

IT WAS Louis Delaguardia who brought her back to realities with a shocking sense of having laid an unclean hand on the naked whiteness of her soul. He was standing beside them, smiling down with black, centerless eyes.

"Firefly," he said in his soft, slurred voice, "would you be so kin' as to appear in your number again after thees dance? One of the girls is sick, and if you would do me thees favor ——"

She could not refuse. She rose. Her eyes met those of Frederick Graves, who had also risen. "Will you excuse me—for a little while?"

She did not know that he was steadying himself against the table with an effort. Or that Louis Delaguardia had made an infinitesimal sign to someone who stood near the door.

"You'll—come back, won't you?" There was a queer hoarseness in his voice.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I will."

It seemed an eternity before she was free. A tingling fire was in her footsteps as she threaded her way through the mazes of the illuminated tables. The chair was empty. He was not there.

Louis Delaguardia was standing beside her, his black eyes expressionless, his smile soft and bland.

"Where—where ——" she stammered.

"Oh, the gentleman?" He lifted his heavy brows, and shrugged.

"Drunk, my dear—*completamente borracho!* He left just as you commenced your dance."

"Drunk?" She stared at him in a kind of numb terror. "I don't believe it!"

He smiled cynically.

ONE half of her being wanted to cry out to him that he lied. That it was not drink that had made Frederick Graves look at her like that—it was no maudlin drunkard who wooed and won her all in the short space of minutes. But the other half of her consciousness fell back, beaten. Men came here to drink, to be amused. Fireflies are the moment's pleasure only.

But the next morning, with the hot, tropical sunshine making penciled patterns of light through the window shutters of her room, the part of her that still believed in miracles made her dress herself

A Much *Softer*... Much *Whiter* Bathroom Paper

... made, *like* Silky Rayon, *from Pure Cellulose* ...

Ask for "NORTHERN TISSUE" 20 TIMES STERILIZED

TODAY modern science brings you a new-type bathroom paper. A paper exquisitely soft and white, because it is made from pure cellulose, the same material used for soft, silky rayon!

So you need no longer accept harsh "toilet paper"—the yellow or newsprint white papers largely made by grinding raw wood into a mass of tiny splinters. (An infallible test for raw ground-wood in papers is the chemical phloroglucinol.)

Paper From "Cooked" Cellulose —Base of Rayon

To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious rayon is made. So it makes a paper that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent "toilet papers".

Then 20 Times Sterilized— Every Sheet in Every Roll

Then in the making, "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized—every sheet in every roll. Emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.

What 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States Say

Medical science knows that softness and sterility should be demanded in bathroom paper, for menacing disorders are traced to use of harsh or impure papers. Consequently, Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states recently advised: "Use a soft white cellulose paper like 20 times sterilized 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

Ask for "Northern Tissue"—10c a roll at any department, grocery or drug store. Or note coupon below for *full-size* roll before you buy.

NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core

FITS BUILT-IN FIXTURES

JULIA NEIDLE, Nurse, Dept. L-51
Northern Paper Mills,
Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Miss Neidle:
Please send me the full-size test roll of soft, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the rayon-like paper free from raw ground-wood. I enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and handling costs. 246

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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Your skin

chafed? chapped? reddened? roughened? dried out? wind burned?

Exposure, cutting winds, and temperature changes —all roughen your skin and irritate it. Soothing FROSTILLA is the national cure.

35c—50c and $1.00

Sold everywhere in the U. S. and Canada. Better class 5-and-10¢ stores offer a handy 10¢ size. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. Dept. 43, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y.

SAVE YOUR SKIN WITH FROSTILLA

with meticulous care. Her mind clamored at her that she was a fool. But her heart held to its conviction with forlorn stubbornness. Only one thing was in its favor—one only. She had heard the other girls talking about Louis' "taking ways."

"Trust Louis to stay in the clear . . ." "And he never picks Panamanians or U. S. officers . . ." "They can't even pin it on the Web, because he always gets them back to their hotel before they wake up . . ." "That dope he uses for knock-out drops, Sammy told me it comes from the West Indies."

She inquired at three hotels before she found his name on the register. Then the vigorous scrawl on the lined paper thrilled her. "Frederick Graves, Mesa Grande, California."

TWICE she knocked before there was any response. Then the door was wrenched open with a kind of violence. He was standing there, staring down at her—swaying a little, his hair in disorder, his eyes haggard and bloodshot. His clothes were rumpled as if he had slept in them.

Her face went crimson.

"I came—I came ——" she stuttered painfully.

His wild eyes scathed her.

"You came to get the rest of the money?" he said hoarsely. "There isn't any more. They got it all last night—with your help. I wouldn't drink their whisky—I had been warned about their tactics with strangers at the Web. But with the combination of the champagne—and you—I forgot."

For the moment she could not speak.

"But I didn't—I didn't ——" was all she could think of to say.

He laughed, a mirthless, savage laugh.

"Still the innocent little Firefly, aren't you? You didn't drink your champagne, did you? God! It's a joke of the devil's own making what a woman can do to a man in three seconds if she wants to—you got everything, didn't you? A proposal of marriage from a fall guy who has never looked at a woman before, and then all the fall guy's capital that was going to make him a rich man so that other women like you could pick his pockets ——"

Sanity came back to her with that.

"Stop it!" She fairly spat at him. "Don't be any more of a fool than you have been already! If I had taken your money do you think I'd be here now? I earn mine honestly, every cent of it—and you can believe that or not, just as you choose!"

SHE turned, like one blinded, and ran down the corridor. But with two long steps he had overtaken her, and she was in his arms.

"Oh, Firefly, Firefly ——" his lips were against hers, shutting out the world behind a mist of salt-tanged tears. "Darling, it wasn't the money, it was the thought that you—oh, my sweet, my love, can you forgive me? I love you, I love you ——"

He drew her into the room and closed the door. And the small, hot, littered place bloomed suddenly like a paradise.

She looked up at him with eyes that were like golden pools of light.

"I know now how a firefly really feels," she said tremulously. "I'm so happy—I think I would shine in the dark!"

But presently she drew away from him.

"The money—how much did you lose?"

"Sweet—let's don't talk about it. It doesn't matter now."

"How much was it? Tell me!"

Reluctantly he named the sum. Quite a large sum it was, that made her catch her breath a little. It came within twenty dollars of being the exact amount that she herself had saved.

But she did not hesitate.

"I'll loan it to you."

"You!"

"Yes, I! Now wait a minute before you tell me how no man can take money from a woman—I can see it in your eyes ——"

"You bet you do!"

She flung herself against his protesting lips, and for a long, long moment there was silence. Then she drew herself steadily away from him again.

"Don't you see, dearest, it means your chance—our chance? I have more than what you need, lots more! And I have my contract for steady work—I'll wait here until you come back—and you'll write to me, and tell me what the jungle is like, and I'll write to you and tell you that I love you, that I'm waiting for you—always!"

He caught her in his arms, and held her close for a long moment without speaking.

"Firefly"—his voice was only a whisper—"I didn't know there was anyone in the world like you! I will succeed—there's nothing—nothing that can stop me now! Only I don't want to leave you behind."

"Just this one time, Frederick! Never again."

"Never, never again."

It was over; his boat had gone. And life was a strange emptiness through which memories and hopes dissolved into each other like mirages seen on the desert.

IT WAS a new, awakened, dangerously beautiful Firefly who faced Louis Delaguardia in the afternoon hush of the glittering, silver-hung Web.

"You'll give back that money, Louis, or ——"

"Or what, li'l' Firefly?" His lips were soft, but his black eyes were smoldering—waiting.

"Or I'll report you to the American consul with the proofs I have—which are real proofs, Louis!" It was a bluff, but he could not know the extent of it. "You can't do business without the American trade—you got boycotted once in Havana for the same tactics, didn't you?"

His heavy brows went up.

"Ah? The Li'l' Firefly has been hearing theengs?"

"Plenty, Louis. And finding things out too. I have enough evidence, I tell you, to convict you, even in a Panamanian court. And if you force me to use it, I'll do it!"

Louis Delaguardia stood silent and immobile after she had gone.

He pressed a button in the wall, and presently there came in response the same shadowy person who had a certain conversation with him the night before.

"Sammy," said Louis Delaguardia softly, "the li'l' Firefly knows too much. I would like for her to be—remove'—for a time. I theenk perhaps a sickness, not fatal, but weakening—you understan'?"

The other nodded.

"Something in her food, perhaps. I do not wish to know anytheeng about it—*entiendes?*"

Again his henchman nodded. And, shadowlike, slipped away.

Firefly had no suspicion of the reason for the sudden illness that assailed her.

FOR a time she carried on bravely, even though the nightly routine sapped her diminishing strength unmercifully. Then one night she collapsed, and was sent to the hospital. No one visited her there; the other girls, who hated her, only laughed. Even Louis Delaguardia stayed away. He was waiting, waiting in the silver darkness of the Web, for the Firefly's return.

She came at last, a thin, pallid ghost of her former healthy self.

"Well, Louis," she said, with an attempt at her old-time gayety, "I'm back, like a bad penny. When do I go to work?"

Very coolly, very lengthily, he looked at her. From head to foot went his black, centerless eyes.

"Do you know what your contract say about 'unfitness for work'?"

She shook her head blankly.

(Continued on Page 189)

Nazareth
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

FOR EVERY SEASON

Here are some of the modern styles in children's underwear.

These Nazareth garments are made so they will not show below outer garments.

You can find a variety of Nazareth styles at retail stores—some are all cotton knitted fabrics, some cotton and rayon stripe, and some fine quality nainsook.

Ask your retailer to show you the new Nazareth styles. The label appears on each garment.

If your retailer cannot supply you, write us, mention his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

Style Joy
(at left)
Girl's bleached step-in waist suit, band top, trunk leg, sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Also Joy/B, button-front style for boys. These two styles retail at 50 cents each.

Style 271
Boy's taped waist suit (illustrated on right), nainsook, 72 x 80, double seat, pearl buttons, trunk leg, sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Retails at 50 cents.

Style 722
Girl's taped waist suit, nainsook, 72 x 80, pearl buttons, trunk leg, rayon trim, double seat, sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Retails at 50 cents.

Style L. U.
(illustrated on left)
Bleached, combed yarn, button-front waist suit, pearl buttons, trunk leg, sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Also LU/J step-in style for girls. Retails at 75 cents.

Catalog sent on request

Nazareth Waist Co.
Dept. K
366 Broadway
New York

Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

"BEAUTY THAT RIVALED THAT GLORIOUS ENGLISH DAY"

"Both Dee and her youngest (and by the way, she is now eighteen) were in that inevitable top rail row that is usually dominated by our younger sisters. If she had only affected just a bit more adolescent boredom I should never have detected her. For, true to England, both mother and daughter had complexions that rivaled that glorious English day for clear, fresh beauty."

—from the letters of an English traveler at home.

There is a new and lasting freshness for your skin in this English complexion treatment

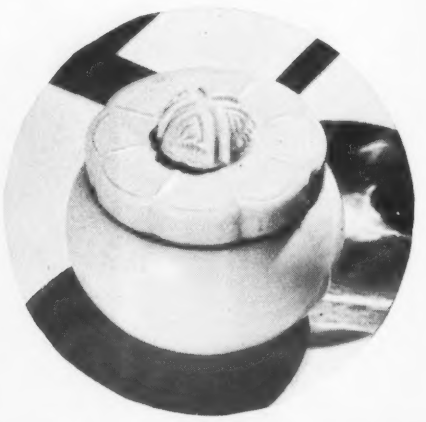
FOR THE clear and natural freshness of her skin, for her vibrant color, the English woman is famous throughout the world. It is significant that she uses only a few cosmetics. But it is more significant that those few are invariably the best—Yardley's.

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, Yardley's English Lavender Soap, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder—here is her effective beauty treatment. Yardley's soap is for the initial cleansing of her face. Yardley's Complexion Cream follows, to coax out any lingering bits of imbedded dust. Then Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder to protect the new and lovely freshness of her skin. Soft, cooling, smooth, and delicately scented, it heightens the natural radiance of her beauty. English Complexion Cream is also a nourishing cream for use at night and a foundation cream for powder. Used as a powder base, it is to be put on liberally and then *washed off in cold water*. Just enough remains to retain your powder perfectly.

Use Yardley's faithfully. Your mirror will reveal to you a new beauty—sure and poised, but at the same time unstudied, the sort of beauty that has always been the preference of the gentlewoman. You will find these three Yardley toiletries at your favorite store. Send for our new booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent." It is free. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

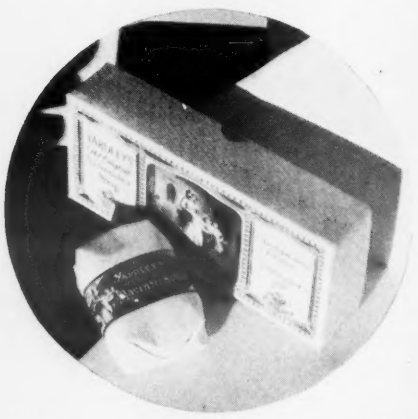
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H.

THE PRINCE OF WALES



Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, nourish and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed jar, $1.50.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.



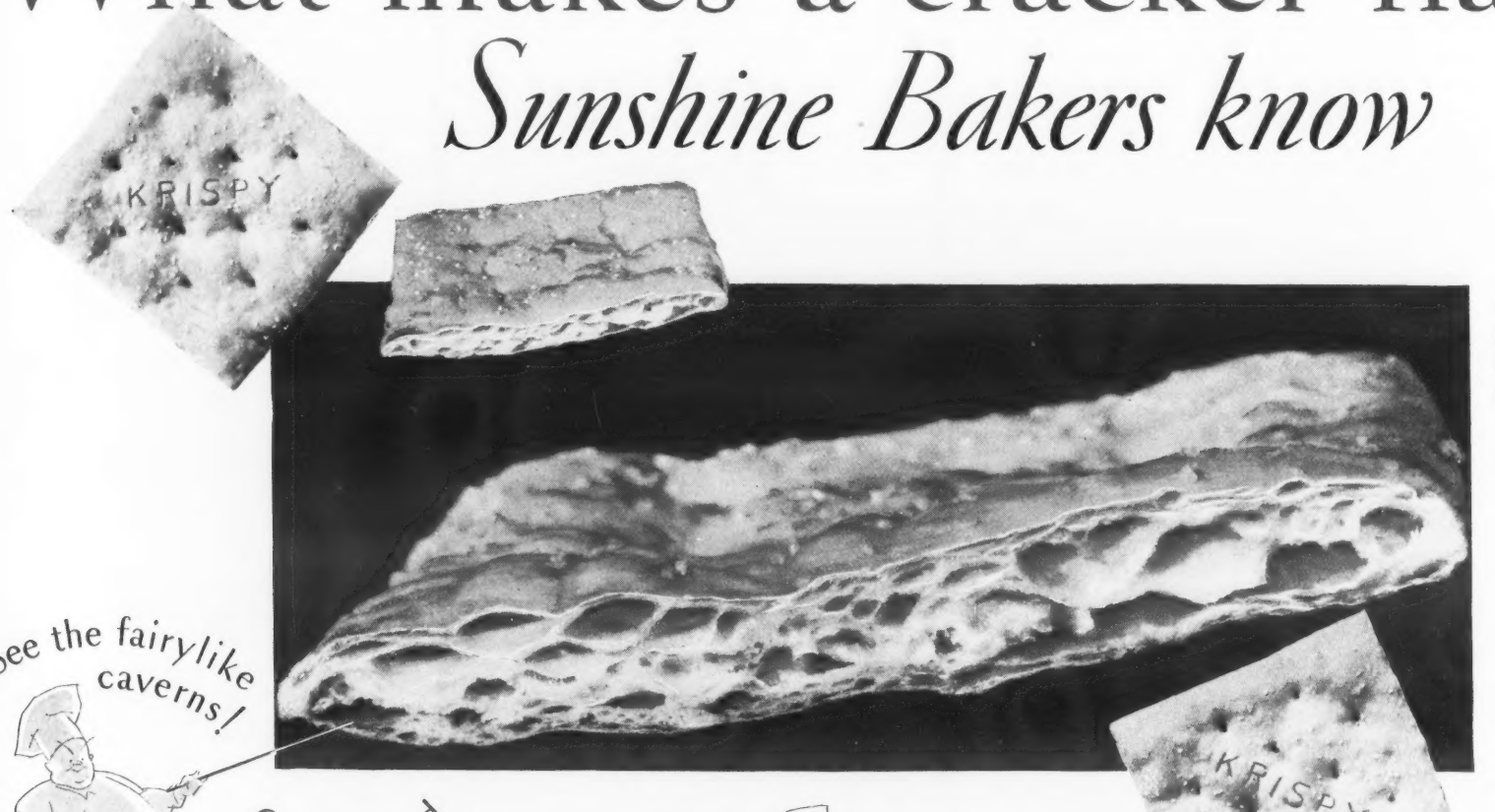
Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, *or* 35c *a cake. Guest size,* 20c *a cake. Bath size,* 50c *a cake.*

Yardley's *English Lavender*

"The Lovable Fragrance"

What makes a cracker flaky?

Sunshine Bakers know



An enlarged photograph of the inside of a Krispy Cracker. Note the greater flakiness.

Sunshine Bakers have developed a new method of blending cracker dough... called the Full Grain Process. It produces a much flakier cracker, the Sunshine Krispy Cracker.

Break one . . . you will see many delicate layers piled one on the other, forming hundreds of fairy-like caverns. That's what makes these crackers so crisp, yet tender . . . a difficult baking task, as good cooks know.

Sunshine Krispy Crackers are dainty, salted squares, which make the old common cracker seem flat and insipid. That's why they are sweeping across the country . . . a family favorite . . . the correct table-cracker with soup, salad, cheese.

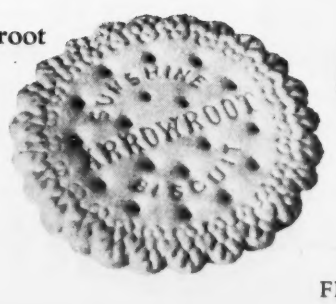
Each cracker is a tiny storehouse of healthful energy that growing children need so much . . . Your grocer has them, or can easily get them for you, in packages or by the pound.

The quality of Sunshine Krispy Crackers is typical of the many, many crackers, cookies and cakes that go forth every day, oven-fresh, from the thousand window bakeries.

Sunshine

..well worth saying whenever you want

CRACKERS
COOKIES
CAKES



Sunshine Arrowroot Health Biscuits
A fine-tasting health cookie for infants, invalids and everybody who likes a crisp cookie of delicate flavor—everybody.

Sunshine Hydrox Biscuits
An English quality cookie-sandwich of great social favor. Two chocolate cookies are united by a rare, velvety cream.

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES *of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.*

(Continued from Page 186)

"I'm not unfit for work, Louis. I'm still a little wobbly, but that will pass in time."

"Ah—in time." His dull, pupilless eyes went up to the ceiling. "But I mus' have my entertainers—now!"

She knew suddenly that she was cold.

"Do you mean"—she managed—"that you are taking advantage of that clause in my contract to—to fire me?"

He shrugged without speaking.

"If I keep you on," he said very slowly and distinctly, "it will be on my own terms, li'l' Firefly!"

She fought against the faintness which assailed her.

"The old terms—or nothing," she said dully.

"I'll take my mail, if you please, Louis, and any time you want me to work ——"

FOR one terrible instant it seemed that he would spring upon her, beat her down, tear her limb from limb. All the passion, and cruelty, and thwarted desire of his nature writhed upward into his dark face.

Then as suddenly it passed. Only his black, centerless eyes held their fury.

"There is no mail for you," he said slowly and deliberately.

"No—mail?" She asked almost in a whisper. Then a rising hysteria seized her. "Nothing? Are you sure, Louis? You wouldn't keep my mail from me—you couldn't ——"

"I am not interest' in your mail," he said brutally. "If any had come for you, eet would be in your box."

He indicated, with a jerk of his thumb, the small pigeonholes above his desk, each ticketed with the name of an entertainer or an employe of the Web.

She stared at the small, empty hole as if she could not drag her eyes away from it. She had counted so much on receiving letters from Frederick—the conviction that a pile of them would be waiting for her had sustained her during those terrible, lonely days at the hospital. Nothing! Now she did not know how to reach him—he had told her he would send her some central mailing address. Perhaps he did not want her to reach him.

She turned, and put out her hand like a blind man feeling for the door.

"Firefly!" It was Louis Delaguardia's slurred, husky voice, "you can always come back—on my terms!"

TWO years is a long time in the cabarets of Panama City. The entertainers shift from place to place like the colored-glass fragments in a kaleidoscope. The best of them go to South America, or return to the States. The ones who have lost their grip sink downward through the various strata of Panama's hectic night life. First the cheaper cabarets, then the "black-and-tan" resorts, frequented by negroes and natives, and then—oblivion.

Someone else did the "Firefly number" now in the Web Cabaret. And down in the Lulu Belle, near the negro section of the city, a black-and-tan cabaret that made no pretense of "strictly high-class entertainment," a girl sang the song that had once made her famous; the song that had been the symbol of her own golden beauty, the title of which she had taken for a name.

Yes, Firefly still sang the slow, seductive song, sang it for black men and sailors, drunken petty officers from tramp schooners, and whispering, lascivious-eyed Panamanian dandies. But she was not the Firefly of two short—or long—years ago. Only the golden beauty of her hair remained the same. She was thin, almost to the point of emaciation. Her face was small and pinched and her eyes, that had once been clear, little-girl eyes, were as hard and lifeless as panes of yellow glass.

IN THE ill-smelling, tawdry Lulu Belle Cabaret, Firefly was going through her number for the fifth time since ten o'clock. She was wearily conscious that it must be long after midnight, for the patrons of the higher-priced cafés were drifting in, some noisily, some silently, in varying stages of intoxication.

Then suddenly, through the smoke mist that half veiled the ugly, undraped tables with their litter of bottles, and glasses, and cigarette stubs, she caught sight of a face that made her heart come leaping up into her throat, and checked the song upon her lips. The room was only a blur. She could see nothing—except a face lying on loosely folded arms—a white, drunken, unconscious face—Frederick!

Somehow she finished the song and made her way to the table. The pounding of her heart against her ribs made breathing almost impossible.

"Frederick!" she whispered. "Frederick!"

Then she sat down beside him in a vacated chair.

"Frederick!" she whispered again. It did not matter who saw her, or what they thought.

THE man groaned, and his half-hidden face turned fully up to hers. It was only then that she realized her mistake. The man was not Frederick after all. Someone much younger—only a boy, in fact, but whose features were carved in the same vital way; with the same appealing droop of the mouth, the same rusty brown hair curling slightly over his moist forehead.

She beckoned imperiously to a near-by waiter.

"Bring me black coffee," she ordered; "plenty of it."

The youngster petulantly refused to drink the scalding hot, sobering coffee. But with quiet insistence she forced it between his lips. Little by little she drew him out of the alcoholic haze that enveloped him.

He stared at her, his head moving a little from side to side, as if to focus her face correctly.

Then he spoke hoarsely.

"Thanks a lot. I'll be all right now when I get out into the air ——"

"Sure you will," she answered encouragingly. "And listen, boy, don't do this again. You were—out! Anyone could have robbed you, and you would never have known the difference."

A sick, startled look came into his eyes.

"Tha's right," he said thickly, and his hands went uncertainly toward the breast pocket of his linen suit. Then he swallowed hard. "No, it's still with me—thanks t' you. Say, if I'd lost that ——"

She nodded. The hurt in her heart was almost unbearable.

"Yes, I know," was all she said. Her eyes closed for an instant, overwhelmed

Next Month

Harold Bell Wright

Has written an introduction for the presentation of two pages of magnificent color photographs showing the

Strangely Beautiful Blossoms of the Cactus Plants in the Southwest

In the

APRIL JOURNAL

FOOT SAVER SHOES

FEET

Should Be Seen but Not Hurt!

Gracefully, skirts have fallen earthward—and in their descent have marked a new accent—over your feet. Footwear is in the spotlight—and Foot Saver has groomed its new models with deft artistry for this sudden prominence. ¶ But the new mode is a jealous one. It demands perfect assurance—gracious, unconcerned poise. In it there is no place for the distraction of shoes that pain and fit poorly. Truly it is a vogue made for Foot Saver Shoes, for their patented inbuilt construction thoroughly "assures comfort through a perfect fitting of the arch."

"FOOT INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE"

You owe it to yourself to see the lovely new Foot Saver models. They have been reproduced in a Style Portfolio that we will send you on request. Just mail the coupon.

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 440 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions.

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L3-30

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

S.O.S

the Modern Way *to clean* ALUMINUM

Just wet the pad and rub! That's the *modern* way, the easier, quicker way to clean aluminum. No *extra* soap or powder to bother with. For S. O. S. contains its own grease-cutting and scouring materials.

As easily as you wipe off a pan with a cloth, ordinary stains disappear. Even stubborn burned spots are quickly removed.

Equally fine for enamelware, tin, baking glass, nickeled stoves and linoleum. S.O.S. polishes as it cleans. Economical, too, for you can use it again and again.

We recommend a full-size package of S. O. S. for a good trial. Your store can supply you. If you prefer, we will send a ***Free Trial Package*** on request. The S. O. S. CO., 3500 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill., or S. O. S. MFG. CO. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Sold by leading grocery, hardware, department, and variety stores.

S.O.S

Pat. Jan. 15, 1918—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magic Scouring Pads

In 3-pad and 6-pad packages.

by memories that would not die. Then a hand was on her shoulder, pushing her roughly away. And a man's fierce voice was saying to the boy at her side:

"So this is where you are, you crazy young fool! That was a great idea of yours to give me the slip and go out for some night life by yourself—to this joint, of all places! Get on your feet, now. You're coming back to the hotel with me! I suppose you've dropped all your roll here."

The boy staggered to his feet with a desperate attempt at dignity:

"Don't talk to me as if I'm a—a baby! I know what I'm doing—my money's a'right! This lady here ——"

"This—lady!"

The man's fierce, contemptuous back swung about to face the girl, who had risen beside the table—a girl who was staring at him with unbelieving haggard eyes—swaying a little, as if about to fall.

"Firefly! Firefly! It isn't you—or is it? My God! Have I found you? Speak to me! Firefly ——"

She put out her hand in a curious, groping gesture. She was trying to speak, but no sound came from her lips. Then suddenly she crumpled up in a heap on the dirty, ash-littered floor.

SHE did not know the place in which she finally came back to consciousness. But it was cool, and white, with a little breeze drifting in through shuttered window.

A door opened softly. And then—a man's tall figure sinking down beside the bed. Warm, strong, tender hands infolding hers—and his face—his voice, broken, yet vibrant with love and thankfulness.

"Dearest—oh, my dearest! It's all right now, everything's all right, now that I've found you again!"

"Frederick"—she could only whisper it—"you did write to me, then? Louis must have taken your letters—he knew I loved you ——"

"Write to you? Darling, every day! I was almost wild when nothing came from you, but I was stuck there in Guatemala for seven months. I hadn't enough money to pay my fare back to Panama until we'd sold our cargo. After that—I hurried back, but you had—gone. No one could tell me where—Louis Delaguardia might have known, but he had gone to South America. If it hadn't been for my kid brother —— Oh, Firefly, I don't even want to think how near I came to losing you!"

Weakly she drew away from him.

"But—but—I'm not beautiful any more," she faltered. "You wouldn't want me now, would you?"

For one long moment he stared at her, his eyes devouring every delicate line of her small, white, gold-framed face.

HIS hands came up to her hair. His brown fingers went deep into the long, soft, wavy strands.

"Firefly," he said so low that she could scarcely hear the words, "it's you I want. There's no one like you in the world. There never will be. Beauty—why, sweetheart, you're the most beautiful thing that God ever created. I don't know how you can care for a plain person like me; but if you can—I've a boat waiting, Firefly, ready to sail for South America. Would you come with me, Firefly, would you?"

"Would I! Oh, Frederick!" With a sob she buried her face against his shoulder. His arms went around her, clasping her close and safe—for always.

They still sing the slow, seductive Firefly Song in the cabarets of Panama City. The orchestras of blasé black men still play it under dim, tinted lights, where the gliding figures of white-clad Naval officers and pastel-gowned women make a dreamy, everchanging kaleidoscope of movement and color. But she who made it famous, for whom it was a symbol of her own golden beauty, and who took it for a name—she belongs to the cabarets no longer. Somewhere under the Southern Cross she sings that song to a man who loves her, somewhere the beauty that she lost is creeping back into her eyes and cheeks and lips. In the cabarets of Panama City she is forgotten utterly. But out under the glory of southern stars a Firefly can spread its golden wings unfettered. Nor is it forgotten in the sunshine, if the sunshine is love.

The Fork of the Road

(Continued from Page 23)

Panic is a poor grab bag. One so inevitably pulls out the wrong package. Not till after Richard had declined again, with added stiffness, did Millicent realize the insulting implication of her rashly chosen phrase, "Isn't much of a date." And she had used it as the reason for refusing Richard's invitation!

For three years Richard never walked part way home with her again. Day after day she passed him in the big assembly hall, she sat with him in the different classrooms, but beyond an occasional gruff and formal greeting he never even spoke to her again.

Then suddenly in their senior year Richard became a person of importance in high school—through the same gift that later made him a person of importance outside of school. He began making sketches, humorous, disrespectful drawings of well-known Wardway institutions. Fortunately for him, the humor was rib-tickling enough to take the curse off the disrespect, and the local paper began buying the sketches.

HE WAS asked to give a chalk talk for the benefit of the football team, and did so of a Saturday evening, packing 'em in at a quarter a head. The evening was a great financial success and Richard Barry emerged almost overnight from the twilight of Lower School Street to the dazzling brilliance of a prominent senior.

And he invited Millicent Knight to a senior dance.

"Just ask him in for tea and wear your smartest frock and look your prettiest Mrs. Wardway," the plain, poised Woman's Club chairman was promising. "Mr. Barry will never be able to resist you."

Millicent Knight had looked her smartest and prettiest for those senior dances.

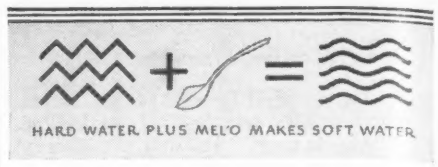
But despite the peach-blossom frills and the peach-blossom color that came and went in Millicent's cheeks, fanned by the very winds of ecstasy, despite the tremble in Richard's arm at her waist, there was a wall like glass between them. A wall hard, separating. Yet thin and brittle. It might have been shattered to nothing at a tap.

IGNORANTLY, helplessly, longingly, they looked at each other through it. Shyness on Millicent's side, a little uneasy snobbishness and a great fear of what other people might say or think. On Richard's, stiff pride, the suspicion of having been snubbed once and that resentful sense of social inferiority which a brief triumph had not lessened.

The Senior Formal was announced at least six weeks ahead. And for six weeks Millicent waited for Richard's invitation. She refused Rockwell Wardway's and half a dozen others. At last, only three days before the dance, she summoned all her courage, concealing it as well as could be behind a velvet mask of casualness.

"Aren't you going to the Formal?" she asked, in a voice as nearly as she could

(Continued on Page 193)



A ring around the bathtub means HARD WATER

IF AN unsightly ring, difficult to scrub away, appears around a bathtub, the explanation is *hard water*—water laden with harsh alkalis. And such a ring means that baths are not as satisfactory as they should be, that more soap is being used than necessary, and that lathering and rinsing are difficult.

But add two or more tablespoonfuls of Melo to a bathtub full of the *hardest* water. Instantly it is made soft as dew. Suds are rich and thick and soft, rinsing quick and thorough, tender skin is saved from irritation.

Melo aids and simplifies every washing and cleaning operation. Yet its cost is very slight—sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

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WATER SOFTENED WITH MEL'O IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 CENTS

Never let a bruise go without applying Unguentine *at once*

FOR Unguentine not only stops pain in no time, but penetrates the skin and helps the injured tissues underneath to heal quickly. It guards against infection too. Keep Unguentine in the house always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every burn, bite and bruise for months to come.

(See page 226)

ANSWERING YOUR UPPERMOST QUESTIONS ABOUT FLOORS

Are you puzzled about how to care for linoleum? . . . How to keep wooden floors from showing wear in doorways? Are your floors ever sticky?
Do your children mar them?
Would you like them to add more to the decorative scheme?
Do you wonder how on earth to keep them CLEAN?

For these and other floor problems, leading household institutes recommend a new treatment. It is less work, it is simple, and it is wonderful for the floor.

Scrubbing, of course, is banished, as it warps wood and defaces linoleum. Oil treatment is abandoned, too, for it leaves a sticky floor. Dirt and dust cling to it, become embedded, and the floor is never actually clean.

The new treatment is to clean as well as polish floors with Johnson's Wax. Wax won't injure anything. In fact, you need it to protect varnish, shellac, or paint, and to keep your linoleum supple. Waxed floors, as you will discover, are the easiest to care for, and universally considered the most beautiful. Their deep lasting lustre enriches the entire house.

Where the floor is soiled, Liquid Wax is first used as a cleaning fluid. In liquid state it dissolves the dirt and dust, and this is wiped up with a few clean rags. A fresh film of wax, either paste or liquid, is applied and when dry, burnished with an electric polisher to a mellow, glistening sheen.

Using the polisher is like running an electric train. It runs itself. The revolving bristles drive the wax into the pores, sealing the wood against dirt pockets and the damp breeding places of germs. Thereafter the dust stays on top of the hard smooth surface, where it is easily removed without rubbing or scrubbing.

When you use a polisher, too, the *work* of cleaning floors is ended. There is no difficulty in getting a machine. Several stores near you offer them for rental at only $2.00 a day and will deliver a Johnson polisher to your door without charge. If later you decide to own one, the price is $29.50, which includes a half gallon ($2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a $1.50 Lamb's Wool Mop for applying the wax. See illustration of this complete floor equipment in circle below.

If you would like to try this treatment, let us send you our regular 25c can of Johnson's Wax, paste or liquid, free. This offer is possible because we feel sure you will keep on with it, once you know what a satisfaction this treatment is. Send the coupon or a few lines to S. C. Johnson & Son, "The Interior Finishing Authorities," Racine, Wis.

THREE STEPS

❶ Where floor is soiled, apply Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner.

❷ Wipe up all liquid solution with clean rags. All embedded dirt, now dissolved, comes with it.

❸ Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear mellow lustre. This treatment at intervals of a month will keep floors in perfect condition.

25¢ can FREE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. LJ3, Racine, Wis. Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ( ) paste or ( ) liquid (check one) and illustrated booklet on the new care of floors and furniture.

Name_____ Address_____
(Please Print)

Two cleaners for about the price of one

Spic-Span only $14.50

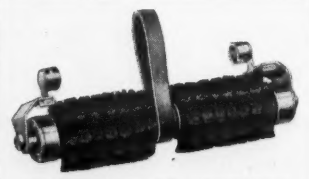
FREE—An interesting booklet by Harriet Cavell entitled, "A Cleaner Home for Less Money." Write, without fail, for your copy, today.

"Now I'm POSITIVE my house is clean

The Premier Electric Cleaning Unit gets all the dust and dirt . . . . . in less time than ever before!"

NEVER before has a housecleaning method received such enthusiastic praise. The Premier Electric Cleaning Unit—two cleaners instead of one—has revolutionized housework by making it easier, speedier and ever so much more efficient.

Two things make this possible. First, the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit does away with ordinary attachments. Second, it provides a large cleaner for the rugs and carpets plus an additional handy cleaner, the Spic-Span, to speed up the time-wasting, little cleaning tasks. *Actually* two electric cleaners for about the price of one!



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Polishes waxed floors like new

The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds...plugs into any electric socket...cleans and freshens clothes, mattresses, closets, without the use of attachments! Comes with a deodorizer that applies moth repellent, and with a special blower that banishes dust from those hard-to-reach corners.

For the small home or apartment the Spic-Span plus the Premier Junior is recognized as the most modern cleaning unit. For the larger home the Spic-Span and the Premier Duplex are the last word in cleaning efficiency. But, if you wish, you may purchase the Spic-Span separately. Write or phone your Premier dealer today for a free demonstration.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

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(Continued from Page 190)

make it like the one in which she would have inquired about the weather.

"Haven't got a dress suit," said Richard briefly.

The Formal was the only high-school dance at which full dress was worn.

"Oh, why don't you get one?" Millicent forgot her shyness in eagerness.

"Haven't got the price."

"I don't believe dress suits are so terribly expensive; there's all the money you've been making from the newspaper."

"I had to give some of that to mother." Richard crimsoned as he came bravely out with that. "And what's left I'm saving for an art course in Chicago this summer."

Millicent was silenced. But her silence was so disappointed Richard sensed its wistfulness like a fragrance.

"Not that I give a hoot for a dress suit," he blurted eagerly. "I'd just as lief go to the dance without one."

Millicent was horrified.

"Oh, you couldn't do that! You'd be the only one there without one."

"Sure. I wouldn't care though. Not for myself." He waited, torturous suspense in his oblique questioning glance.

MILLICENT'S eyes met his, looking through a fog of her own immaturity, a haze of her own convention-bound little life. The only boy at the important Senior Formal without a dress suit—she quailed visibly.

"Couldn't—couldn't you wait till a little later to go to the art school?"

"The summer course opens just five days after graduation."

"But aren't there other courses? Couldn't you ——"

"Nothing doing. I'm not going to put off my career for a fool high-school dance."

Millicent caught the contempt, the violence of the rebuff. She could not know, of course, that he was rebuffing not her but his own temptation.

"Oh, very well," she said. "Suit yourself."

And when Richard stayed away from the Formal and left the day after graduation for Chicago, Millicent believed with a wounded aching belief that he had suited himself.

"Can I drop someone?" Mrs. Wardway paused in the doorway of the Woman's Club and glanced hospitably about.

"Well, if it isn't too far to go out my way," Mrs. Collins suggested. She had intended to ride home with her sister, but this was too good a chance to see the inside of the new limousine, belonging to the senior Wardways but usually at the disposal of their pretty daughter-in-law.

"Of course it's not too far, particularly when the leaves are turning. All the drives are so lovely in October."

MRS. COLLINS cast appraising glances about the pearl-gray interior of the car. Then, with a sharp glance at Millicent:

"What's Richard Barry doing here?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Millicent honestly.

"His mother is dead, isn't she? And his sister's married and gone?"

"I believe so."

There was nothing personal, Millicent knew, in Mrs. Collins' sharp questioning. The woman was a voracious sparrow for gossip; but she could have known nothing of the one evening that would have been worth her remembering.

The evening when Richard Barry had asked Millicent to marry him. The evening, rather, to be exact, when Richard had set forth all the reasons why he couldn't ask her.

It was only a year after the Senior Formal, but already Richard had his first job—a precarious, poorly paid connection with a Chicago advertising agency.

Richard had changed already during the time he had been away. He was thinner and there was a touch more of sureness in the lines about his mouth. But it was only a touch, and at the sight of Millicent the same old conflict warred hotly and unhappily in his dark eyes.

"I'll never get over loving you," he said desperately. "You look just the same to me now as you did the first time I saw you, with your hair still down your back in curls. But I haven't got a thing in the wide world to offer you. I can see already that the sort of work I may sometime learn to do is the sort that may never make any money. Any, I mean, compared with this sort of thing." His gesture swept the shining, oak-floored living room with its Oriental rugs, its grand piano.

"Oh, Richard, you mustn't talk like that! Why, that's holding the failure thought." New Thought was sweeping Wardway that winter. "You've got loads and loads of talent—everybody says so. There's no reason why you shouldn't be a great success."

"I didn't say anything about success. I was talking about making money. Not," he added hastily, "that I'm not going to make all the money I decently can. I've no hankering for the unshaved, dirty-finger-nailed, always-trying-to-make-a-touch, art-for-art's-sake stuff." There was genuine revulsion in Richard's voice. "But on the other hand"—even more fierce revulsion here—"I'm not going to paint portraits of rich butchers' wives and daughters, making 'em all look pretty and just about alike, and finally get to feeling that the only important criticism after all is the one from the man who's going to sign the check. I can't do that, Millicent, not even for you. I can't, and by heaven, I won't try!"

POOR Millicent, who had certainly not asked him to try, was bewildered and a little frightened at his violence, at the way he glared at her, as though he was suddenly angry at her. Of course she could not know—child that she was, despite her high-piled hair and ankle-length Alice-blue dress—that Richard seemed angry at her because he was afraid of her, afraid of her beauty, of the strange tenacity of her attraction for him.

"You love it here, don't you?" he went on anxiously. "Here in Wardway?"

"Why, of course."

"And you'd never be happy living anywhere else?"

"Oh, I'd love to go other places!" Millicent's soft eyes shone, as blue as her velvet dress. "To New York and Paris and—and Moscow." About the last city she was a trifle vague, but it sounded like a place one would like to have gone to.

"To live somewhere else, I mean. For years perhaps. Only to get back to Wardway once in a great while—maybe never at all? You—you wouldn't like that much, I guess?"

Millicent was silent for several moments, trying to picture what it would be like to go away from Wardway for years, maybe forever.

She felt the fierce, desperate questioning in Richard's eyes, felt that he was waiting breathlessly for some one answer.

"It might not be forever, though," she said, trying to see the most hopeful side; "or it might be only Chicago, mightn't it? Except for trips?"

THE eager light went out of Richard's face, like candle flame in a sudden chill breeze. He dropped the small hand he had been holding so desperately.

"There's no use fooling ourselves," he said. "I can never make you happy."

"Oh, but you can, Richard, you can! I love you. I've always loved you, even when I didn't know it. Love makes you happy."

Richard shook his head. Odd that he should have known better than that, with no experience to have taught him. But he knew, as surely, as mysteriously, as he knew when there was something wrong with a picture he had all but finished.

"No," he said, "I don't believe love always does make you happy. I think it's

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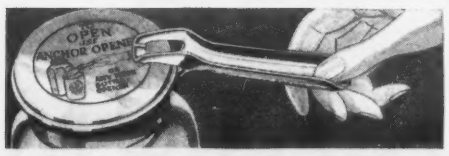

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just as likely to make you miserable—miserable as hell."

"Oh, Richard, you don't love me! You couldn't talk that way if you did!"

"I love you, all right," said Richard grimly.

Perhaps if Mrs. Knight hadn't come in just then, fluttering nervously in her effort to combine hospitable courtesy with apprehensive disapproval, there might never have been a Millicent Wardway, riding comfortably along with Mrs. Collins now against the rich warmth and softness of pearl-gray upholstery.

BUT Mrs. Knight had come in. She had stayed only a few minutes; she had been polite enough to Richard. When she went out again Richard knew the hopelessness of his desire.

Suddenly, worn down by the torture of his own conflict, Richard turned angry, sarcastic, sullen. Millicent shrank from him, trembling, as though he had struck her in the face. It wasn't quite a lovers' quarrel on which they parted. Or perhaps it was. Perhaps all lovers' quarrels, despite their surface trivialities, are potential tragedies.

At any rate, a year after Richard went back to his dingy Chicago hall bedroom, his night classes in anatomy and abstract design, Millicent Knight was married to Rockwell Wardway.

It was a brilliant marriage for a girl who would not have a penny of her own, the way the Knight affairs had gone, this becoming one of the Wardways of Wardway. Not that Rock had anything of his own, either, but he hadn't needed to have.

He was already started in the great Wardway factory, and as certain to advance to its presidency and ultimate ownership as one can be of anything in this uncertain world.

"Millicent Knight always was the luckiest thing!"

Her friends declared this even when, in the uncertain world, after a brief four years of wifehood she was left a penniless widow. For she had little Rock, square-shouldered, sandy-haired, exactly like his father. And the mother of little Rock would not need pennies of her own.

She didn't have her independence, of course, but one can't have everything. She could have had independence if she'd been willing to give up her little boy to adoring grandparents. But she couldn't quite do that, and as long as she couldn't Grandfather Wardway let her understand—in the pleasantest, firmest way in the world—that he was taking care of her and little Rock only so long as there was no stepfather in the picture.

THIS seemed fair enough to Millicent. When Richard Barry came back to Wardway for a few days, summoned by the death of his mother, and paid a correct afternoon call on the lovely young widow—six years, and still he couldn't quite stay away—little Rock was in the room all the time. Millicent knew her duty to her baby son, and even after the six years she was panicky with fear at the thought of seeing Richard alone. She felt a queer, restless, lonely sort of hunger for weeks after his brief call.

"So Rocky's going to West Point!" Mrs. Collins abandoned one field that was apparently barren of gossip and tried another. "How does that set with the old gentleman?"

Millicent smiled.

"About as you'd expect it would."

"And did he really get the appointment on his own? Without telling you?"

"I knew he'd applied, but I didn't dream he'd really land it."

"You couldn't stop him?"

"I don't believe I could have. Rocky's oddly strong-willed and self-reliant for such a youngster. But I didn't try."

Mrs. Collins was aghast.

"Millicent, you should have tried. A boy that age doesn't realize what he's giving up."

"Oh, I pointed out all that to Rocky, of course. Though I hardly think Father Wardway really will cut him off. And even if he should ——" The slender shoulders shrugged slightly under their silver-fox scarf. "Rocky'll be able to take care of himself."

Mrs. Collins sniffed.

"These young people! Thinking they're so competent to run their own lives. I don't know what they're coming to."

"Well, what has most of our generation come to, for that matter, Harriet?"

Mrs. Collins glanced about the pearl-gray limousine.

"I don't think you've come to anything so very bad," she observed dryly. "You've had a soft life of it. Why, right now, with a grown son old enough to go to West Point, in this light you look about eighteen."

"I feel about eighteen," said Millicent.

BUT there was nothing of the boast in her voice, nor in the wistful eyes that met the other woman's so frankly. "That seems a funny thing to have lived a fifth of a century for, doesn't it?" she asked.

As they rolled along for three or four suburban blocks Mrs. Collins tried to think of an answer. Millicent's silly, backhand way of boasting —— But because Millicent was temporarily her hostess and permanently Mrs. Rockwell Wardway, Mrs. Collins felt a need for prudence great enough to check her natural spontaneity. The great car slowed majestically in front of her house and she was obliged to get out with polite thanks, leaving Millicent's ridiculous hypocrisy unsnubbed.

The car glided through the new suburban district.

As she passed the high school Millicent suddenly lifted the speaking tube.

"Will you let me out, please, Harold? It's so lovely, I think I'll walk home."

Harold was shocked.

"It's a good two miles, Mrs. Wardway," he suggested respectfully.

Millicent smiled.

"I know that, Harold. I often used to walk it when I went here to school."

Quite inexplicable, the sudden impulse that had caught her and bade her walk that way again. Doubtless a foolish impulse, she realized, as the car drove away and she started along the familiar road.

There was still the little bakeshop across the street that they had used to storm at recess, buying spice cakes, three for a nickel, sandwiches, sweet chocolate.

Millicent passed it and down on the street, toward the triangle park at the fork. She had driven this way a thousand times, of course. Odd how different a way is when one walks it. The wooden fence where the street crossed a culvert was still there, carved nearly solid with initials. Millicent stopped beside it, ignored all the sharply new carvings. Yes, there the letters still were, gray, in the corner. M. K., and under these R. B.

THESE letters, suddenly before her—actual as wood! Almost unbelieving, Millicent rubbed a finger over them. They did not vanish at her touch, M. K. and R. B.

And as she stood there for a moment Millicent faced reality. The reality of her relationship with Richard. In all her pleasant, sheltered life it was the only real thing that had ever happened to her.

She knew suddenly that it was the rest of her life that had been the dream. Her merry childhood, her adored, brief wifehood. Even her motherhood. Rocky had been hers in the flesh, to love and nurture, to fear for, to be proud of. But Rocky had been, in all reality, his father's child. Unimaginative, sturdy, self-reliant, he was no child of her groping, eager spirit.

No wonder she still looked like the girl, with her wistful eyes, her lifted, windflower face. She was still a girl, standing

(Continued on Page 197)

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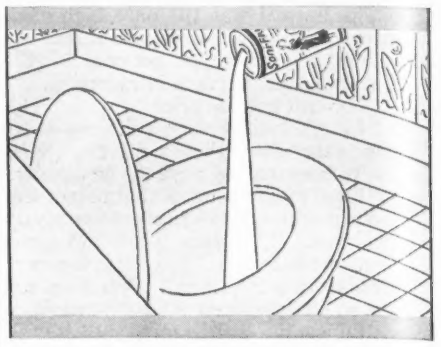

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AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

AFTER EVERY MEAL FOR LIFE . . .

K-20

AMONG all the riddles of ancient Mexico that scientists and explorers are so busily solving, none is more interesting to modern women than the clue to what seems to be the chief Beauty Secret for lovely lips. It has now been suggested that there is an almost indisputable connection between the well-known perfection of the Aztecs' teeth and lips and the chewing of gum from the Sapota tree (the same sort of gum as in Wrigley's). Already American women are said to be the most youthful looking of all women today, with their universally healthy teeth and lovely contour of mouth—no doubt aided by the national custom of chewing gum, popularized by Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's ten minutes a day. Try Double Mint—it's PEPPERMINT FLAVORED.

THE FLAVOR LASTS . . .

(Continued from Page 194)

with reluctant feet where life and Richard had left her. She had not answered the call, had not taken the road that leads to ecstasy and anguish, the brave road, perilous and glad, that leads to womanhood.

"A couple of young fools, weren't we?"

Millicent turned, her heart in her throat. Richard was standing beside her.

A tall man who looked, for the instant, almost a stranger. Clothes casual and good, as well cut as her own. A gray hat crushed nonchalantly under his arm, his bare dark head ever so faintly touched with gray, casual, distinguished. Mocking eyes. A careless, mocking voice.

"The detective-story writers are right after all," he observed. "Criminals do return to the scene of their crime!" Glancing lightly at the carved initials. "Which way are you going? May I walk along?"

"Toward home," said Millicent. "Of course you may."

They turned away from the wooden fence. Richard fell into step beside her.

"TWENTY years," he observed, "and you're as lovely as ever." Millicent answered lightly in kind.

"Twenty years—and you're even lovelier. Silvered at the temples—the schoolgirl's dream!"

Richard smiled.

"You're still living here, I suppose?" he asked politely.

Millicent nodded.

"And you? I suppose you've lived everywhere?"

"New York and Paris mainly," Richard answered. "Not Moscow though. I didn't get to Moscow."

Millicent, glancing up quickly, met the mockery in his eyes.

"You've been very successful," she said. "We've—we've all been proud of you."

For a moment Richard dropped the mocking tone.

"I've worked like a dog and I've had a good deal of luck," he said.

"They were talking about you at the Woman's Club just this afternoon."

Richard glanced at her quickly, suspiciously.

"And they want me to come and give them a little talk on Impressionism in Painting or Trends in Modern Art?" he hazarded.

"Why, how on earth—what makes you think that?"

"Because," he went on maliciously, "the club has supported all the local charities and good causes, but the ladies want it to stand for something more than just that. They want it to bring culture to its members."

"Why, Richard, how did you hear——"

"I'll wager," he said suddenly, "that they'll send you to ask me. Yes, they would! I'm in the pretty-lady class and I'm sure you're far and above the prettiest lady in Wardway."

"What," asked Millicent, startled by sheer curiosity, "is the pretty-lady class?"

"BETWEEN the other two. There are the fellows who are just getting started and want publicity—a letter'll fetch them. And there are the topnotchers—they have to be paid. Then there are the in-betweeners, not quite the Tommy Tuckers who'll sing for a cup of tea but not quite big enough to dare be frank and mercenary. A pretty woman with a gift for flattery—she's the bait that lands the in-betweeners."

Millicent laughed a little awkwardly.

"Of course you'd be the one. You're so lovely you wouldn't even have to be flattering."

Millicent felt for the instant no match for the stranger he had become.

There must be some smartly casual way of answering him, of course. But Millicent could not think of one.

So, for the moment in silence, they reached the little triangle park where the road forked. At the touch of their feet on the graveled pathway, their pace, which had been leisurely before, became instantly slower still. Force of habit, of course. It was the way they had used to do when they had known that the graveled pathway meant the parting of the ways; when, baffled, inarticulate, at cross purposes with each other, they had still wished, both of them, never to part.

Millicent, searching now for a graceful bit of repartee, found it at last. Her lips parted in the careless smile to match her words.

BUT the words were never said. For suddenly she realized that the man beside her was walking more and more slowly as each step took them nearer to the graveled fork. She did not realize that she was walking slowly too, did not question whether perhaps she herself had set the pace. She did not think at all, she only felt. She felt, walking beside her, hiding warily inside this cynical, worldwise stranger, the Richard she had known.

The smart repartee died on her smiling lips. Slowly the smile, too, faded away.

"I did promise to ask you to speak to our club," she said.

"I knew it!" said the stranger triumphantly.

"I promised," said Millicent simply, "so that I should have a good excuse to see you."

"And why, may I ask, did you want a good excuse to see me?" Mockery, suspicious, knife-edged, in his voice.

"It was foolish—I could have come as well without one."

"But why"—the suspicious knife edge in his quick glance too—"why did you want to see me?"

Conventionality, pride flung regally to the wind at last. Millicent's eyes met his honestly, brave at last in the only real thing she had ever known.

"I wanted to ask you," she said, "if you still love me."

The man stopped short in the pathway. For a moment he was still the stranger, skeptical, cynical, on his guard. Then the guard broke, crumpled completely. It was the old Richard who spoke.

"Yes," he said, "God help me—I still do."

"Is it—too late—in any way?"

He looked at her for a minute or so.

"I'm afraid it is," he said.

Every tint of bright color was pinched out of her face. Even her lips went pale.

"There isn't any other woman," Richard said.

COLOR came rushing back, swept up to the brim of her hat, down to the smart neckline of her frock.

"Then it isn't too late! Not if you still want me."

"I still want you. I've never got over that. But I don't know, Millicent." The old tortured, longing voice. "We've gone so far along different lines. I'm not rich, you know—you've been used to everything that money will buy—for so long——"

"For so long," Millicent echoed. "Long enough to know that money won't buy me anything I really want."

"And I'm still a wanderer——"

"I'll wander with you!"

"But you don't know anything about the only kind of life that I can lead. I—God knows I'd do my best—but I don't know that I could make you happy."

Millicent laughed, softly, joyously.

"Very likely you can't," she agreed. "One person very seldom can make happiness for another; everybody seems to have to do that for himself. I"—she laughed again, apologetically—"it sounds like melodramatic ranting, but I don't know any other way to say it. I want love and—I want to begin to live. I'll take my chances on all the rest."

They had come to the fork of the graveled path. Richard bent and kissed her.

Then slowly, aimlessly, conscious only of each other, they strolled on.

Down Lower School Street.

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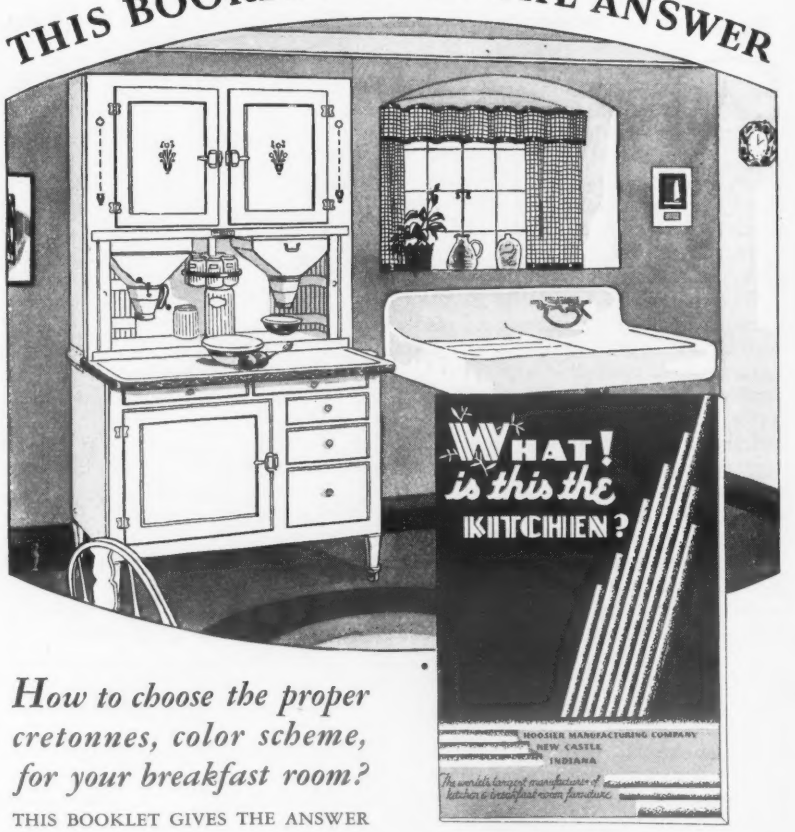

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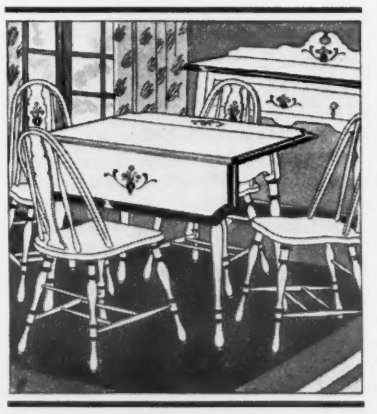

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New Charm for Old Dwellings

By FRANK CANN, A.I.A.

Director Home Planning Bureau, Stix-Baer-Fuller Company, St. Louis, Missouri

AMERICA is growing up, and now the sons and daughters of those men and women who deserted the old homestead for the more exotic appeal of elevator service and beds that hang on the wall are recognizing the inherent beauty and potentialities of the old homes that were so disdainfully thrown in the discard. From coast to coast we see thousands of delightful old houses reclaimed and glorified, with good taste applied with skillful sophistication.

That the old should engage the most vital interests of the young is in itself significant, for our younger homemakers must, as a rule, make economy the watchword. Every dollar spent in these days of efficiency must buy its full quota of comfort and charm; and nowhere can this be accomplished better than in taking a forgotten old place and making its underlying personality the theme for a new creation. Because so many are recognizing this fact, economical reclamation has become one of the most interesting phases of the amateur or professional decorator's work, offering a chance to use modern furnishings with those related to long ago.

A delightful example of this is a charming suburban home of the cottage type. Here a weather-beaten, creosote-stained frame cottage, little better than a tumble-down shack, was discovered. But the architectural balance and proportions were essentially good, and the general elements of construction were sound. The whole consisted of an open porch, living room, dining room, bedroom, bath, kitchen and an open attic. With a few simple and well-planned strokes the porch was eliminated and replaced with an entry of Georgian detail, a few partitions and walls torn out, a room added to the ground floor, the roof raised and three bedrooms and an additional bath developed on the second floor; and the architectural work was complete.

An Adam Fireplace

AN UNINTERESTING red-brick mantel in the living room was replaced with an exquisite old one of pure Adam design. Its original crackled-ivory finish and dull-gold carvings were merely retouched. The dreary dark-stained interior woodwork was refinished in a soft ivory enamel, just a tone lighter than the mantel. This variation in tone was calculated to accentuate the antique mellowness of the mantel.

The old pine floors of the living room were in such bad condition that the economical procedure was to carpet. A high-pile Axminster of blue-green was used, forming the base for the color scheme of the room, and the walls were treated with a Georgian block-paneled paper in neutral ivory and sepia tints.

The major grouping in this room naturally took its theme from the hearth. A deep-seated, down-cushioned old Chesterfield was re-covered in a verdure wool tapestry with foliage ranging from cold blues through warm greens and tans. Two taffeta cushions of striped blue-green and gold gave a gracious and luxurious note, accenting the other colors. In front of the Chesterfield a green Chinese rug, with a faded red border, effectively anchored the three component parts of the grouping.

Directly behind the Chesterfield was placed a Hepplewhite table, on which a lamp with a green-and-gold Italian pottery base and a gold silk shade carries on the general color scheme, and high-lights the covering of the Chesterfield. This ensemble is invested with a dramatic quality by a three-fold screen, which was re-covered with a hand-blocked shellac linen. The fabric has a deep red ground, with a peacock design in shades of blue and strong purples.

A bay window directly opposite the hearth gives a very satisfying sense of balance to the room. Here a gateleg table of refined turnings was selected for the dominant motif. To the left, a low, gracefully designed upholstered chair, re-covered in American Beauty silk damask, provides a feeling of delicacy. Counterbalancing, to the right of the table is a slightly larger chair of a more masculine type. This was covered with blue-green frieze, which is patterned with a dull-gold conventional striping. A note of especial interest is a dull brass lamp, in which the ever-changing play of lights and shadows enlivens a singularly inviting unit.

To the left of the hearth was placed an old decorated commode, which was refinished in parchment color, and glazed and redecorated in the Late English manner. This piece was reconstructed and made deeper to accommodate a phonograph equipment. To provide light and height, a lamp was placed upon the commode. For this an old two-toned green pottery vase was converted, using corn-colored linen with crewel embroidery for its shade.

Above the commode, and backing the lamp, is a vertical mirror exquisitely detailed and embellished with a Wedgwood medallion. An occasional armchair of the Adam type is part of this grouping, and introduces an emphatic accent, with its black damask covering. At the end of the room nearest the entry, open bookshelves were built. Here colorful binding and accessories, and a radio inconspicuously set within the shelves, make a comfortable and happy grouping, to which a deep-seated lounge chair adds materially. Complementing this group is a grand piano, which provides weight and balance essential to the general composition of the room.

Fireplace and rug design furnish interest.

At the opposite end, near the opening to the dining room, is an old and very attractive secretary of Chippendale influence. It is decorated in dark green and glazed, embellished with fascinating Chinese designs in raised lacquer.

The windows of the three exposures, unfortunately, were of such varied sizes and shapes that the use of overdraperies was precluded. Hence only glass curtains of translucent casement cloth, watermelon color, were used. At night when they are drawn they are as delightful as they are in the day, when the reflected lights of the sun give a warm atmospheric haze to the entire room.

The Dining Alcove

PICTURES, of course, play an important rôle, and they were selected and placed with discrimination and care. Over the hearth is a mounted mural print, which was shellacked and framed. Near the Chesterfield group a very faithful print of a Zorn etching was installed, and for the window grouping a charming wood-block print and a beautiful water-color study were chosen.

Adjoining the living room is a dining alcove, which is approximately twelve feet square. The openings are such, however, as to make a desirable and practical disposition of furniture easy enough—the buffet and consoles fit admirably against the wall under the small, high window, and the two serving cabinets are very handy in their places just inside the entrance door. And the wide-cased doorway permits the extension of the table into the living room. In the opening are portières which can be drawn together. Facing the living room, the material is of antique gold satin, and on the other side is used a block linen, matching the living-room screen. The dining furniture is all new, and is designed after Hepplewhite. The suit includes a buffet, with characteristic chairs and consoles, and a pair of serving cabinets on either side of the entrance, which provide storage space for china, glass, silver and linens. This suit is fashioned of satinwood and walnut and decorated with latticed stripings and inlaid floral medallions.

Its colors afford a delightful contrast to the green of the wall paper and the block linen of the dining-room screen and portières.

Chairs are covered with black-figured haircloth—an attractive modern version which can be wiped off with a damp cloth, and which does not rough up as old

The little house, after its remodeling.

haircloth did. The walls in this alcove are treated with cream-colored paper with an overlaid pattern in jade green, which is exceptionally interesting and unusual in design. The original ceiling light fixture was removed and on opposite walls quaint brass brackets were installed. The lights are shaded with parchment here, as well as in the living room.

The master bedroom is consistent in its Georgian influence. On the floor was placed an old Wilton rug, Persian in detail, with three delicately designed medallions. The ground color of this rug is blue, and a figured border is in rose. The woodwork is finished in ivory, and the walls covered with a soft rose-tinted figured paper.

Paper was chosen, rather than paint, because it is difficult to tint walls a permanent rose, yet this tone was necessary for the room's color plan; the spaciousness a plain background affords was sacrificed on this account, as the occupants were opposed to ivory walls as being too neutral.

In this connection, some defense may be made of the prevalence of patterned furnishings in so small a room by calling attention to the fact that, except in the bedcovers, the designs are so soft and well blended that they do not stand out with the prominence a black-and-white photograph gives them.

The bedroom furniture consists of twin beds, dresser, chest and night table, all new. The suit is in Hepplewhite design, fashioned of maple, shaded to a tobacco brown, with small floral decorations.

Color in the Bedroom

THE room being rather small, only twelve by fifteen, it was necessary to place the beds on either side of the low window, with the night table between. On the opposite wall a circular mirror was placed above the dresser, and on the far wall the chiffonier completed the ensemble. At either side of the mirror are detachable light brackets, clamped on. These have the added advantage of being on a line with the mirror so that they throw no light on it, but cast light on the user's face, where it is wanted. These were shaded with gold silk, and on the night table is an old amber-colored crystal lamp. This is also shaded with gold silk. The original central fixture was removed, and a new crystal dome substituted, supplying general illumination and a distinctly feminine touch and being, besides, much easier on the eyes than the old-style unshaded chandelier.

At the windows an old warp-print cretonne was used for overdraperies, with rose-and-blue designs on a cream ground. Although hangings might have been omitted here, as in the dining room, to make for greater spaciousness, they were decided upon to obviate the necessity for roller shades, as these are equipped with traverse cords and effectively screen the windows when drawn.

New cornices were added, and these are silvered and overglazed with rose.

Budget

FLOOR COVERINGS

LIVING ROOM AND DINING ROOM—	
74 Yards Axminster at $5.00 a yard	$370
Chinese rug 8x10	240
Total	$610

WALL-PAPERING AND PAINTING

Entry, living room, dining alcove, bedroom	$260
Total	$260

OLD FURNITURE REFINISHED

Chesterfield re-covered in wool tapestry	$162
Screen, re-covered and shellacked	41
Altering and refinishing commode	37
Re-covering red damask chair	40
Re-covering window-seat cushions	64
Total	$344

NEW FURNITURE

LIVING ROOM—	
Gateleg table	$40
Blue-green upholstered chair	72
Adam chair	46
Desk chair	48
Chesterfield table	45
DINING ROOM—	
Dining furniture	670
BEDROOM—	
Bedroom suit	400
Total	$1321

ACCESSORIES

LIVING ROOM—	
2 Taffeta cushions	$16
Brass lamp and shade	58
Linen shade for pottery vase lamp	22
Floor lamp	70
Bridge lamp	30
Mirror	60
Overmantel print in frame	42
Wood block print	12
DINING ROOM—	
Wall brackets	80
BEDROOM—	
2 Bedspreads	64
1 Lamp shade	22
4 Lamp shades for brackets	10
2 Colored etchings	50
2 Prints	10
Ceiling fixture	32
Total	$578

DRAPERIES

Casement draw curtains of $3.50 material, with rods and shades for—	
Living-room curtains	$146
Dining-room curtains	55
Portières	72
Cornices for bedroom	26
Glass curtains, two pairs	15
Total	$314

Floor coverings	$610
Wall-papering and painting	260
Old furniture refinished	344
New furniture	1321
Accessories	578
Draperies	314
Grand Total	$3427

With but one set of curtains, stuffiness was avoided in this small room.

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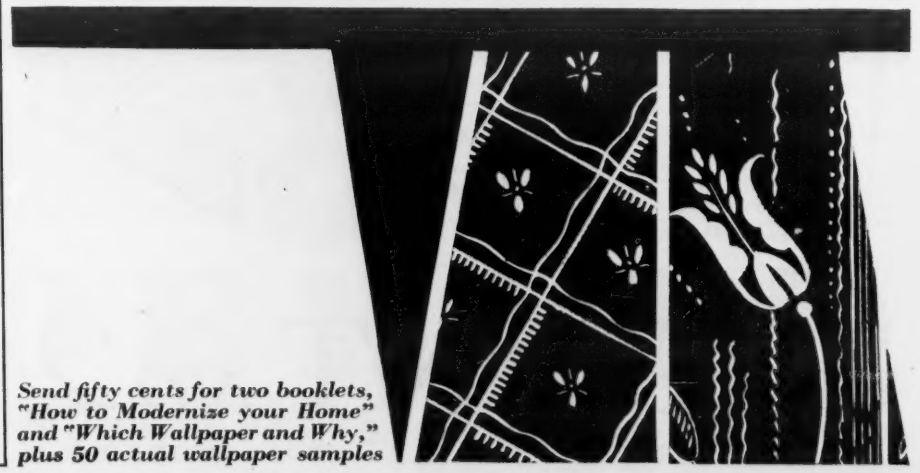

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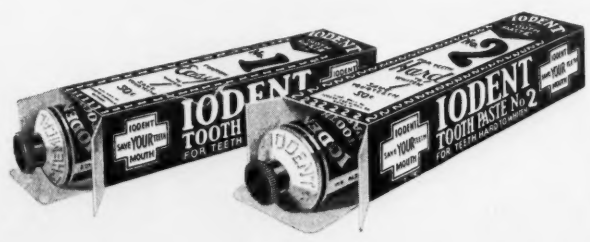


IODENT *NO.* 2
FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

Suggestions for Decorators

IF YOU are redecorating a simple bedroom, the yellow tone of wood is a good starting point for a colorful room scheme. Work out a scheme combining blue and red with it, as follows:

Wall paper, with scattered floral design, or tiny bouquets, with red and blue predominating.

Cream ruffled curtains of marquisette—red dotted, if possible—rag rugs of red and blue "hit-or-miss" pattern, or, if you are lucky enough to have one, a rag carpet entirely covering the floor.

The bedspread could be a creamy candlewick spread, an old-fashioned homespun, in blue and red, or a red-sprigged calico with a valance to the bottom of the side rail.

Some carpet manufacturers are producing rugs in room size with designs taken from old hooked rugs. These would be very appropriate for a simple old-fashioned bedroom. —HELEN ARMS.

—Director, Showers Home-Furnishings Advisory Bureau, Showers Bros. Co.

A DRESSING TABLE FOR THE GUEST ROOM may be made out of a table desk, by fitting the drawer on the right with dainty comb-and-brush tray, powder puffs, hand mirror, and the like, and hanging a mirror above it by a silk cord with tassels. The other drawer may be fitted with desk set, ink and pens, which can easily be lifted out when needed. This saves space as well as money, and even for the guest who is to remain many weeks, affords sufficient room for her needs.

CORRECT LIGHTING makes a room more cheerful and inviting and is easier on the eyes than incorrect lighting.

Good lighting never causes a glare; it furnishes interesting shadows; it is your ready-made, inexpensive substitute for daylight. Use plenty of it, then, so that your eyes will not be bothered by any difference between light at night and in the daytime. You will feel better, and be better tempered, if your rooms have plenty of softly shaded lights.

TO BUILD A COLOR PLAN start with some one thing—hangings, or upholstery, or the wall color.

Use advancing colors, such as red or orange, for small objects—as footstools, end tables, cushions; save the dark, rich colors for the big articles—black or blue upholstery on davenport, purple for big chairs, rose for bedcovers. But avoid too many color spots.

If you start with the hangings, let your walls, woodwork and ceiling carry out the color of their ground, if it is light enough; if not, use a tint of that color. Select the least noticeable color in the hangings for your floor and rug, to contrast with them and bring out their values; take the next of the less-noticeable colors for your minor upholstery—a chair or two, and floor cushions—and use the dominant tone of the hangings for the major upholstery—sofa, big easy-chair and side chairs—in striped fabric if hangings are figured, in figured material if hangings are striped.

Use pleated paper lamp shades, in a tint of your hangings' dominant tone, binding the edges with a tint of the minor upholstery's color—which, you will recall, is the next to the least noticeable color in your hangings.

And of course you will choose your hangings to blend or contrast slightly with ir ming light—in strong sunlight, gold, golden yellow, red orange, yellow green; or, to contrast, blue green, purple, midnight blue, bound or edged with folds of some warm color.

In cool light—tints of apricot, peach, salmon, chartreuse, yellow, for contrast and to warm the light; or, to blend with it, tints of sky green, cerulean blue, turquoise, oyster white, warm gray.

If your colors are subdued, use a vivid box for cigarettes, or a lamp base or bright flowers to give them life and vibrancy.

If the room's color seems quite lively, put a black cushion or small table somewhere to give it balance and dignity.

NEW FABRICS help to make a room seem more cheerful in the spring.

Jute—your old friend burlap in modern colors—in novelty stripes, is beautiful and makes stunning hangings.

Meritas—lowly oilcloth, dull-finished and in attractive designs—covers all sorts of boxes for stockings, shoes, hats, lingerie, and one decorator is lining her dressing-table drawers with it.

Voile for glass curtains comes in lovely stripes and is copied in semiglazed chintz for hangings to match, the difference in texture and finish being sufficient to make them interesting at one window.

Corduroy in flat stripes of graduated widths is made in ash rose, soft green and other colors, and is practical for bed and couch covers, and cushions.

Sudanette, which is made in all colors, makes excellent bedcovers, bedroom hangings, slip covers. It is similar to broadcloth, and launders beautifully.

AN OUTLINE OF PERIOD FURNITURE, by Katharine Kahle, M. A., University Extension Lecturer in Interior Decoration, University of California; Putnam's Sons, New York, $3.50.

One of the most, if not the most, practical books on period furniture ever published. For the woman who wants useful, usable information about period styles, but has not the time nor desire to make an exhaustive study of the subject, this book, printed in large type, is ideal for the following reasons:

1. In addition to brief but inspiring chapters on Appreciation of Furniture and Modern Use of Period Furniture, Miss Kahle has classified for ready reference in chapters on the various periods, the main divisions into which discussion falls, among them being, Historical Background, Architectural Background, Motifs and Methods of Decoration, Accessories—most valuable suggestions—Textiles, and Articles of Furniture (in which are described the various chairs, tables, and the like, of the period).

2. Good line drawings opposite the beginning of each chapter show the details of the period—characteristics of pieces produced in the various countries—and there are numerous photographs of typical examples.

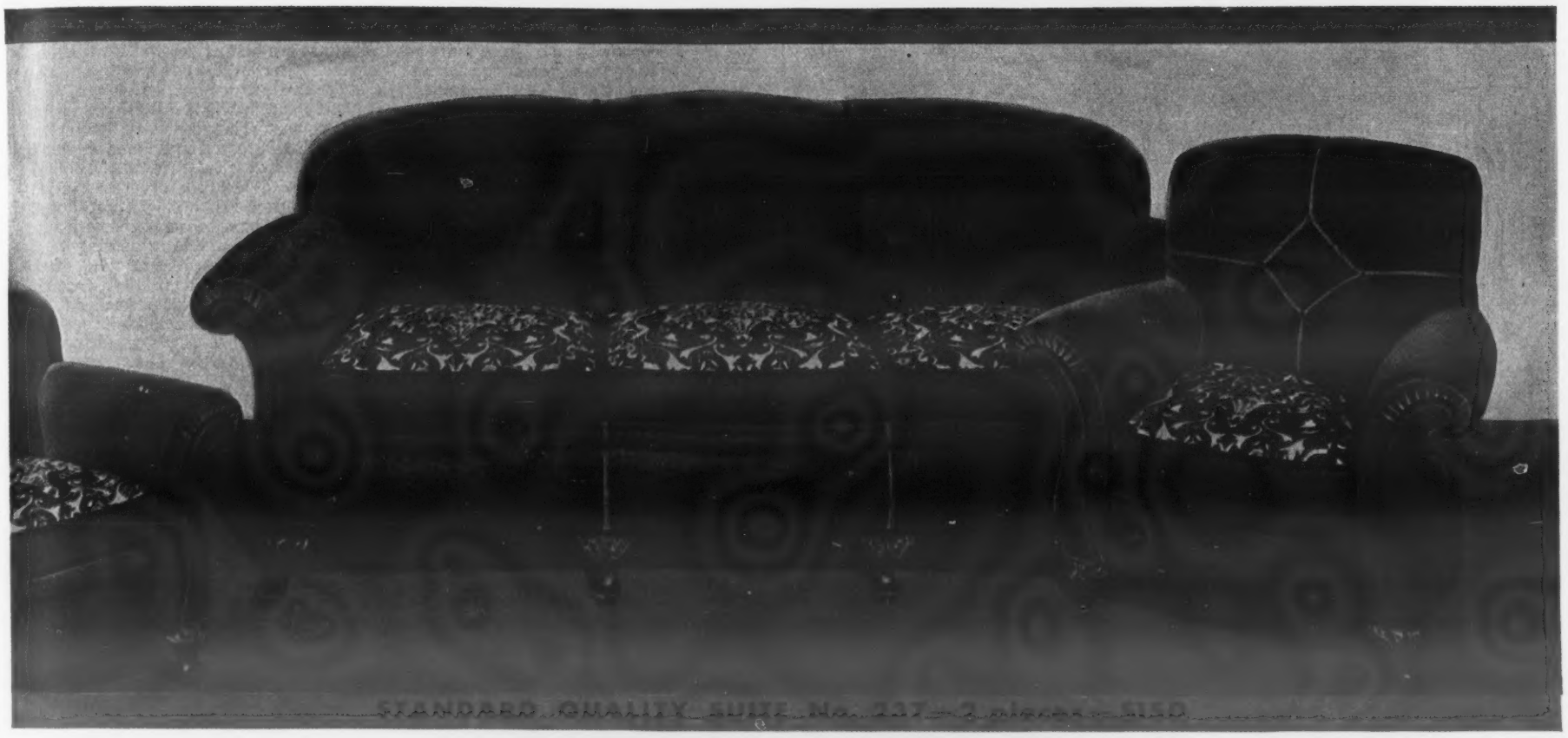
3. A glossary defines many terms with which the average homemaker is only vaguely familiar, an understanding of which is of benefit when the time comes to select furnishings; and the bibliography suggests authoritative books as sources of more highly specialized knowledge than an outline can give.

CURTAIN FIXTURES may be painted to match the window trim, for glass curtains or hangings which traverse.

Ornamental iron poles look well against rough plaster walls, and in rooms where the furniture is dark and heavy but not finely finished—eighteenth-century mahogany, for example, would only be out of place where iron rods are in use. But the coarser lines and finish of eighteenth-century provincial style would be in harmony with such curtain rods.

—LOIS PALMER.

Kroehler announces 3 new and amazing VALUE STANDARDS



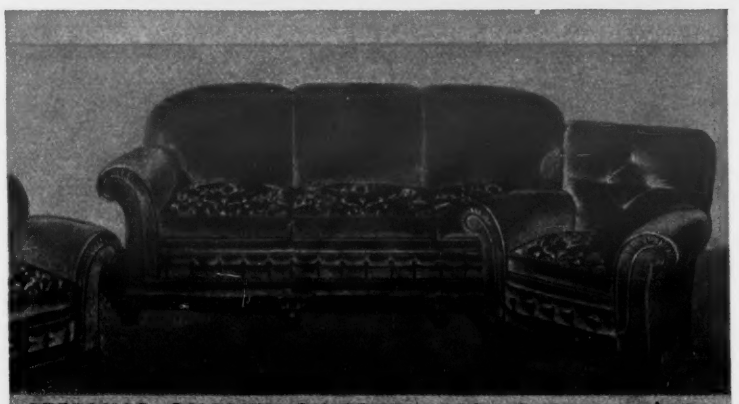
TO give you a safe and sure guide to dependable furniture quality at moderate prices; to make it impossible for cheaply made living room furniture to successfully masquerade as reliable merchandise; Kroehler has created the three new "Value Standards" illustrated.

Each of these *specialized* groups offers you the very maximum of *proved* quality for the money. Whether you select the highest or the lowest price, each piece embodies the two basic features of Kroehler quality construction—a non-warping frame of finest hardwood—the patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction.

Only the vast resources and facilities of the eleven great Kroehler factories could make these revolutionary values possible.

One typical suite of each price group is illustrated. Hundreds of other attractive styles are now being shown by Kroehler dealers everywhere.

See and compare these sensational "*super-values*" before you spend your furniture money. If you do not know a nearby Kroehler dealer write us. We will send you his name and address—and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler," at once.



STERLING QUALITY SUITE No. 445—2 pieces—$190

CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939 — 2 pieces — $230

No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality line. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50 **$150**

No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63 **$190**

No. 939—*Kroehler's very finest.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75 **$230**

All prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Western Canada

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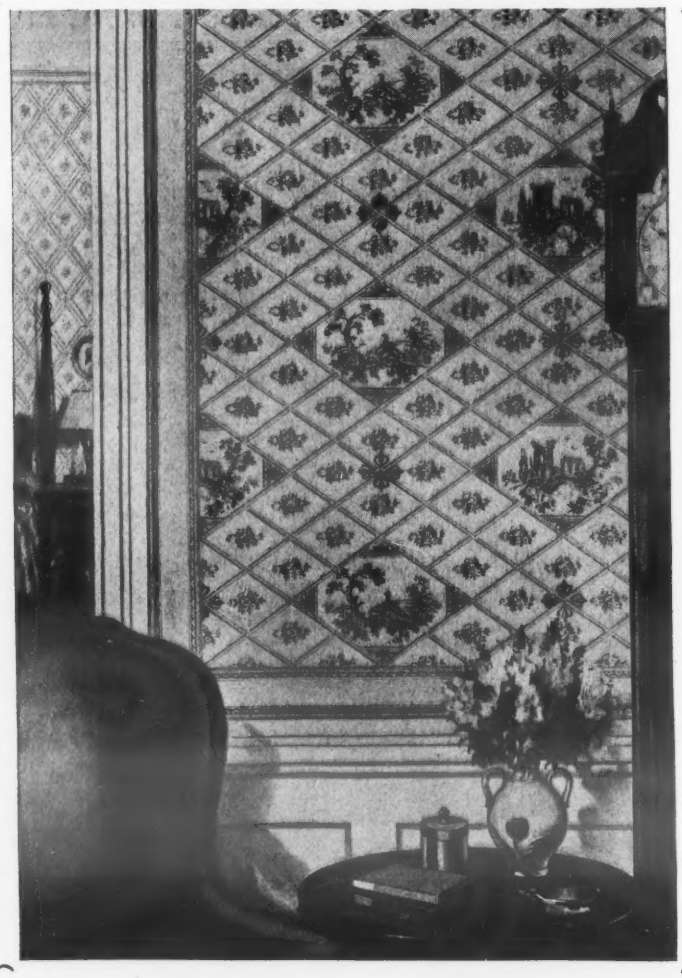

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MODERN WALL COVERING

BEFORE you decide upon your Spring decorations, be sure to see the loveliest creations ever offered in cleanable cloth wall covering.

Sanitas celebrates its Twenty-fifth Anniversary this year with an entirely new group of modern and period designs for every room in the house.

Sanitas combines beauty and durability — doesn't fade, crack or peel. Sanitas can be distinguished from substitutes by the Sanitas trademark on each roll. Look for it, for your own protection.

Samples and literature sent on request

The Standard Textile Products Company
320 Broadway Dept. 1 New York

Ask your decorator to show you the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Sample Book of Sanitas.

Furnishing the Nursery

(Continued from Page 28)

clown-and-donkey chintz is amusing, in bright colors and white on a blue ground.

THE WALLS. Washable paint or wall covering should be used in a nursery. A blackboard may be hung from the molding, against one wall, and strips or a screen of burlap fastened to another; to the latter the children may attach, from time to time, such color prints of famous paintings as you give them. The Government at Washington will send you, for very small sums, colorful maps of various parts of this country, which are decorative as well as interesting and instructive. A colored map of Lindy's Flight is popular among boys, and is not costly. It is sold by department stores.

Instead of wood wainscoting, if the walls are painted, run a width of dull-finish washable paper of neutral color around the room, attaching it between narrow strips of molding at top and bottom; children will be interested in pinning up various color prints and their own attempts at drawing and painting.

A frieze of fairy-tale posters might be made across one wall, starting with whatever fairy story you read to them first, and adding others from time to time as the children become familiar with them. Buy them unmounted—there are nine in a set, but they may be purchased singly—and mount, shellac and frame in narrow natural wood, to make them durable. Or you can buy wall-paper borders with characters from Mother Goose in silhouette, also in colors.

THE CEILING. The ceiling may be plain, to match the walls; or it may have gold and silver paper stars pasted, in groups, against it, or a map of the stars outlined in paint, with their names written in plain letters—in paint—inside each one.

WOODWORK. See suggestions for color plans.

WINDOWS. Nursery windows should be simply curtained; it is very practical to have sheer glass curtains of scrim attached to the upper and lower sashes, so that they will not blow out into rain or dust when the windows are up. Hang them by rings from the rod, so that the children can push them back easily.

Hangings are unnecessary in this room—they shut out needed light, and are just one more accessory to soil and, possibly, jerk off the rod. If used, they may be made of the new washable oilcloth or of glazed chintz. Ruffles are not suitable, plain straight hangings being the easiest to keep trim and clean. When ruffles are used, let them be colorful.

Or a valance only may be made, of washable material to match the wall covering, or of plain dull-finish oilcloth to match the floor cushions when additional color is desired.

Small screens may easily be filled with the new-old translucent material that lets in the violet rays, rays which are lost when ordinary glass is used. Up-to-date poultry raisers find it desirable for chickens—human wee ones benefit from its use, too.

FURNITURE. Washable paint is the most practical finish for nursery furniture—coach paint is practical, or you may waterproof flat paint when your color scheme makes demands not satisfied by ready-mixed paint.

Children love chairs their own size, in the styles used by grown-ups; little Windsors are attractive, and may be finished any color. There is also the splint-seat chair, arm or side, and a very gay peasant chair, in bright childish colors, for a few dollars. They can have lots of fun with the folding camp chair, made in small sizes, and which sells for less than a dollar.

To go with Windsor or peasant-style chairs are drop-leaf and gateleg tables, some of which have tops covered with animal oilcloth; another has folding legs, and you can decorate it with stars, after painting, as it comes in unfinished wood.

The alphabet table, with numerals from one to ten, also in colors, is useful for the kindergartners; and a porcelain-topped table has Little Bo-Peep in one corner and Mary Quite Contrary in another, in pretty colors.

The step-pup is a diverting and useful piece of nursery furniture; its dog-like tail is used for a handle when the nursery oilcloth-covered step made by the pup's body is not serving for a jumping station.

A globe of the world in bright colors supplements wall maps, and helps with the geography lesson, besides being a source of perpetual interest.

The famous cow that jumped over the moon does her stunt now on a nursery lampshade, and a rose-pink pussy will give both physical and moral support to this mad antic, if desired, as she is a docile pottery lamp base.

The wooden-soldier lamp leads the procession of boy's lamps, his shako shade being irresistible; and the new sun lamp is an excellent substitute for real sunshine in bad weather or in play rooms where light is poor. Its base is too heavy to be pulled or knocked over and its rays, which include ultra-violet, give health and a wonderful tan.

AVOID FUSSINESS. Fussiness in the play room is to be avoided, not only in the ornamentation of furniture but in its arrangement. Some children, of course, are more excitable than others; but all of them require the restful intervals supplied by a plain wall or two, a few pieces of furniture which do not distract, and the sense of orderliness—though they do not recognize it as such—obtained through furniture arrangement in which poise is expressed. The same principles apply in the nursery as in any other room:

Large pieces of furniture to be parallel with the walls.

Rugs to be parallel with walls.

A piece or two of sufficient height provided to balance the low pieces.

Ample space left for free passageway to and from all entrances, and to the windows.

A small amount of furniture is preferable to a quantity which gives the room a crowded appearance.

New Home Decoration Booklets

IF COLOR bothers you, or if it doesn't, our new twenty-page illustrated booklet, USING COLOR IN DECORATION, by Lois Palmer, will be found very helpful.

It tells How, When, Where and Why to use any color, its shades and tints, in any room on the north, east, west or south. Complete with plans for using various colors. Price, 20 cents.

Three other new illustrated booklets by Miss Palmer, listed here, are also available.

PERIOD FURNITURE FOR MODERN HOMES. Price, 5 cents.

THE SELECTION AND ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE. Price, 5 cents.

FOR YOUR WINDOWS—GLASS CURTAINS AND HANGINGS. Price, 5 cents.

These booklets will be sent upon receipt of the required amount in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped envelopes. Address the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Isn't the mouth of youth worth the price of the finest dentifrice?

THERE can be only one answer to such a question. To protect, to keep the mouth of youth—the gleaming teeth, the firm and healthy gums—is worth far more than any dentifrice will cost you.

As a matter of fact, Forhan's costs only a little more.

But it gives your mouth the other half of protection, which so many people overlook.

Naturally, it cleans the teeth scientifically, safely, beautifully—with ingredients which any dentist will instantly endorse as good, for they were chosen by a dentist, and they are compounded with vigilant precision and accurate purity.

In addition—it tones up the gums. And there you have the reason that Forhan's is so widely recommended today.

R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., originated this dentifrice. His aim was to embody in it the benefits of a preparation which he had used for years in his dental practice to treat the gums.

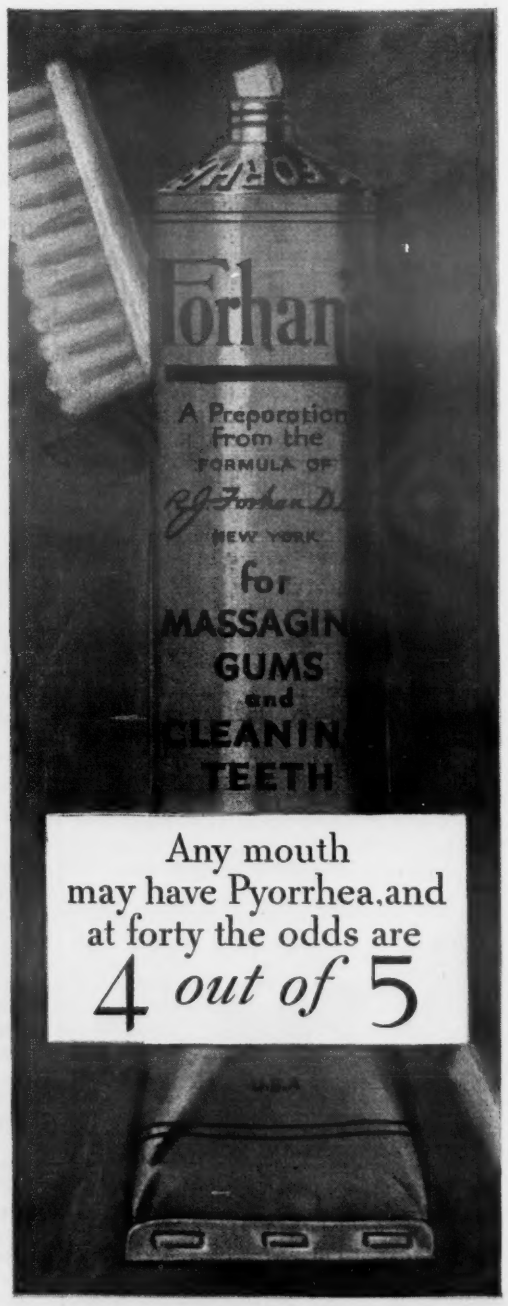
Dentists everywhere knew and used this treatment of Dr. Forhan's for gums which were soft and tender, and for gums which had reached a pyorrhetic condition.

But it is, of course, far better to prevent disease from getting a start than to treat it afterwards.

In the healthiest mouth, the use of Forhan's is of greatest importance, because its special preparation, and the massage with which it is applied, help the gums to retain that firmness which you find in the mouth of youth.

As a matter of simple precaution, adopt Forhan's now as your dentifrice. Its pure, mild, cleansing ingredients are safe even for the teeth of children. And no finer dentifrice is made today. Its regular use may prevent serious trouble and even the loss of healthy teeth in years to come.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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protect your baby
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Vanta
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HOW he laughs and chuckles his delight! Happy Baby, safe from hurts which so often come from pricking pins and buttons that turn edgewise! His Vanta Baby Garments fasten so snugly and comfortably with dainty bows of twistless tape, dressing the precious little body without turning or twisting. Adjustable, as Baby grows, never too tight nor too loose.

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Easier Motherhood

(Continued from Page 9)

see her grandchildren brought sanely into the world. His eyes twinkled when I added that, although my children were not yet in high school, I felt there was no time to be lost in making searching inquiry, for I had observed that the medical profession moved with a certain deliberation, and took little cognizance of what I should call the legitimate interest of the laity.

The name of my friend the doctor was open-sesame, and I asked for the last annual report. From it I learned that, in the 12,000 cases since the hospital first tried the Gwathmey technic in February, 1923, it had been found very satisfactory and none of the staff or attending surgeons would be willing to give it up.

On inquiry, I learned further that in the small proportion of cases where it had not been successful, it had done no harm whatever to mother or child. I knew that any great city hospital inevitably has in its obstetrical wards a certain proportion of patients who come in too late to give any method a fair trial and a certain number sent in by frightened doctors or midwives after mismanagement or careless handling of the first stages of labor, and that such cases pull down the average of the hospital's records. Therefore, statistics of success or failure are somewhat misleading.

I gathered from what I learned that among private patients of sufficient intelligence to coöperate with the doctor, and anxious to be spared severe pain, the number of failures was negligible; although it could not be used in certain specific diseases, it could sometimes be used safely in heart cases where inhaled anæsthetics could not; the ether-oil mixture and container and apparatus were to be purchased at small cost from one of the well-known reliable pharmaceutical houses for use in districts far from medical centers; and finally that the attending surgeons all used the Gwathmey technic in private practice.

This last fact seemed to suggest that it must be used by other doctors and other hospitals in New York. The superintendent did not know. He had heard that it was used at Nursery and Childs, the Manhattan Maternity, Booth Memorial, the Women's Infirmary, Jewish Maternity and some of the services at Bellevue. He wanted it distinctly understood that Lying-in did not claim it was painless. It alleviated the bad pains of labor.

Improving the Technic

I READ the brief printed directions for the administration of the drugs. The first dosage was given by intramuscular injection at a given stage when labor was well established. The other drugs were given by rectal instillation after the patient had been prepared with the usual enema. A new variation in the dosage had been introduced recently to produce a smoother analgesia. Evidently the technic was still being worked on, still being improved.

I turned once more to the report and read these words, eloquent in content if unsensational in wording:

"Not long ago, eight patients were observed in two rooms in the hospital in different stages of progressing labor. No outcry was heard."

Anxious as I was to believe, this made me skeptical. I know the morale of women in their hour of trial. I have seen them coming into labor in hospital wards when they will do their utmost not to disturb other women around them; surely the report must refer to women in the early stages. But it turned out my assumption was wrong; by a curious coincidence this same story was told me as a personal experience by an obstetrician in another city who had had his training at Lying-in in the old days, and knew well the "crying room," a chamber of horrors to his young male ears. Recently he had been back to visit, and among those women in the advanced stages of labor he could, as he phrased it, "hear a pin drop."

I was puzzled. Here was a development in the use of a safe technic of unquestioned value, since it converted crying rooms into chambers of silence; favorably reported to the medical profession by men of unquestioned ability and integrity; the drugs and apparatus marketed by one of the old reliable firms in such form that they could be carried anywhere.

Why was its use not universal? How nearly universal was its use? I inquired and was told it had been taken up somewhat in different cities. Doctor Gwathmey was said to have collected records of twenty thousand cases in all.

Seeking the Facts

I MADE a hasty mental calculation. It was nearly seven years since the first work had been done at Lying-in Hospital, over five years since it had been established. The Census Bureau shows from the birth-registration area of the United States about two million births a year. Ten million births in those five years, and twenty thousand mothers, or two-tenths of 1 per cent, had received this blessed dispensation. The Lying-in report had mildly said of the technic:

"It has met with adverse criticism and some opposition. Any radical change that is worth while has been met in the same way."

I began inquiries among my friends, for I wanted to talk with women who had had the analgesia. For a while my search was fruitless. It seemed an intolerable indignity that I or any other woman should have to hunt down such vital information by such futile means, trusting largely to chance just as I had stumbled on the whole matter by accident.

Presently fortune favored me. In my own city, I found a woman whose sister, living on the storm-swept shore of Northern Michigan, had had the treatment at the Traverse City Hospital. Two years ago, she said her sister's doctor, hearing of the Lying-in work, wrote for directions.

"My sister," she went on, "was his seventh patient, and successful. She slept between the pains and never felt enough to really suffer. She had had a terrible time with her first baby and this one was due to be bad, as the labor was longer. She says she would never dream of having any other method for another baby."

Then I heard that three of the nurse-midwives of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains were trained in the technic. Among the landlocked inhabitants of the remote wilderness where cabins are scattered over miles of rough country and doctors are few and far between, this Service has brought in a corps of nurses with English training in midwifery. Sturdy women, competent to handle normal cases travel through the mountains on horseback, their obstetrical kits slung over their saddles; and through the enterprise of their director, remote country patients are thus beginning to have the benefit of a blessing yet unknown to the majority of women living in the centers of civilization.

Through another friend I had a chance to visit a convalescent mother. She was a slip of a person sitting up cheerfully eating her supper with her ten-day-old first baby in its little wall crib across the hall. She looked so fresh and young, so fragile and small to have a baby at all, I asked her to tell me all about it. She wrinkled her nose in an effort to recall what had gone on in the delivery room. She had been in the

(Continued on Page 207)

Try the Open-Shut Test

OPEN them as wide as you can and cut from the joint. They'll take hold without allowing the cloth to slip. Now close them and snip the thinnest bit of goods you have between the points. Again you'll make a clean cut. And they cut equally smoothly the whole length of the blades.

The reason is that each Remington blade is made of one solid piece of fine steel, correctly hardened and tempered and hollow ground. They are sharp and they'll stay sharp a long time. Light weight—beautiful finish.

You can get Remington scissors where good cutlery is sold. If you fail to find them, send your dealer's name and $1.55 for D17, seven inch size, pictured here. Address: Remington Cutlery Works, Bridgeport, Conn.

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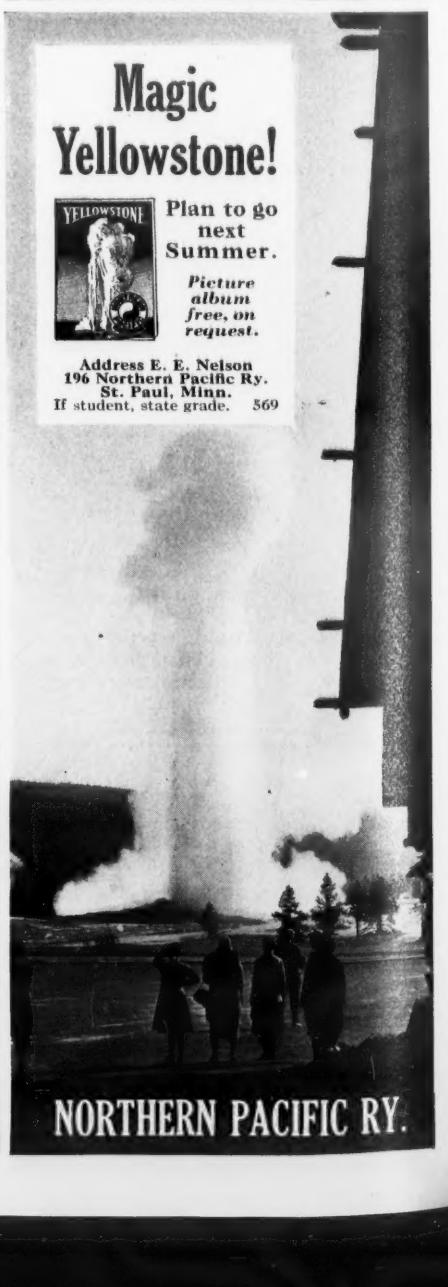
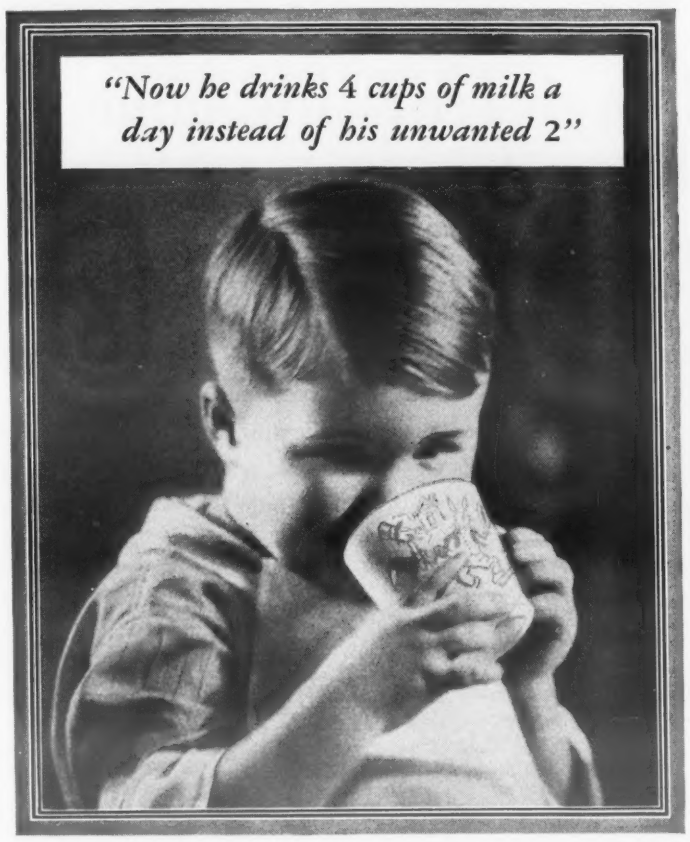


NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.

How To Make a Child Drink 50% More Milk

And Make the Milk Itself Doubly Nourishing



A Discovery From Switzerland That Not Only Enables Mothers to *Increase* a Child's Milk Ration From 50 to 100 Per Cent But *Adds* a Complete Food in Itself, Including the Sunshine Vitamin D, to the Milk.

Accept 3-Day Supply

Watch Weight Increase, Nervousness Decrease

IT is not a flavoring for milk. But a complete food in itself that supplements over 18 vital food principles—including the Sunshine Vitamin D—to every glass of milk your child drinks! And makes that milk far easier and quicker to digest.

Its flavor is so different from any food-drink known to American children that it comes as a great and gay adventure . . . a *new* enticement to the childish appetite.

More milk is thus taken. More important food elements thus added to the diet. And both, *without the child's realizing it or resisting it.*

Let us send you a 3-day supply. What happens may surprise you. New to America, over 20,000 doctors are advising this new creation from Switzerland. Its use has spread over some 54 different nations.

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate, Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine *Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store, or send coupon for 3-day test.

***(Note)** *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

"Now He Drinks 4 Glasses of Milk a Day Instead of His Unwanted 2"

I sent for Ovaltine to see if I could get my three-year-old boy to drink one quart of milk instead of his unwanted two glasses per day. Result, he does drink four full glasses and I am delighted.

Mrs. Anna Sandlofer, 1702 Clay Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"She Gained 3½ Pounds in 3 Weeks"

My 4½-year-old daughter was alarmingly underweight for her age following an attack of mumps.

I naturally tried to give her milk to build her up but she refused to take it because she seemed to dislike the taste so much. I was looking around for some way to solve this very difficult problem when I read about Ovaltine and sent for a sample.

I have now been giving my little girl Ovaltine at every meal for 3 weeks. Now she's gained 3½ pounds in 3 weeks.

That means that she takes a full quart of milk every day and likes to take it. In fact she asks at every meal for her mug of Ovaltine.

Mrs. Harold Pitts, 1006 G. Ave. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

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180 N. Michigan Avenue
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Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

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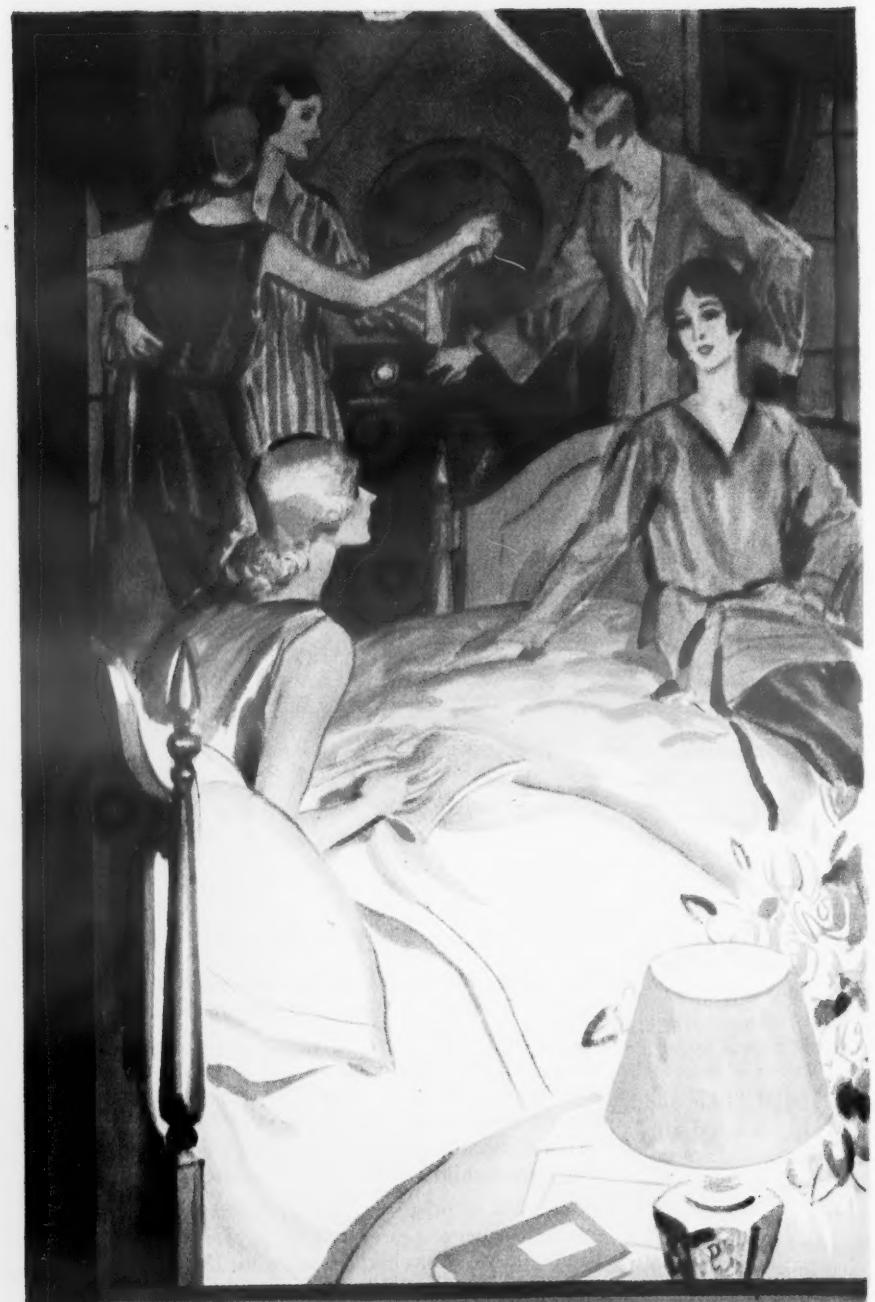
WHICH SHEETS wear longest?

direct from life come these frank answers



"I like Pequot best because of its firm quality and fine weave. I like its durability . . . Have used Pequot sheeting for years and have always found it as advertised. I run a girls' rooming house for University of Wisconsin students."

1113 University Ave., Madison, Wisc. Mrs. J. O. Anderson

ANSWERS from arid Nevada, where sheets have to be shaken free of wind-blown sand. Answers from Maine, where sheets freeze stiff and crackly on the clothesline. Women all over America sent these answers to one vital question: "Which sheets wear longest?" Overwhelmingly, the answer was—"Pequot"! The notes below, selected from these friendly replies, suggest why Pequot is today the most popular brand of sheets in America!

"Four Husky Youngsters . . ."

"I use Pequot sheets because they are of good heavy weave and seem more durable than other brands I've used. I have four husky youngsters and need material that will withstand hard usage!"

Mrs. F. R. Harville, Vallejo, Cal.

* * *

"Good for* another *17½ years!"

"When I was married in September 1911, my mother furnished my trousseau with the best of everything. Of course, that included Pequot sheeting—by the yard, so that my sheets could be made with extra length, a luxury well appreciated during these years.

"My Pequot sheets appear good for another seventeen and a half years! At any rate, I have never found the least sign of wear on any of them—and some have been 'camping' from Maine to California, and back again! And camping is *hard* on everything.

"My daughter shall be taught the value of good household linens, and no doubt she will some day proudly be using her mother's 'heirloom' sheets!"

Mrs. Blanche Benton Lonegren, Old Stockbridge, Mass.

* * *

Used Pequot in exclusive hotel

"I was in business—an exclusive private family hotel—for more than 15 consecutive years, and I found by experience that Pequot sheets and pillow cases lasted longer than any of the other well-known brands. For that reason I used them *exclusively* the last 10 years, and also since I've retired."

Mrs. W. M. Chiles, Springfield, Ill.

"I have been married 17 years—and have never bought a sheet!"

"When I was married my mother insisted I should have a good supply of Pequot sheets and pillow cases, and she surely had good judgment. She had always used Pequot and they certainly do wear.

"My sheets have had hard wear. I have brought up two boys on them. They have been washed in all kinds of laundries and have been used for camping, at home for Magic Lantern Sheets, for tents at home when the boys were young, for Hallowe'en costumes and in many other ways."

Mrs. Lois C. Weymouth, Berkeley, Cal.

* * *

From mother's hope chest—still in use!

"Still in use in our home are three Pequot sheets which were a part of my mother's hope chest. They are thirty-three years old. Two of them are in perfect condition. The third shows slight wearing on the selvages. Of course there have been many sheets to keep these three company, but no special care has been given them.

"Pequot sheeting is an institution in our family. Two of my sisters while training at a nearby hospital have used only Pequot for bibs, aprons, cuffs and caps.

"One of these girls who was recently married bought only Pequot sheets for her hope chest."

Miss Florence Fitzgibbons, Beverly, Mass.

* * *

Pequot Mills, operated by Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, Salem, Mass.; Parker, Wilder & Co., Selling Agents: New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco.

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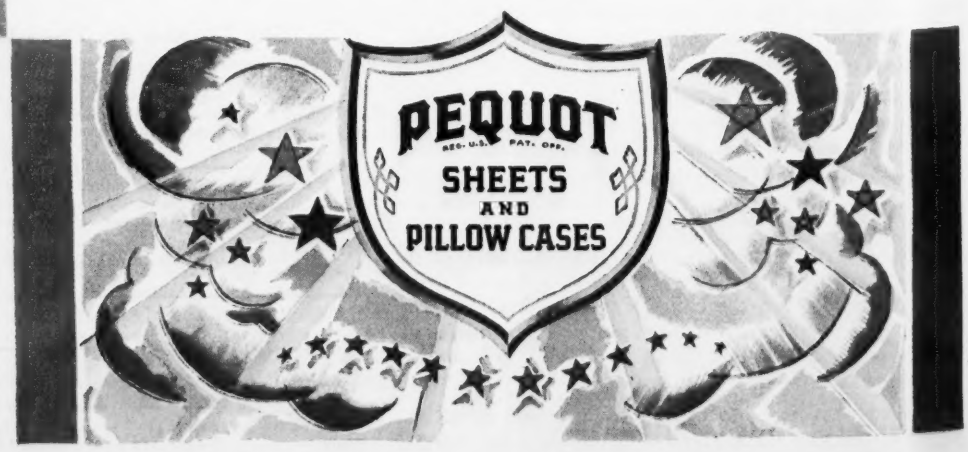

(Continued from Page 204)

hospital ten hours before the delivery, and before she was taken upstairs she had felt some pain—well, it was more like an ache than a pain. Then she had slept a lot, and the doctor had waked her by washing her face with cold water and told her to bear down; she didn't want to much, she felt too sleepy. The doctor had called it a 100 per cent perfect case.

I agreed with the doctor, for nothing about her suggested that she had ever had any harsh experience; it was impossible to associate the idea of an ordeal with her flowerlike face, her dainty appearance or her frame of mind, I thought as I took my departure. Here was clearly a young woman who would never know the curse of Eve. Something else in life must chasten her, for plainly childbearing never would; she was one of the lucky ones.

The next friend of a friend was of a very different type, an older though still very young woman who had known the bitter experience of a terrible first labor, a baby that died from hemorrhage soon after birth, and a long pull back to health and strength.

A Widespread Use

THAT was five and a half years ago. Thwarted in her wished-for motherhood, it was just a year later that she came back to the same doctor all unconscious of the great change that had become possible in his methods. This time, after a simple and unexhausting experience, Little Sister was put into her arms. Now Little Sister, a young lady of kindergarten age, has confided to grandma that there is to be a baby in their family when the peepers begin in the spring; but little does she know how the joyous sense of enfranchisement from any real suffering at her own birth has heartened her mother and made of the waiting months a period of happy anticipation devoid of terror or morbid dread.

And this is the sort of experience women are getting accidentally if they happen to be among the two-tenths of 1 per cent. I sought a medical library next, to see where they are to be found other than in New York City. For, I reasoned, any woman who is going to have a baby in New York can have the synergistic analgesia if she cares to make the effort, for there are obviously many obstetricians in excellent standing there who give it.

In the library I found a rewarding series of reports, articles and verbatim accounts of discussions at medical meetings. From England came reports and, on the Continent of Europe, the catalogue showed under Obstetrical Anæsthesia and Analgesia references from Berlin and Vienna, from Leipsic and Cracow and from Leningrad—even one from a doctor practicing in Jerusalem and publishing his results in Germany. And, while I made no attempt to decipher the Russian and Polish or even the German reports, I noted the name of Gwathmey in each of the titles. The thing, then, had attracted favorable attention far afield; and I sat down to read the American records with more satisfaction.

In Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Louisville, Kentucky, and in Washington I had already heard of work by well-known obstetricians of high repute. As I could find no reference to their reports in the journals, I was encouraged to believe that there may be excellent work with the Gwathmey technic in other communities than those I mention here of which I found records.

Nearly all the reports in the medical journals were made in 1926 and 1927. The absence of later reports seemed peculiar; had the technic been tried and found wanting? I had, all told, a list of over two dozen communities where it had been used, and I wrote to inquire about its present status. From four I got no answers; the others reported increased use and increased satisfaction with the method.

"Probably the reason that the majority of the reports are several years old," runs the letter from a doctor who reported from the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, before a medical society in Fort Dodge, Iowa, three years ago, "is the fact that it has become a more or less accepted practice, and further reports would be a repetition." From California comes a recent letter, following published verbatim accounts of discussions at two medical meetings in which doctors of San Francisco and Berkeley, Los Angeles and Santa Monica showed their familiarity with the technic, saying, "It is very generally being used in California; in fact, a list of the obstetricians here is a list of the users of the Gwathmey technic."

From the Harper Hospital, in Detroit, and St. Luke's, in Cleveland come early records. Later, from the Coleman Hospital, in Indianapolis comes an explanation of a useful improvement in the apparatus used, in which the writer speaks of the technic as "generally accepted."

A doctor in Portland, Oregon, wrote in Northwest Medicine of his own experience at the Lying-in Hospital when in New York, suggesting the way the method is carried to far communities.

From the river-girt Dominion capital comes a report from an attending obstetrician at the Ottawa Civic Hospital and a recent letter explaining that the restricted use of the analgesia may be due to the time it takes and emphasizing that it does take more time than the general practitioner can give. (Any method, I comment mentally, that tends to take the practice of obstetrics out of the hands of general practitioners is valuable.) From the Montreal Maternity Hospital came the only other Canadian report.

In the list of early records comes one from Montclair, New Jersey, and one from Hillcrest Hospital, in Minneapolis; three cities in New York—Troy, Albany and Syracuse—report; while records from Huntington, West Virginia, and New Orleans, coupled with the two from Kentucky, indicate the modernness of the South.

The lay reader of the medical journals is struck by the fact that the doctors who believe the method practically universal in application and follow the technic most exactly are getting the best results in immunity from pain. Obviously confidence and good will on the part of the doctor are important factors.

Best of all the records is one from headquarters, a careful detailed description of the New York Lying-in work by one of the men practicing there. It is not new; it was read at a medical meeting in Chicago in September, 1926, and is based on 5800 cases which had given very satisfactory results. It says: "The result in 85 per cent of cases was great relief of pain, and more or less relief in 10 per cent more."

It describes in detail the handling of the patient, makes clear that the services of a trained anæsthetist are not needed, but also that the mechanism of labor must be as closely followed by the obstetrician as if no analgesia were being employed; that meticulous care must be used in following the technic and it says: "The only contraindication to the procedure is uterine inertia, and the only restriction is not to start too soon."

Satisfactory Results

I TURNED next to the textbooks, knowing two famous contemporary names. I looked up Obstetrics, by J. Whitridge Williams. The last edition, I found, was published in 1924, and there was, of course, no mention of the Gwathmey technic. I looked up Principles and Practice of Obstetrics, by Joseph B. De Lee, 1928 edition; there, listed along with the other anæsthetics, was a brief description of the Gwathmey technic and the directions in full for its administration.

One among the Masters, I had heard, was not only using the method regularly in his Pittsburgh practice but had given a lecture on it before a medical meeting in

(Continued on Page 209)

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make the handkerchief test

True, every reader of this advertisement may not need to use Mum. But—

Before you decide that *you* have no need of this protection, make a simple experiment which will be conclusive and convincing:

When fresh from the bath, with under arms as fastidious as soap and water can make them, tuck a clean handkerchief under one arm. Let it remain for five minutes. If, without any special exertion to excite the pores, underarm chemistry even slightly taints the handkerchief—there are times when Mum is needed!

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Send for your free copy of the corn cook book, entitled "Thirty New Ways To Serve Del Maiz."

If your grocer is not supplied with Del Maiz be sure to tell us when you write.

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A New Breed of Corn • • • Not just another Brand

(Continued from Page 207)

New York, graphically illustrated with motion pictures. I knew he would prove to be exceptional, for I knew too much medical history to expect much enthusiasm from the Masters. Seldom, if ever, have the acknowledged leaders in any specialty been among the first to welcome new methods, for they can afford to be ultraconservative.

Eighty years ago in Vienna, when young Semmelweiss drew the conclusion that students should wash their hands with chloride of lime after examining corpses before proceeding to the examination of parturient women, he was laughed at and opposed. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in this country was ridiculed for seeing a connection between dirt and the deaths of patients from puerperal fever. Sir James Simpson found that ether and chloroform could be used in childbirth and was denounced from the pulpit for tampering with Biblical directions. It was Queen Victoria who rescued him from obloquy by becoming a convert to the startling idea. History does not relate that the acknowledged leaders in obstetrics came to the rescue of the innovators.

Times have changed in eighty years, but the essential character of the human race has not; and, while it is to be assumed that the most prominent specialists may condemn or damn with faint praise a new idea which does not actually save life, it is a striking fact that, when I turned to the Medical Directory to find out something of the users of the Gwathmey technic, I noted that they were nearly all under forty when they took it up, the age at which minds are hospitable to new ideas.

Perhaps the most interesting report in the series is that from a student at Marquette, who describes cases in St. Mary's Hospital, Madison, Wisconsin, because of the mental attitude it reflects. He speaks of the old idea of taking pain in childbirth as a process of Nature and "finds such a code intolerable"; and, while pronouncing the method "not ideal" he closes his evidence on a successful series of cases with the statement: "The proof of the efficacy of the method is found in the unstinted praise of the mothers."

Up to Women

PROBABLY the technic of Gwathmey is not ultimate. The whole principle of synergism as applied to anæsthetics is new and unexplored. Laboratory work on it is going forward in more than one place, and at any time a better series of drugs may be found. Meanwhile it is hard to resist the evidence that it is the best we have today. Compared to the difficulties involved in the administration of twilight sleep, it is like walking down a highway as against negotiating a narrow mountain trail.

What are the women of the country prepared to do about it? For much devolves on them. A woman in New York who had heard of the technic, applied to her regular obstetrician. He said benevolently, "I will have a look into it," but he did not, and, when next he heard of his patient, she had applied elsewhere and had been delivered by the method in which she believed. That man was doubtless startled into really looking into it for his later patients.

The story was told me by two doctors separately and they both grinned over it, but it seems to me to cut like a two-edged sword. It is unwise, even monstrous, for any woman in her time of need to be driven to a strange doctor when much of her safety and all of her comfort depend upon her being in the hands of an attendant whom she knows and trusts.

A Warning

WHERE the women can and should exert their pressure is to see that their own doctors really do look into it, that they are brought to recognize that they cannot afford to relax their efforts until they have released their patients from unnecessary pain.

Do women care enough to make their efforts informed, determined, concerted? The medical profession deplores the interference of lay publicists in their field, and with reason. We are not inclined to be reasoning and disciplined where our emotions are concerned; and when information like this is given to a lay audience, what more likely than that it will instigate a certain number of foolish women to follow the doctor who claims he can bring babies painlessly irrespective of his other qualifications to practice obstetrics at all?

There is a great deal of ignorant obstetrics practiced in this country at present. Reports from the United States Children's Bureau made fifteen years ago, and again recently, on the death rate of mothers in childbirth indicate, on careful study, that, while obstetrical practice improves, the maternal mortality rate is still appallingly high and makes bad comparison with the records of other civilized countries.

It is easy but untrue to say that the high death rate is attributable to midwives and to the numbers of women who deliver their babies without professional attendance of any kind in outlying districts. All good obstetricians know that it takes a special aptitude to practice their specialty, a great deal of training and an unrelaxing vigilance to recognize and cope in time with abnormalities, and that many doctors not so qualified are practicing obstetrics today.

When the editor of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL publishes an article of this character, it must be with the warning that damage may result if it increases the clientele of the sort of doctors who should not be practicing obstetrics at all; with the warning also that if women do not care, or do not show reasoned persistence, if they allow their own doctors to frighten them off with bogies, the progress of this valuable and humane development will inevitably be retarded.

Whether or not the extreme agony is forever taken out of childbearing rests with women themselves.

Next Month

The story of the child's struggle for existence down through the ages—

Blood *of* Our Blood

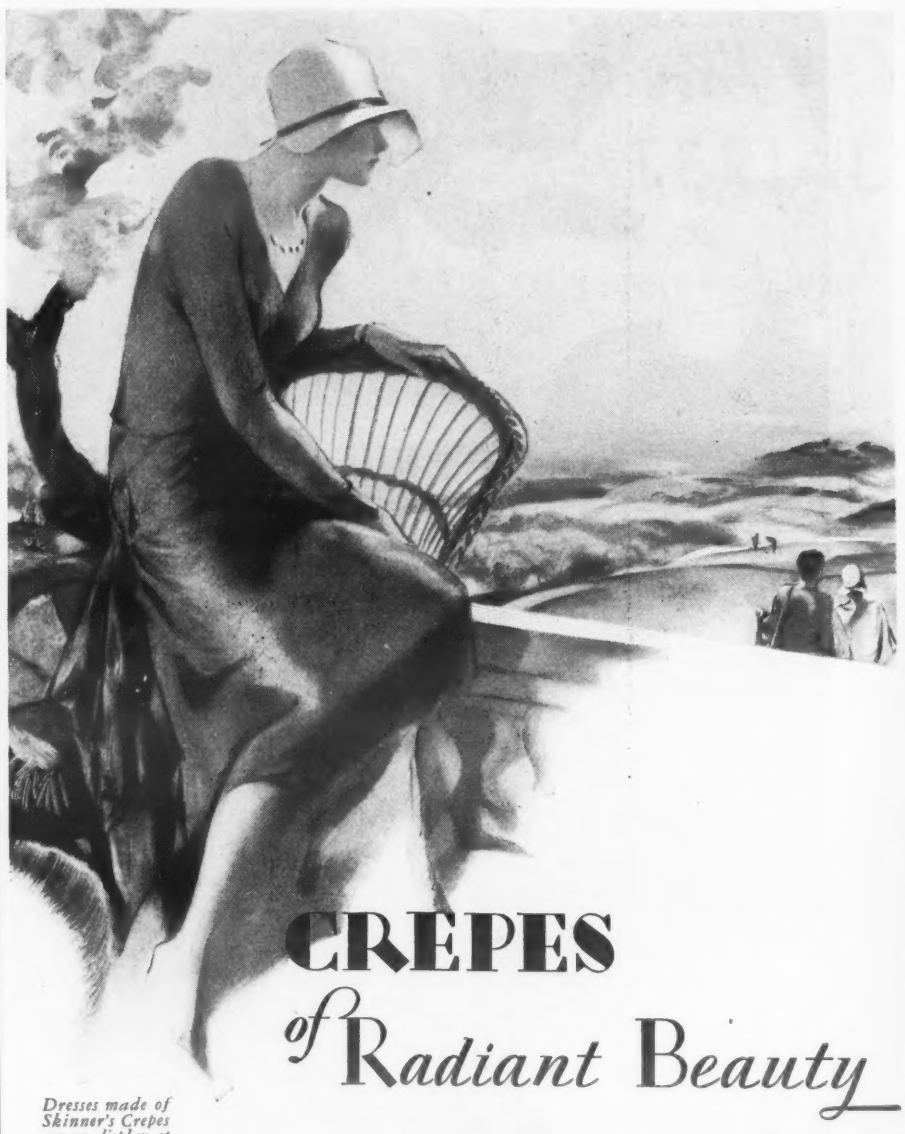
By

Honoré Willsie Morrow

The poignant tragedy of childhood and motherhood—sacrifice, slaughter, exposure, exploitation, abuse—and the struggle of noble men and women to correct these terrors, have given Mrs. Morrow the theme for five great articles

Beginning in the

APRIL JOURNAL



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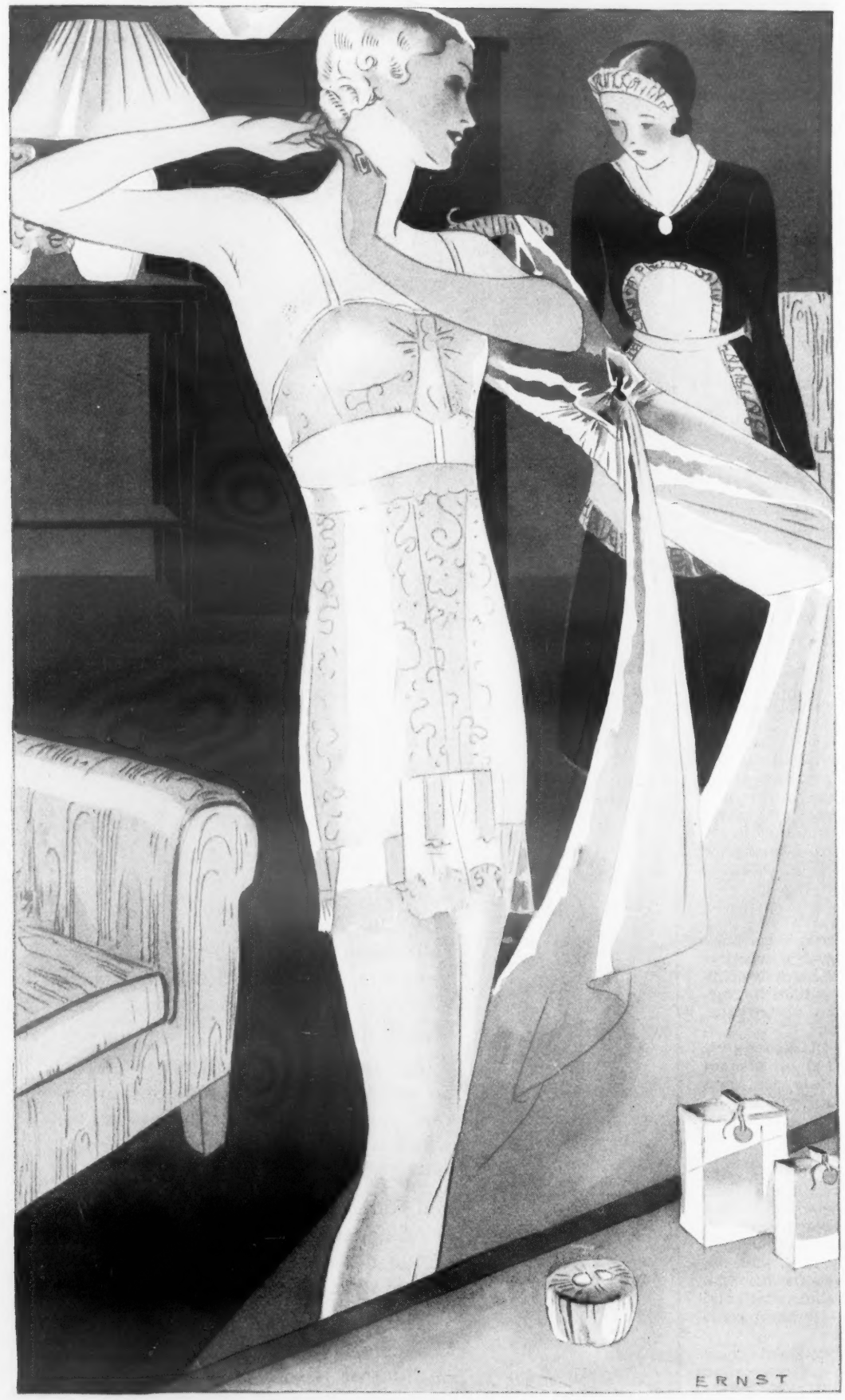

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Extreme Mental Cruelty

(Continued from Page 13)

the emptiness of the forthcoming night. And thinking over the names of his friends who might be in town he called up Jack Cadwallader. Jack was a lawyer and, he thought, would not only furnish him companionship for the night but could also advise him regarding Anita. But Jack, his secretary told him, was away for two-weeks' vacation and his firm, Bill discovered, was chiefly concerned with corporation law. Asking for the name of a good divorce lawyer he was recommended to see Mr. J. Franklin Johns.

Bill jiggled the receiver hook, gave the number and asked for an appointment with J. Franklin Johns. Mr. Johns, he was informed, was free at four o'clock that afternoon and would see him then.

At the lawyer's office Bill went directly into the subject. "I want some advice about getting my wife a divorce. Russell Hughes, who's one of Jack Cadwallader's partners, told me to come to you."

Franklin Johns swung his chair beside his broad mahogany desk. He crossed his knees, matched the ends of his bony fingers and gave a low chuckle. "I suppose you have sufficient grounds for action?"

"I thought that could always be fixed up."

"WELL, perhaps." Franklin Johns was thoughtful. "That depends. The legal requirements in New York are very harsh and the grounds extremely limited. Of course there's always Reno—that takes three months."

"My legal residence is not in New York," Bill explained. "I voted in Connecticut."

"Connecticut? Oh, that's better. If you have grounds and if you've lived there three years you can get a divorce—if the lady's willing." Franklin Johns smiled knowingly, as if expecting that was where the trouble would come in.

"It's she that wants it," Bill answered patiently.

Franklin Johns raised his eyebrows. "I thought it was you that wanted it."

"I do—that is, I want it because she does."

Franklin Johns nodded deeply. "That's fair. That's extremely fair. It's not every husband that's so obliging." He smiled on Bill with bland sympathy. "Well, then, what you want is a separation agreement, signed by both of you, and a Connecticut attorney to represent you when the case comes up."

Bill was thoughtful. "Why do I need a lawyer to represent me? I don't want any squabbling."

"You must be represented," Franklin Johns informed him flatly. "And you'll need someone to look out for your interests."

Bill was growing uncomfortable and a little resentful. The lawyer seemed to be making vague implications that reflected none too creditably on Anita's future behavior. "My interests are safe enough," he said, intending his words as a rebuke. But recollecting that he had come not for argument but for advice, he asked, "You said that if my wife had a three-years' residence in Connecticut, that if she wanted it and that if she had grounds she was sure of getting a divorce; I wish you'd tell me something about that—what grounds could she have?"

FRANKLIN JOHNS leaned back in his chair. "When was the last time you lived under the same roof?"

Bill bit his lip and answered slowly, "Night before last."

Nodding, Franklin Johns scribbled a note on a piece of paper and said dryly, "Well, she couldn't get it on a charge of desertion unless she waited a long time. That leaves"—he reached into a drawer of his desk and took out a paper-covered book regarding Connecticut divorce laws—"adultery, habitual drunkenness and extreme mental cruelty. I suppose mental cruelty would hurt you least."

"That's what people usually get it on, isn't it?" said Bill. "What does it mean?"

"Well, I'll just ask you a few questions which will help to define it."

Bill waited.

"Did you ever strike your wife so that the blow left a mark or bruise?"

Recrossing his legs uncomfortably, Bill flushed and answered emphatically, "No; I don't see any mental cruelty in that."

"There would be mental effects," Johns informed him blandly, and tried again. "Did you ever tell your wife that she didn't dress so well as other women, that she was a poor entertainer?"

AGAIN Bill shook his head. He thought of Anita at the last dance at the Country Club. She had been much the prettiest girl there.

"Did you ever deeply humiliate her in the presence of her friends and, if so, were you in the habit of doing it?"

Quickly Bill denied that.

"Did you criticize her so harshly and frequently—even in private—that her health was impaired and she had to have medical treatment?"

Bill frowned. Though the questions were merely hypothetical, they were exasperating. "No," he said.

"Well, did you tell her that you loved some other woman and did that cause her to grieve, lose weight and health so that she had a nervous breakdown, perhaps?"

"I don't believe that extreme-mental-cruelty complaint is so good. My wife is perfectly healthy. She weighs more than she did when she married me and we were not in the habit of being so hatefully disagreeable to each other. She has none of those grounds for complaint."

Franklin Johns laughed gently. "Don't worry," he said; "she'll be able to think of plenty of grounds." He looked at his watch. It had grown late. "Shall we make an appointment now to get that agreement started or will you phone me?"

"I'll phone you," said Bill. "Good-by." He did not smile and he did not shake the lawyer's hand. He was angry.

There was also a sense of uneasiness growing in him.

NEXT day he telephoned Anita. Her voice as she answered was reassuringly friendly.

He said, "Anita, I saw a lawyer yesterday."

"Oh, did you?" she asked eagerly. "What did he tell you?"

"Well, he said there'd be no trouble about your getting a divorce in Connecticut."

"Oh!" She paused. "Did he really say that? I was talking to Hilda Gregg last night—she was just back from Reno—and she said that was the best and quickest place of all."

"It was—for Hilda," he informed her. "But she lives in New York, where the divorce laws are very strict; you live in Connecticut, where they're better. If you stay right where you are it will be much less expensive and take much less time."

"What? I can't hear you. What did you say?"

Bill repeated what he had said, adding, "And the lawyer advised that the thing to do is to get some other lawyer in Connecticut. He'll make out a complaint on the grounds of extreme mental cruelty or whatever you think best and the case will go to court. Meanwhile it's better if we both sign a separation agreement."

"A what?"

"A separation agreement."

"Oh—is that the same as a divorce?"

"No, it's about alimony and all that."

"Alimony. I see." There was a shadow of doubt in her voice. "Maybe I'd better

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VERMONT MARBLE

The Memory Stone

have the lawyer I get go into that first and not sign anything till afterward."

"Certainly," he agreed, wondering if she was afraid it wouldn't be fair regarding the money he was to give her and Annette. "Anita," he asked abruptly, "we're friends, aren't we?"

She seemed surprised. "Why, of course, Bill. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know. Just felt a little funny, I guess. Well, you talk to a lawyer about it. He can draw it up and you can send it to me to sign."

"I'm going into town next Friday with Eileen Matthews. If the lawyer has got it done by then I'll bring it in with me and we can have tea together."

Bill was pleased. "That would be fine. How's Annette?"

"She's fine.

"That's good. Is it still hot out there?"

"No, it's cooler today."

"Well," he hesitated. "I'll see you Friday then."

"Yes, I'll call you about four."

He hung up the receiver and went back to work. Later he telephoned Franklin Johns and told him, "Everything's going very well. My wife is getting a lawyer and having him draw up an agreement for both of us to sign. So I won't need to see you again, will I?"

BUT Johns answered decidedly, "Oh, yes. Don't put your name to a thing before I've read it."

Bill protested, "I don't see the need of that. We'll naturally arrange things satisfactorily between ourselves before either of us thinks of signing anything." But after more talk he reluctantly consented. Johns, he felt, was going on the assumption that Anita and he were enemies instead of friends, just as good friends as ever, in fact.

The several days until Friday of his appointment with her passed. It was after four and he was sitting at his desk watching the telephone when she called. She said, "Bill, I'm at Antonio's and it's very quiet; how soon can you come up?"

"Right away," he answered. The meeting place was on Forty-ninth Street, not far from his office.

Bill edged himself between two tables and sat down on the bench beside her. "You're certainly looking well," he said. "It's very good to see you."

"It's good to see you too, Bill. And I'm glad you like my new dress—I take it that is what you meant—and I hope you don't think it was extravagant of me."

He patted her hand. "You always look well, Anita." Then remembering Franklin Johns' questions as to whether he had criticised her he became self-conscious and asked hurriedly, "What about the lawyer—did you get one?"

"Oh, yes," she nodded brightly. "I got Jimmy Webster."

"Jimmy Webster?" he frowned. "But he's a friend of ours—we know him so well, Anita. I should think you'd have got somebody else."

"Well, what could I do, Bill? You told me to get a lawyer and everybody says that Jimmy's very clever—as a matter of fact you've said it yourself."

BILL sighed and perplexedly rubbed his forehead. "I guess it's all right. Only I'd rather you had got somebody who was more of a stranger." He knew he was beginning to feel resentment, yet he was determined not to lose Anita's friendship. "Well," he said, "I suppose Jimmy drew up the agreement for you?" He leaned toward her expectantly.

"Yes. And also the complaint. I've got both of them. I told him I was going to see you and he said I should take them along and have you sign the agreement."

"Good," Bill answered. "That's quick work." Anita produced a blue-covered crinkly legal paper and he began to read. The agreement, he soon discovered, was a comprehensive but capricious document. Setting down the fact of their separation, it proceeded to specify the terms on which they should live. He was to pay Anita $325 a month for the support of herself and Annette. She was to have complete custody of Annette, but Bill would be permitted to visit her every other Sunday. . . . "Why every other Sunday?" he looked up to ask.

Anita hesitated. "Well, Jimmy and I talked about it and I decided that was best. You don't mind, do you?"

"It's not very often," Bill grumbled. "I'd rather have her a month or two at a time."

"Oh, come on!" Anita relented. "Let's not fuss so much about it. If you don't think it's fair to come and see her every other Sunday, why I'll think about it and maybe we can have it changed."

THE muscles about Bill's mouth relaxed. "All right. That's better." He read on through the maze of legal terminology in which the house, the car, their few odd bonds, all the things that they had worked for, were neatly cut up and inexorably disposed of. Once or twice he shook his head.

Anita asked solicitously, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he shook his head again. "I guess it's all right, but ——" He had read farther, had come to a paragraph which, unraveled from its whereases and repetitions, required that in case of his remarriage he had to make a provision in his will to leave a third of his property to Annette. "Now, why did you have to put that in?"

"What?" asked Anita and leaned over the table beside him.

"That!" he said, and indignantly traced the wording with a stiff forefinger. "I don't think it was very considerate of you to let a thing like that get into a legal document. You ought to know that I'd do as much for Annette as you would and that I always will."

Anita sat up. She had an injured expression. "But I wanted that there especially. And Jimmy said ——"

"I know," Bill answered bitterly. From the interview he had had with Franklin Johns he could readily imagine what a lawyer would say under the circumstances. "But I don't like it. I think you ought to trust me to have a little decency in a thing like that. It's so insulting."

ANITA stiffened. There was a hint of battle in her round blue eyes. "It's not at all. I can't see anything insulting in it."

"But don't you see," explained Bill with merely simulated patience, "that you're implying all sorts of things? You're implying that I'm going to be married again, which is extremely unlikely. You're implying that if I did get married the girl I fell in love with will be so mean and grasping that she'll try to cheat Annette out of what little I might possibly have when I die—also that I'm so spineless I'd let her do it and that therefore you've got to protect Annette from me just as if I were a villain instead of her father—no!"

Anita turned and faced him. Her sense of injury had deepened. "You don't expect me to give in to you on everything, do you, Bill?"

"Well," he said, "we don't want to wrangle about it, but I really wish you'd have that part struck out." He folded the paper again, saying, "I'll sign it when I get to the office ——"

Anita began thoughtfully, "If you really feel so badly about that part about you will you can cross it out."

"Good." He was relieved. Taking out his pen, he scratched the paragraph into inky blackness, marking with relish. "I'll get a witness and sign it."

"Jimmy said it didn't need to be witnessed and that I should bring it back so as to save time."

"Well," he hesitated. "All right." He unfolded the paper again and wrote his name at the bottom of it. "Now where's

(Continued on Page 214)

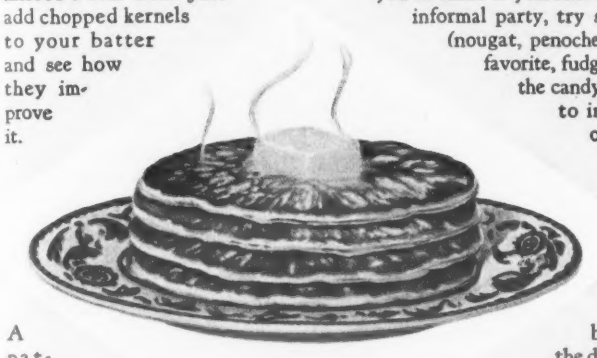
It's remarkable what a good cook can do with Walnuts ~~~

And this year Walnut prices are so low~

If your favorite salad recipe doesn't already call for Walnuts, just add a handful of golden Walnut kernels. You'll be surprised how much more tasty it really is.

Fruit and Walnut Salad
Recipe book Page 16

Did you ever try Walnuts in waffles or pancakes? If not—you've missed a real treat. Just add chopped kernels to your batter and see how they improve it.



Walnut Hot Cakes (Just add Walnuts)

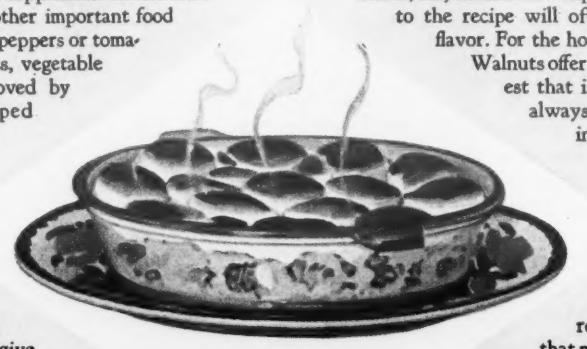
A pattern of half Walnuts on your favorite cake will make it much more tempting. And chopped Walnuts in the batter make good this promise of extra flavor, too.

Walnut Layer Cake
Recipe book Pages 24-26

Home-made candies are so much better when Walnuts are added to the recipe. Walnut candy has a flavor and substance which puts it on a par with the most expensive commercial goodies—and how good it does taste when you've made it yourself! At your next tea, bridge-lunch or other informal party, try serving home-made Walnut candy (nougat, penoche, caramels, divinity or the old favorite, fudge!). The distinctive flavor of the candy alone is almost enough to insure the success of your whole party.

Home-made Bon Bons (Top with Walnuts)

Vegetables are vital in the diet, so, of course, you serve them every day. Yet there need be no day-to-day sameness in your vegetable dishes. Walnuts used with many vegetables make a really excellent combination—from the standpoint of food value as well as flavor. Walnuts supplement the minerals and vitamins in vegetables, and add other important food qualities. Rice croquettes, stuffed peppers or tomatoes, soufflés, scalloped dishes, vegetable loaves—all can be improved by adding a few chopped Walnuts to the recipe.



Sweet Potatoes with Marshmallows
Recipe book Page 11

How often do you wish for some ingredient to give your sandwiches new "life" and flavor? Well, here it is! A few chopped Walnuts will transform any sandwich—give it novelty and new appetite-appeal. Dainty sandwiches for bridge-teas or luncheons, or the more substantial kind for outings or school lunches—Walnuts will make them all taste better. These crisp, crunchy kernels blend wonderfully with almost any sandwich filling. And here's another little hint—if you want a real treat, make your sandwiches with Walnut bread.

Assorted Sandwiches (They're better with Walnuts)

MANY A WOMAN has sought far afield for some miracle-working ingredient with which to "sparkle up" everyday foods—only to find the answer right at home, in the family Walnut Bowl.

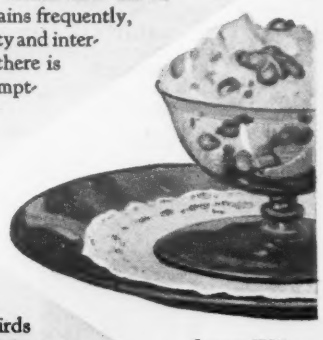
It's really remarkable how easily, how completely and how economically Walnuts transform even favorite foods into extraordinary treats—especially this year, when prices are so low. There's nothing new to learn—no extra hours of labor. Use your own recipes in your own way—then, *just add Walnuts!*

That's the way to put new life into salads—to take the sameness out of breads and muffins, vegetable dishes or meat substitutes. And that's the way to make cookies, waffles, pancakes, candies and desserts even more welcome. You'll find there's no quicker, easier "final touch" than crunchy, golden Walnut kernels.

Use Walnuts freely! But be sure you get the best—Diamond California Walnuts. If at least 97% of the Walnuts offered you are Diamond branded, you're sure of California's finest—hand-graded, machine-graded, vacuum-sorted and crack-tested. The Diamond on the shell is your guarantee of plump, tender kernels inside.

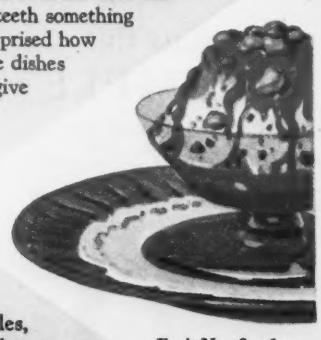
Your grocer has them—and at most attractive prices. Be sure you have a liberal supply always on hand!

The number of uses for Walnuts is really amazing. They add a touch of distinction to *so many* widely different foods! Of course you know how appetizing they are for frostings and fillings in cakes. But did you ever try them in whipped cream, mayonnaise or whipped egg white topping? Walnuts added to the recipe will oftentimes give a brand new bit of flavor. For the hostess who entertains frequently, Walnuts offer a touch of novelty and interest that is never old, for there is always some new and tempting way to serve them.



Orange Whip
Recipe book Page 20

Leading restaurants say that more than two-thirds of their dessert orders call for ice cream or other frozen dishes. Since they are so popular, why not serve them at home more often? Just add chopped Walnuts to the sauce you pour over each individual service. Or, if you make your own frozen desserts, add Walnuts to the recipe. Soft foods *need* the crispness of Walnuts to give the teeth something to bite into. And you'll be surprised how much better your favorite dishes will taste when you give them this "final touch".



Fruit-Nut Sundae (Add Walnuts, of course)

And so it goes! Breads, sandwiches, vegetables, main course dishes, salads, desserts, candies—all are improved by adding Walnuts. It's really so simple—no elaborate recipes—just a handful of chopped Walnuts in the recipe and a few halves sprinkled on the top—and you've an extraordinary treat!

There are *two ways* to get Diamond quality: *in the shell* (each nut Diamond branded); or, *shelled* (mixed halves and pieces, kept always fresh and sweet, in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins). Either way, you get California's finest—tender, mature, full-flavored kernels.

* * *

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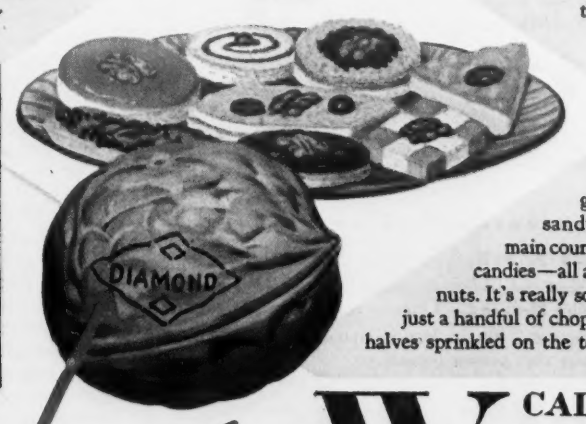

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A New *Spark* of life in your favorite recipes

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*Dealer's Name*_____

(Continued from Page 212)

the copy of the complaint? 'Extreme mental cruelty,' I suppose."

"Horrid, isn't it?" she said deprecatingly as she handed it to him. And as he read it he learned that he had been arrogant, stubborn, constantly nagging, always belittling and that . . . "Here," he said and looked at her sharply, "when did I ever swear at you in front of your friends?"

"Well," she was a little shamefaced. "I had to have something. At first I couldn't think of anything, but finally I remembered the time we drove the Fredericks up to Montreal and when we got to that vile little hotel the other side of Burlington and I refused to go in you said, 'Good Lord Almighty, do you think there's a Ritz just around the corner—it's ten o'clock at night!'"

He smiled, then began to laugh. "That was a good party, anyway."

"It was marvelous after we got there," Anita agreed.

Bill leaned toward her. "We did have fun together sometimes, didn't we, Anita?"

She put her hand over his and looked away. "Dear, we had lots of fun."

He coughed and took up the complaint again. "What's this about a radio?" he asked after a moment.

ANITA laughed. "Don't you remember that? It was only about a month ago. Helen Ayres and Molly Dawes were over one Sunday afternoon. We were listening to something or other that was very good and you came in and turned the radio off."

He remembered. "But Baxter is one of our biggest accounts and I had to get that ad written by Monday and had two free hours to do it in. Helen and Molly understood that. It didn't humiliate you."

"What difference does that make?" she asked him calmly.

It made no difference at all—or didn't it? He folded up the complaint. "Well," he said slowly, "I guess it's all right."

She smiled. "I tried to make it as mild as I could."

"Yes," he said. "Yes. I realize that."

"It really doesn't mean anything, that complaint."

"No," he answered, "it doesn't mean anything."

She lifted her wrist to look at her watch. "I've got to go, Bill."

"All right." He paid the waiter. They went out. "I'll walk over to Fifth Avenue with you."

At the corner they stopped.

He signaled a taxi, which swerved in toward the curbing with a metallic whine of its brakes. "Well," he said, "tell your—tell Jimmy I don't like that point in the agreement about seeing Annette every other Sunday."

She nodded. "I'll tell him what you said. And I'll be thinking about it."

"Thanks. We'll always be friends, won't we?" he questioned.

"Why, of course," she answered. "I'll phone you some day when I'm going to be in town. Good-by."

"Good-by," he said, and stood there soberly watching the taxi start off. He felt disturbed. Their last words remained uncomfortably in his mind. For though they had renewed their promise of friendship, there had not been the assurance in her voice that had been there only a few days earlier.

BILL crossed the street to a bus and rode back to his apartment. He was gloomy, not yet adjusted to the solitary life and unwilling to seek those friends of his to whom he would have to give embarrassing explanations.

But when, a week later, George Dawes called him at his office and suggested they have dinner together that night Bill accepted his companionship gladly. "Have to work at the bank till nearly seven," said George over the telephone, "that's the reason I'm staying in. I'll meet you at the club at half-past and we'll sit around and talk."

They met. For a while they fumbled awkwardly at conversation, but then George determinedly cleared his throat and said, "I don't want to butt in on your private affairs, Bill. But—you and Anita are getting a divorce, aren't you?"

Bill nodded. "That's all right, George; yes, we started some time ago."

"I thought there was something up that morning you took your suitcase in. And then of course," he went on to apologize, "Anita has been talking about it."

BILL didn't like the thought of Anita talking of their affairs to outsiders, but he said, "Well, that's all right—people were bound to know about it some time."

"Oh, sure. They were bound to know about it. You can't keep a thing like that in the dark." George paused contemplatively. "It's funny, though, everybody thought you two were a happy pair."

"And now, I suppose," Bill suggested bitterly, "they're thinking I'm a good deal of a fool?"

"Oh, no," George replied hastily, "they're pretty evenly divided on that. I heard Eileen Matthews say Anita should have left you long ago. But Molly, on the other hand, thinks there's a lot to be said on your side too. She thinks you should have at least part custody of Annette, that after last summer ——" He stopped.

"What about last summer?" asked Bill sharply.

Thoughtfully George picked up his fork and inspected the end of it. "Look here, Bill, you don't still feel romantically about Anita, do you?"

"No," said Bill grimly, "we're just good friends, that's all."

"Well," said George, "I suppose you know Anita used to run down to the Beach Club nearly every day—Molly used to see them down there ——"

"See who?" Bill demanded.

"Didn't you know about it? A fellow named Johnston, from Philadelphia. I thought he was a friend of yours too."

Friend. Friend. Bill was beginning to hate the word. "No, he's a friend of Anita's." He lied, "I guess I did know he was there. He had one of those cottages."

George nodded. "Believe he did. But what Molly didn't like was the way Anita neglected Annette. That's what I was getting at. And she thinks you ought to demand equal custody."

THEY had had a good nurse that summer and Annette's tanned skin had fairly glistened with health, but Bill couldn't recollect either fact. He sat looking moody, beginning to regret the agreement which he had signed.

"And another thing," said George sympathetically, "is that I don't like the way Anita runs around and talks. It just doesn't appeal to me. When Margaret Streetman asked her what she was going to do about the house the other day she said she'd have to sell it because she wouldn't have enough alimony to keep it up."

Bill tried to smile but couldn't. Anita meant to sell the house! He thought painfully of the money he had spent on it, making it the way he liked it, of his pride in it, of his especial care of the side lawn. Not enough money to keep it up! It didn't occur to him that Anita merely named insufficient alimony as an excuse for selling the house so as to hide the real reason, which was that she intended to live in Philadelphia. What a fool he had been, he thought, to have signed that agreement.

He stood up, his head dull and heavy. "Well, thanks for dinner, George."

George put out his hand warmly, "Glad you came, old man. And if there's ever anything I can do, I want you to let me know. Because I know how it is."

"Sure," Bill muttered, knowing well that George didn't know how it was. Nobody

(Continued on Page 216)

When you talk about things to eat . . . that's where I come in

Says the Uneeda Boy

I've got something to say, too . . .

If it's refreshments for a bridge party the "Uneeda Bakers" are your best helpers.

Or if you're talking about crackers and milk for the baby—they're still your best helpers.

I guess you can't *think* of a meal that the "Uneeda Bakers" couldn't help you with. They help millions of women every day. They make everything that anybody could want in the way of cookies, crackers and biscuit . . .

And besides . . . they make things so much *better*.

It's the things they use in their bakery—and the way they do their baking. It takes a company like National Biscuit Company to buy such good things to start with—and bakers like the "Uneeda Bakers" to *bake* them.

That's all there is to it. But it means such a lot! And it isn't hard, is it, to look for the N.B.C. Uneeda Seal—just to be *sure* you're buying the best that can be made?

If it's salty soda crackers for the bridge party—all you need to say is "Premium".

One nibble at a Premium Soda Cracker leads to one more—to a dozen more. You can't leave them alone. Their tantalizing saltiness is just enough to make them irresistible. No wonder they're the largest selling salted soda cracker on earth.

Fresh always in the package—or if you buy them in bulk at your grocer's.

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A Bran that's *more* delicious . . . *gentler* . . . *more effective*

Because it's whole bran concealed in tender, flavory flakes of this luscious whole wheat cereal.

HERE'S a new, a more delicious way to eat bran. It's Pettijohn's, a delectably, good-to-eat hot cereal that contains whole bran in tender, flavory flakes of whole wheat.

You don't taste the bran in Pettijohn's. But it's there. In fact, Pettijohn's is so effective that hospitals and doctors prescribe this hot cereal for stubborn cases where ordinary treatments fail. Nervous digestions can use Pettijohn's safely, because all the sharp edges of the bran have been softened by cooking.

Contains food elements lacking in average diet

And Pettijohn's is more than "just roughage." It provides important food element gravely lacking in the average civilized diet today. It is unsurpassed by any cereal for its health-protecting vitamins. It contains from 10 to 20 times as much body-building minerals as white flour. Its protein is twice as effective for growth as the protein of ordinary refined cereals!

And Pettijohn's cooks done in from 2 to 5 minutes. It is made by the great Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of 49 different cereal products, with mills in 12 cities throughout the United States and Canada. Try it tomorrow, at the suggestion of The Quaker Oats Company.

Pettijohn's

Are you interested in new menus for children? In new recipes for whole wheat cookies and desserts? Send for a new Free booklet, "The Truth About Bran." Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

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Please send me "The Truth About Bran."
Name.....
Address.....
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(Continued from Page 214)

knew. He went back to his apartment and a lonely bed.

A few days later he heard from Franklin Johns. Anita's complaint was to go before a judge on the following Thursday and Bill must have a lawyer there with his power of attorney, but Johns would attend to that—he knew a good man in Stamford. "But what about that agreement?" Johns asked. "You know it will have to be signed."

"It is signed," Bill replied wearily. "I signed it long ago." Doubt struck him and he added, "Maybe I should have shown it to you first."

"You most certainly should have," Johns rebuked him crisply. "There's nothing I can do for you now."

"I don't want anyone to do anything for me—except to get the whole thing over with." Bill spoke dully.

Each afternoon until the day set for the divorce he waited late in his office, hoping Anita would telephone. A week passed and the only word he had was a message from Johns informing him that the divorce had been granted. Then one morning just before lunch Anita called him.

"Bill?"

"Yes."

"This is Anita. Well, I suppose you heard that I got it?"

"Yes, my lawyer told me." His voice sounded sharp even to himself. "But before I offer my best wishes let me ask you something: Did you or didn't you arrange for me to have Annette a month or so a year?"

"Oh," she answered hesitantly, "we'll try to fix that up. Jimmy said it was better to leave it as it stood just now."

He laughed sarcastically. "I've noticed that good intentions don't go so very damned far against legal documents."

Her voice, the voice that had been so dear to him, changed abruptly. She sounded cold and formal. "Well, I merely called to say good-by."

"Good-by." He repeated the word bitterly. As he spoke he had the shameful knowledge that it *was* good-by, not only till he happened to see her again, but also to their generous attitude of friendship.

Insurance for Old Age

(Continued from Page 37)

lists, created with the best possible intentions, becoming far too heavy to bear. The pity of it is that all this suffering and want consequent upon considering a pension as a form of charity is needless.

It is wholly feasible to take income provisions for old age out of the class of worthy charities and put them on a self-respecting business basis, and at the same time to get more for less money. It is only necessary to apply that well-known and universal law of averages which is the foundation of insurance.

Let us take for granted, for the sake of argument, that it is out of the question for a man of moderate income adequately to provide for his family and himself during his active years of work and have left over a sum which, even if most wisely and conservatively invested from year to year, will provide a certain income at age sixty-five adequate to support a comfortable scale of living without touching the principal.

The scale of living is very important in these days when most of us depend on wages or salaries for the bulk of our incomes. A man who has been earning and living at the rate of $5000 a year is not going to be very happy if at age sixty-five he must take a sudden drop to living on $600 a year. Any really satisfactory old-age income plan cannot simply take for granted that at age sixty-five a flat sum will meet every need.

If each individual be considered alone, and capable of providing for himself only by his own exertions, then the situation would be indeed unfortunate. But if we consider the individual as a member of a group the whole situation changes.

A Matter of Insurance

AN INSURANCE company, because it deals with very large groups of people, can estimate with a high accuracy how many of the people it insures at a certain age will die before reaching age sixty-five or any other age. And also it can estimate how many of those who live to age sixty-five and start to receive a pension will live to age sixty-six, and so on. Therefore it can contract with an individual to pay him a fixed income from any certain age until death, at a rate very much less than the individual would have to put by at interest to provide the same income.

The insurance company simply represents a pooling of interests. It uses both principal and interest. Those who die and get nothing decrease the cost to those who live and receive pensions. The owners who pay premiums on the buildings that do not burn make possible the payments to the owners of those buildings that do burn.

Thus by joining a group through an insurance company any individual can at a surprisingly low rate absolutely insure against dependency in old age—he can carry his income on his own back and to whatever amount he can afford.

That, however, is not the whole story. The fund from which the income is paid must accumulate through the years, and while $300 paid at age one will assure fifty dollars a month from age sixty-five, the same amount of pension or annuity will cost $700 at age twenty, about $1100 at age thirty, and from then onward the cost rapidly begins to mount until it soars beyond the means of the man who wants fifty dollars a month.

The Charity Standpoint

THE situation would be simple enough if we could all start off at age one, and some day parents may consider providing an old-age income as the birthright of a child—as an obligation of parenthood. That day is not yet here, but even if it were here it would not greatly matter for some years to come, for quite a number of us have already passed age one.

It may be said at once that if we consider an old-age pension as a right accruing to everyone who reaches a certain age, and to be paid by the state regardless of circumstances or consequences, we find ourselves in an impossible situation.

This is quite apart from the fact that paternalistic legislation is absolutely opposed to the whole American doctrine of individuality and independence. Human nature being what it is, the withdrawing of personal responsibility for provision for old age would destroy that diligence and ambition which have built the nation. Already this is being observed abroad.

Considering the problem of old-age pensions purely as a matter of charity, the best available figures are rather surprising. A most comprehensive survey has been made in Massachusetts and this showed that 84.4 per cent of the persons sixty-five years of age and over were not dependent upon public funds or organized charity. Of the remaining, 8 per cent received some form of pension from the government. Only 6.3 per cent were aided by organized charity, and of these about half were in almshouses or homes for the aged, slightly over 1 per cent were in state insane asylums, and a very small percentage in jail. An investigation made by the

(Continued on Page 219)

★

Keeps Dresses Spotless

WHY get angry over a spot on that pretty dress? Just moisten a clean cloth with a little Energine. Place another cloth or a blotter under spot to be cleaned. Then, a quick *gentle* rub or two—and instantly the spot disappears.

You will be surprised how easily and thoroughly Energine removes spots from the sheerest silk or satin—rayon, wool, linen or cotton. Energine dries instantly.

You soon become an expert in removing spots with Energine by following the simple directions on every label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and, like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

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Slenderizing Fashions for Stout Women and Misses
The New Styles at New Low Prices
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This Style Book is *yours* FREE

STYLES have changed! And to you this is good news, indeed—for the new mode *favors* the fuller figure and the new lowered hemline is definitely slenderizing.

Your whole new costume may just as well come from Fifth Avenue and yet bring to you a big saving in price.

Lane Bryant garments are not merely larger sizes—they are slenderizing styles, correctly proportioned, for all stout women—with plenty of room at arms, bust and hips.

Our new Style Book brings our stores right to your door—for we pay postage on every purchase made by mail. There are for you new delights in Dresses, Coats, Hats, Shoes, Corsets, Underwear—if you write for this book today.

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

TO EVERY BUSY WOMAN WHO WANTS A MORE BEAUTIFUL SKIN

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THIS ORIGINAL 75¢ BOTTLE OF AMBROSIA

YOU wouldn't believe it: you wouldn't believe that simply cleansing with a liquid—even a liquid that is sunlit, refreshing, zestfully clean as the Springtime — could so quickly refine skin-texture, could keep it firm, radiant, young!

You wouldn't believe it, so we want to send you Ambrosia. This is an unusual offer... a daring test of a wholly new method of cleansing. We make it because we have faith in our product . . . because we have seen the enthusiastic approval of fastidious women, customers of Saks-Fifth Avenue and other smart stores, when the same offer was made to them.

This is the way to use Ambrosia: Wipe thoroughly over the face with cotton, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Now you know the face is perfectly clean. You see the dirt right on the cotton— black dirt from the pores and crevices of the skin. Then stroke the face up with the fingertips until dry. Cleansed, toned, ready for powder . . . your face hasn't felt so glowingly young and alive since you were sixteen.

AMBROSIA

THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

Liquid Ambrosia normalizes and refines skin-texture. It prepares a dry skin to absorb a softening tissue cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles.

Created by a French chemist, named by the Empress Eugenie, Ambrosia was first made in America only to private order. The richest women in New York had Ambrosia prepared especially for them. Famous actresses recommended it to their personal friends. And now a 75¢ bottle is offered to you, without cost, for your approval.

Medical authorities agree: Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores, dissolves out the deepest dirt, leaves no clogging particles of sediment to collect dust and germs. Ambrosia is safe—no caustic alkali, no wax. Swift —a one minute facial. Convenient—nothing to wipe away.

On sale at better drug and department stores everywhere, $1, $1.75, $3.

Mail the coupon at once. We will send you FREE the original 75c flacon of Ambrosia. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 3-H, 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
In Canada address: Dept. 3-H, 69 York St., Toronto, Ontario.

Good until July 1st—only one to a customer

Please send FREE the 75c bottle of Ambrosia

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In this fine CHEESE

...a new time-mellowed flavor that only "CAVE CURING" can give

The Kraft five pound loaf, with the rare "cave cured" flavor, is now wrapped in a new silver foil, so marked that you can identify the smallest slice. Ask your dealer to cut any amount for you — Kraft American Cheese or Pimento. Also in the quarter and half pound package

Now, in this country, Kraft-Phenix, the world's greatest cheese makers, are offering everyone, everywhere, a new delight . . .

The teasing, long remembered flavor of "cave cured" cheese.

The same time-mellowed goodness that has made the limestone caves of Southern France—cool, deep, wind-blown—famous for the cheeses ripened in them!

To give you this rare delicacy of flavor, the ideal conditions of these famous caves of France have been reproduced. With infinite care and skill, nature is assisted in her unhurried task. Kraft cheese makers duplicate precise temperatures . . . regulate subtle variations of moisture and skilfully control ventilation.

Visitors to the Old World rejoice in the time-mellowed flavor of the cheeses served in even the smallest inns. Kraft Cheese . . . aged, ripe, mellow . . . makes this pleasure possible for everyone

Master cheese blenders choose . . . now a mild cheese, made in June when cows graze in the clover . . . now a "cave cured" cheese, with the ripened flavor that's the pride of Old World epicures. They blend, test, taste—until piquancy and mildness mingle in just the right degree.

With what proud results! The smooth creaminess revered by cheese lovers is there. So too is the tenderness. But a new savory quality has been added—a rich, mellow flavor that only Kraft "cave curing" can impart.

You'll want this cheese for impromptu lunches, for desserts, for any number of cooking uses. And because it is thoroughly ripened, it is one of the most digestible of foods.

Ask for it at your grocer's—Kraft American and Kraft Pimento. In the familiar quarter and half pound package. And in the five pound loaf, now wrapped in a fine new silver foil of striking design. There's a rare treat in store for you. Try some today. And remember Kraft Brick and Swiss Cheese, too.

KRAFT-PHENIX CHEESE CORPORATION
General Offices, Chicago, Illinois

Many mothers keep the little silver and blue "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese always on hand. It's so rich in calcium and vitamin A—those builders of sturdy bone and good strong teeth. Children love the creamy flavor of this cheese. Give them all they want to eat

KRAFT-PHENIX PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 216)

National Civic Federation in parts of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut bears out these figures, and they may be taken as fairly accurate for the more densely populated parts of the whole country.

Germany has every possible sort of state insurance, but, in addition to this, one-third of the taxes in German cities of over 25,000 inhabitants goes for poor relief. In Great Britain for fifteen years, until 1927, a form of pension was paid to all persons over seventy years old who could prove poverty, and the country now has a very broad social program, but the additional sums for poor relief in England and Wales have risen from around $70,000,000 in 1912 to more than $200,000,000 in 1928.

The paying of a pension would seem to be a very simple matter. If it is to be paid by the state, then it is only necessary to find out how many people are eligible for the pension according to its terms, appropriate the money from current revenues and make the payments.

If the State of New York should pay a pension of only one dollar a day to those people sixty-five and over who can prove poverty, the cost would run at least $35,000,000 a year. The poverty classification never lasts long, and judging by the experience of Great Britain about one-half of those reaching age sixty-five would qualify for a pension. This would make the cost to the State of New York $99,000,000 a year for a pension of a dollar a day. That is a large liability to assume and would mean a substantial increase in taxes. Taxing beyond a point to alleviate poverty merely serves to promote poverty.

The position of a state is not different from that of an industrial corporation which agrees to pay pensions out of income. For a few years the plan works well enough, for the number of pensioners is small; but as soon as the average age begins to increase, the number of pensioners begins to grow, and soon the company finds that pension payments threaten to wipe out its earnings. One company has a plan that in the natural course of events, according to the insurance tables, will require more money for pensions than the corporation can reasonably earn—it is faced with existing solely to pay pensions and without a cent over for dividends.

The whole trouble is that our people have viewed the paying of pensions as an act of charity and not as an affair of insurance. The thought will not down that a pension represents a giving by one who has to one who has not. The real situation is somewhat difficult to understand, but its understanding is necessary.

Preserving Income

IF THE pension be fifty dollars a month from age sixty-five until death, then the undertaking is to pay $7200 to each man who reaches the age of sixty-five. Some will live more than twelve years and others less, but the average will be twelve years. If the money had been previously accumulated, however, so that the sum could be set aside when the man reached the age of sixty-five, then only $6000 would be required, because that sum plus interest will produce the amount required.

So really when the undertaking is made to pay a pension at age sixty-five, the liability begins when the man starts to work. We can take that age as twenty years, and unless the start is then made toward creating the fund to be ready at sixty-five, only trouble is ahead.

This has now been realized in the British and in the German pension systems, both of which involve compulsory contributions from wage workers. The German worker pays 8 per cent of his wages and the employer 7½ per cent, so that 15½ per cent of wages in Germany go to pay for the various forms of social insurance, including old-age pensions. None of the foreign plans pays an old-age pension in an amount that would here be worth bothering with, and yet the plans not only draw heavily on taxes but are faced with very large deficits which will have to be made up by even heavier taxation. This taxation will increase poverty by striking at production—at the fountain head of wages.

The only people in this country whose old age need concern us are those whose income is cut off by reason of age. We need not bother about those who have accumulated sufficient capital to live comfortably, while those who never do earn incomes are problems long before old age. They are objects of charity. The old-age problem as we now have it narrows down to preserving the incomes, according to their scale of living, of those who are too old any longer to earn wages or salaries. This is a problem that jointly concerns industry and the individual.

This is where the insurance company as a public-service institution and clearing house must come in. Any pension plan by a corporation which includes only a few hundred lives would involve great risks, because there would not be enough people concerned to make the averages of the experience tables come true.

The Thrift Factor

EVERY company that undertakes to make a proper pension provision for its people according to their wages or salaries is taking a step in the right direction. The point is that we shall not have gone far enough until the worker carries his pension on his own back, and the employer, during the period that the man works for him, pays a part of the cost as a regular cost of production. In all kinds of business the depreciation of things must be charged off as a cost; there is no reason why the same principle cannot be carried into the hiring of human beings.

If a man of twenty enters employment a deposit of $700 will be necessary to secure him a pension of fifty dollars a month from age sixty-five. This payment can be made in forty-five annual installments of about thirty-five dollars each—one-half being paid by the employer and the other half by the man.

If the man is afraid to gamble against age, then for a slightly higher payment the money that he has paid will be returned to his family in case he dies before reaching sixty-five; and also if he lives to sixty-five, but dies before he has worked out his fund, then the balance can be returned to his heirs.

Any number of arrangements are available. The contract is not with the employing company, but with an insurance company, and whatever is paid on the pension policy is the property of the man. The employer pays the depreciation on the man during the time he employs him, but the man carries the pension on his own back, and if he is not employed he pays the whole deposit—and that payment would be serious only in the case of prolonged unemployment. This might also be covered by some method of insurance which I am not here prepared to state.

This manner of old-age pension has been in force for some years in our own company. Its extension to industry generally is perfectly feasible, and it has a number of cold business advantages which it is not necessary to cloud with emotion. That a man should have a protection against old age is not debatable. And, further, it is obvious that unless the amount of the income be commensurate with previous earnings the pension is not of much worth—the British pension is so small that many men must continue working after reaching the pension age simply because the pension is not enough to support them.

If we can put old-age provision upon the basis of thrift on the part of the individual and a recognition of the depreciation of the individual on the part of the employer, we shall have gone far toward making ourselves a self-reliant society of true democracy.

The means to do all this are at hand.

FOR ARTFULLY SCULPTURED HEADLINES

-this Better Comb

Ace Combs

The uniformly rounded, highly polished teeth allow the comb to pass smoothly through the hair.

Inferior Combs

Sharp points which scratch the scalp, and uneven edges which catch and cut the hair.

A PLEASING formality in hairdress harmonizes with this season's costuming. Coiffures have a nice propriety combined with a sly sophistication. They are prim, but artfully so. For carrying out this effect the comb used is of utmost importance. You can be confident of satisfactory service from an Ace Comb.

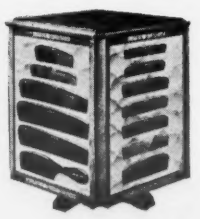
Ace Combs are fashioned of hard rubber—a substance unusually durable and capable of taking and holding a lustrous polish. Instead of being stenciled from a flat sheet, Ace Combs are moulded before the rubber is hardened. They are then polished so highly that no trace of roughness remains.

The teeth points and edges are uniformly rounded and smooth, allowing the comb to glide easily through the hair without catching or breaking the strands. The grooves are deep and even and permit of deft handling of the hair. Regular use of Ace Combs lends the hair added beauty by gently massaging the scalp and distributing its natural oils.

Keeping Ace Combs clean is a simple matter because the hard rubber resists soap, oils and the chemicals of hair preparations, and the polished surfaces cannot absorb impurities.

Most drug and department stores display Ace Combs in cabinets as shown at the left. You will want several kinds—the eight or nine inch lengths for your dressing table and guest room, two or three of the smaller sizes for your handbags, and, of course, the "dry shampoo" comb to keep your hair free from dust between washings.

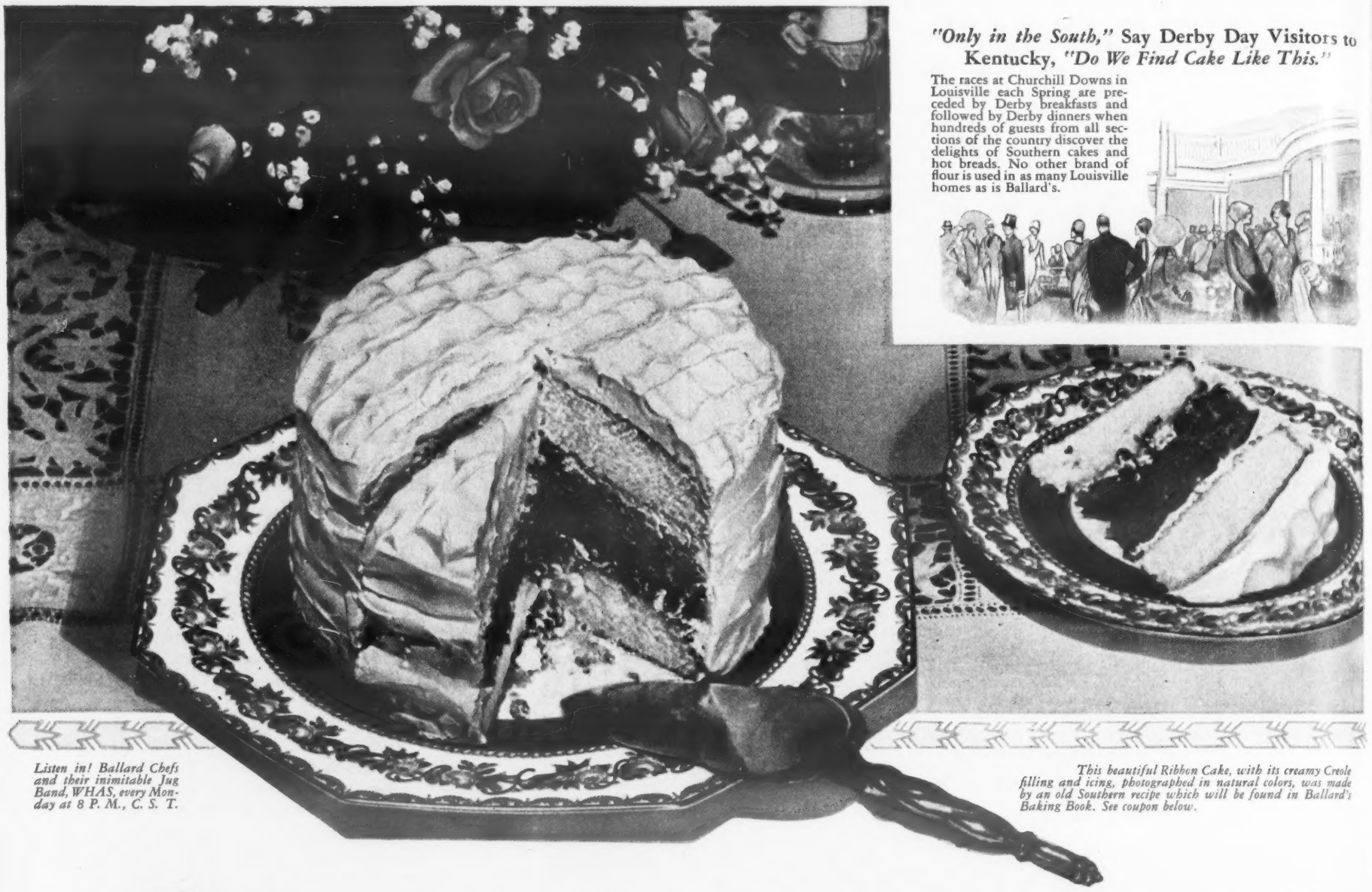
We have accumulated some extremely useful information on the care of the hair in an authoritative illustrated book, "Lovely Hair", that you may have for the asking.



ACE COMBS

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your booklet, "Lovely Hair", free of cost. L.H.J. 3
My name and address are written plainly in margin below.



Listen in! Ballard Chefs and their inimitable Jug Band, WHAS, every Monday at 8 P. M., C. S. T.

This beautiful Ribbon Cake, with its creamy Creole filling and icing, photographed in natural colors, was made by an old Southern recipe which will be found in Ballard's Baking Book. See coupon below.

"Only in the South," Say Derby Day Visitors to Kentucky, "Do We Find Cake Like This."

The races at Churchill Downs in Louisville each Spring are preceded by Derby breakfasts and followed by Derby dinners when hundreds of guests from all sections of the country discover the delights of Southern cakes and hot breads. No other brand of flour is used in as many Louisville homes as is Ballard's.

The ingredients you use in baking and those used by expert cooks of the South are all alike . . . *Save One*

Every flour sold under the name of Ballard comes from the same wheat. With a shelf of Ballard flours in your kitchen, you have always on hand the particular flour with which you can make, with greatest ease, delicious cakes, pastry, biscuits, pancakes, waffles, and yeast breads.

Over and over again you hear it . . . that nowhere in the world are breads and cakes and pastry so beautiful and so delectable as in the South. You hear it from countless men and women who visit in the South. You hear it, too, from famous Southern cooks, away from home, who find their hands have lost their cunning. Examine the recipes . . . they are the same. Check the ingredients. One by one, you find them the same . . . with one exception. *The flour is different.* And in this difference lies the explanation of the fame of the South for baking.

The flour is different because it comes from June-ripened soft wheat, a wheat that is more delicate and wonderfully nutritious . . . a wheat that Ballard and Ballard Company, through long experience, have learned to recognize and choose. Of this special wheat, they choose only the cream of the harvest. And for the fine Ballard flours, only the choicest part of each grain is used.

Look at this flour made by Ballard . . . you have never seen such delicacy, such snowy whiteness. Rub it between your fingers . . . you have never felt such silky smoothness. Use this flour in your baking, and what do you find? Your breads and cakes and pastry will be more delicious, because the special type of wheat that makes this flour is richer in flavor. They will be more beautiful in color and texture, because this flour is whiter and softer. They will be lighter, because this flour expands more rapidly. You will save from 45 minutes to two hours in making yeast breads, because this flour permits more rapid fermentation. Your breads and cakes will stay fresh longer, because this flour retains moisture longer. Do you wonder that, with flour like this, Southern women have no difficulty in making the delicious breads and cakes and pastry for which they are famous?

Until now this more delicate flour, milled by the special Ballard process, has been available only in the South. Soon, however, it will be offered to women everywhere. *Ballard's Obelisk* which has been, for fifty years, the outstanding flour of the South . . . *Ballard's Cake Flour,* which is *Obelisk* with the greater number of siftings to insure cakes that are exquisitely light and fine . . . *Ballard's New South Flour,* a worthy companion to *Obelisk* as an all-purpose flour, though somewhat lower in price . . . *Ballard's Biscuit Flour* and *Ballard's Pancake Flour,* so simple to use that, with them, anyone can make delicious hot Southern biscuits and fluffy pancakes.

As a promise of the new ease and deliciousness in baking which are in store for you, we will send you generous packages of Ballard flours to try in your kitchen, together with a new baking book of tested recipes. With Ballard flours and the recipes and information given in this book, you can bake, easily and successfully, such biscuits, cakes and pancakes as visitors to the South discover with delight and never forget. Use the coupon.

BALLARD AND BALLARD COMPANY, Louisville, Ky.

INCORPORATED

World's Largest Soft Winter Wheat Flour Mill

FOUNDED 1880 . . . UNDER CONTINUOUS MANAGEMENT FOR HALF A CENTURY

A Shelf of Ballard Flours For Your Kitchen

For $1.00 enclosed, trial packages of four Ballard Flours will be sent you, together with a one-hand flour sifter, a biscuit cutter and a copy of Ballard's Baking Book. The flours are: *Ballard's Obelisk, Ballard's Cake, Ballard's Biscuit, Ballard's Pancake Flour.* Satisfaction guaranteed.

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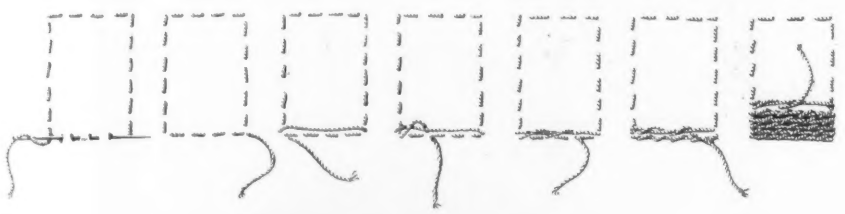
The Stitch of Kiev

By ALICE LEE MYERS



A fascinating bag of black moire is decorated with typical Russian design in Kiev stitch—No. 720

Design No. 5790—A charming child's dress in peasant style, to be decorated with the flower garland.

CROSS-STITCH, crown jewels and caviar conjure up the vast domain of Russia. But the stitch of Kiev is quite as typical and perhaps more ancient than any of them. This very beautiful and easy embroidery dates back to the eleventh century when Vladimir of Kiev, called the Saint, introduced Christianity and unified the Russias. The stitch was used by the nuns working in the convents near Kiev for church vestments and church decoration. Through the ages this stitch has been appropriated for household and personal decoration. Because of its ease of execution and its economy of thread, the stitch is also called the "Narodny" or "popular" stitch. The swan design on the black moire sewing bag dates from the seventeenth century, the bird, eccentric water-flowers and squares being characteristic old motifs.

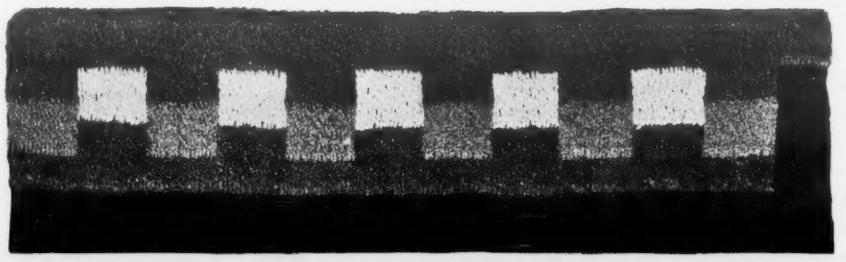
The diagram at the top of the page shows the steps which are to be followed in making the Kiev stitch. An embroidery frame is always used. It is well to begin with a simple pattern such as the border for a scarf which is included in Design No. 720. The chief requisite for obtaining perfect Kievsky stitch is to keep the thread taut and to work at right angles to the straight of the material. No knots are permitted on the wrong side as the back must be as neat as the right side.

The large motif, No. 713, and the bag motif, included in No. 720, are typical of the most popular Russian designs—flowers and birds. For the former, mercerized cotton is used and for the bag a loosely twisted silk. Wool is also very effective for a large design. The stitch is particularly durable for hard wear or washing as the thread cannot catch and be pulled.

In learning the Kievsky stitch, cubistic patterns worked out in squares or circles for runners, cushions or place mats, would be ingenious and amusing. The garland of flowers, No. 721, on the child's dress can be used effectively on wool, silk or cotton material in any kind of thread, although mercerized cotton will be found to be the easiest for the beginner.

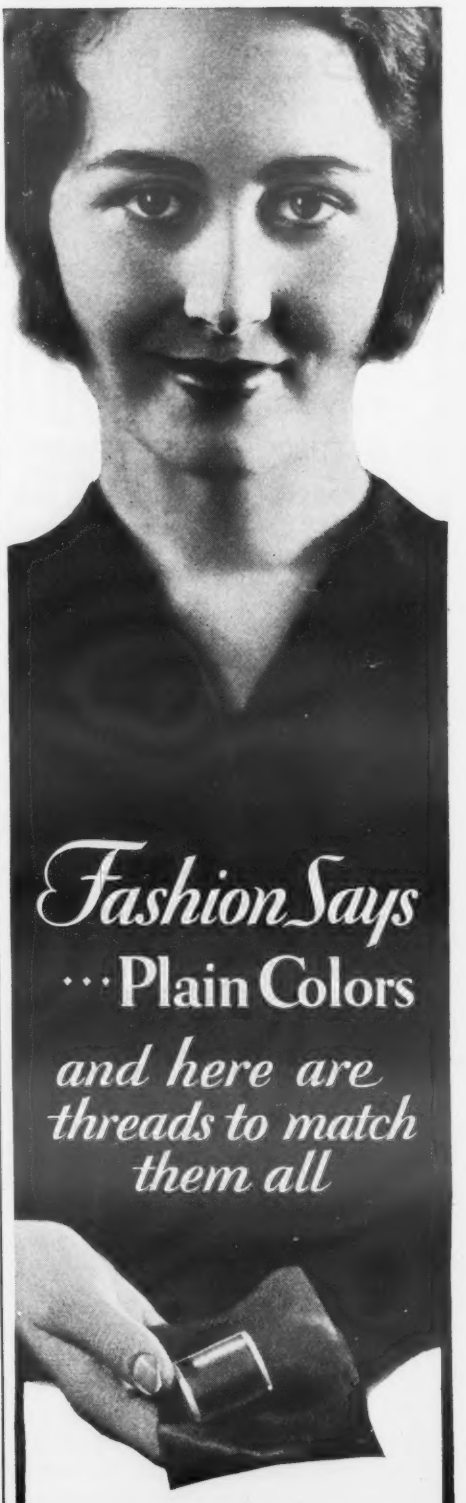
The Kiev stitch garland of flowers—No. 721—which is used on the child's dress is shown in more detail at the right.

Below, No. 720—A simple application of Kiev stitch in an effective scarf border.



Design No. 713—Striking motif in Russian colorings for pillows, wall hangings and the like.

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girl's, 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents; Transfers, 25 cents.



Fashion Says ···Plain Colors and here are threads to match them all

Yes, threads that blend and lose themselves in the rich dark shades and delicate tints of the new silks, the new woolens, rayons, cottons, linens. For we matched them in the making with the very fabrics you have chosen.

So simply take a sample of your material to the nearest notion department and say "Match this please with Clark's O. N. T. or J. & P. Coats Mercerized Threads." Use these famous quality threads for stitching every fabric—use them for dresses, draperies, children's clothes. They are lustrous in finish, smooth flowing through the needle, and they never fade—every color is guaranteed boilfast. And consider the price—only 5 cents for 100 yards.

Clark's O.N.T. or J. & P. Coats Mercerized Threads in Boilfast COLORS

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THE D·M·C LIBRARY
which is unique in its kind, contains a series of works dealing with every subject connected with Art Needlework.

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge says:

(IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.)

". . . But I could sew, and I have always taken great delight in all forms of this domestic art, preferring that pastime to playing bridge; and when my friends had card parties, they invited me to come and bring my sewing. Every girl should be taught to sew, not merely for the sake of making something, but as an accomplishment which may prove a stabilizer in time of perplexity or distress. Many a time, when I have needed to hold myself firmly, I have taken up my needle; it might be a sewing needle, knitting needles, or a crochet hook—whatever its form or purpose, it often proved to be as the needle of the compass, keeping me to the course. I look for a revival of the homey household arts. Such a revival may not bring about the peace of nations, but I firmly believe it will aid in bringing peace within our homes, and this will be more far-reaching than we realize."

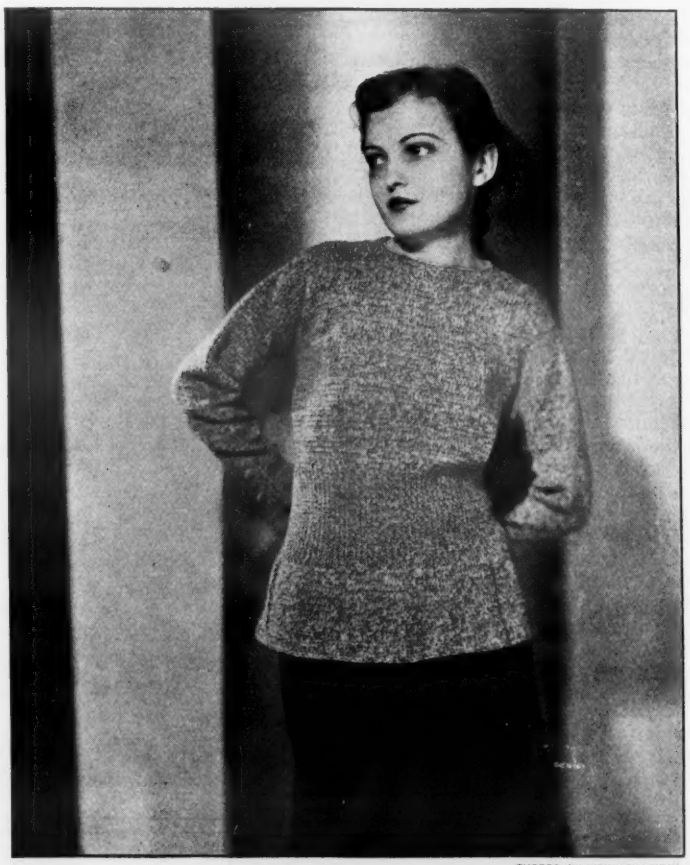
You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

Sweaters Adopt New Lines

Designed by Merle Munn

SWEATER BLOUSES to be worn with separate skirts adopt the new normal waistline and are particularly smart this spring. Miss Zita Johann, the young actress who played last year in Machinal, wears—above—a sports model in green with neckline and cuff stripes and a simulated belt of red and white.

Below, Miss Johann wears a jumper with pinched-in waistline and slightly flaring peplum effect. It is knitted in the new tweed-effect wool and makes a very smart accessory for a two-piece short-jacketed tweed suit. Directions for knitting both sweaters will be mailed if you address your request accompanied by a two-cent stamp to the Needlework Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



PHOTOS. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

..the line..the color of PARIS for $9.90 $14.75 $24.75

IN THE FASHION CENTERS *of the world these new modes are now being shown . . . and beginning March 21st you'll find them in your own J. C. Penney store. Three-piece jacket suits with coats slightly fitted at the waistline. Crêpe dresses with sleeves that cascade into graceful ruffles just above the elbow. All the high shades and black, with new Spring hats to match . . . turbans and narrow-brimmed styles in the new summer straws.*

NOW . . . right in your own J. C. Penney Company store are new Spring frocks, coats and jacket suits, inspired by those that so recently made their début in Paris.

Each one with a dressmaker's touch of flattery that even the prettiest frocks have not had in years. For the French originals, like our own adaptations, show the universally becoming lingerie touch on almost every dress . . . at the neck, the cuff, or in decorative bows of snowy piqué and soft white batiste.

In the important matter of skirt lengths, too, we've followed the dictates of the great couturiers and made them a trifle shorter than in the Winter mode . . .

These are but two of the many details of new fashion interest faithfully reproduced in our collection for Spring. And each dress . . . coat . . . and suit that they adorn is made with all the care that women expect to find in J. C. Penney clothing.

We sincerely believe that no other store can offer you such frocks as these . . . made of the finest materials, fashioned to fit as though designed for you alone and *priced in the remarkably low range* of $9.90, $14.75 and $24.75! If we sold Spring wardrobes to the women of your city alone, we, too, would charge much more for these smart, well-made garments. But well-dressed women *in 1,400 cities* come to us for everything they wear. They trade with us in ever-mounting numbers each year.

And the result of this steady growth is a great purchasing power that commands for us the manufacturer's *lowest price* on the fine things we buy.

As we open one new store after another, we continually discover new efficiencies in storekeeping . . . more economical methods of handling our merchandise on its way to you. Consequently we never waste a cent of the tremendous savings our large orders earn. And we pass them on to you in values that are outstanding.

Write to us and we will gladly tell you the location of our nearest store. We will send you, too, a FREE copy of our illustrated "Store News." J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

Important Details of new PARIS *Fashions shown in the J. C. Penney Mode for Spring*

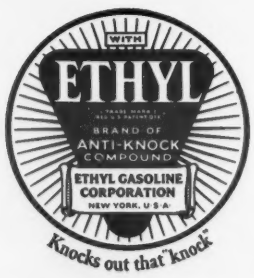
QUAINT PUFFED SLEEVES, *slashed and edged with organdy pleating.* DAYTIME SKIRTS *even all around . . . pointed panels are reserved for evening wear.* WHITE PIQUÉ COLLARS *with butterfly bows of the same material.* WIDE BELTS *of high-lustre leather that fit snugly so far as they go. Half way around, that's all!*

J. C. PENNEY CO. INC. DEPT. STORES

The largest department store in the world . . . under more than 1,400 roofs!

Confidently you step on it. Ethyl will make your car respond quicker. The swift, sure pick-up makes passing easier and safer.

Ethyl will help you pass safely



Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

© E. G. C. 1930

WHEN a slow-moving vehicle ahead *must* be passed—that is a time when Ethyl helps. There are many others.

For Ethyl is more than gasoline. It is good gasoline *plus* the Ethyl anti-knock compound developed by General Motors Research Laboratories to improve motor car performance.

Ethyl Gasoline makes *any* car run better. Whether you drive a new high-compression car or a faithful old car of average compression, you'll find Ethyl a big help.

Try a tankful today. You won't go back to ordinary fuel. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead.

ETHYL GASOLINE

The Scourge

(Continued from Page 17)

she had been taught at a French finishing school sixty-two years earlier. She was resplendent in black velvet, almost covered with antique spidery lace which had been handed down to her from her great-grandmother. The Garrod jewels were worn sparingly, but right effectively. Her high-bred parchment face was crowned by the pile of snow-white hair which was her chief vanity and on whose luxuriance and beauty she loved to be complimented.

Like an Old World marquise she moved among the twentieth-century guests who seemed almost uncouth by contrast to her. Even the Tredways were visibly impressed.

Dinner was a success—an unqualified success from every possible standpoint. When it was over and the men had joined the women in the drawing-room, Miss Garrod reclined in a Madame Récamier pose on a chaise longue, her court around her, and prepared to enjoy the rest of the evening as thoroughly as she had enjoyed the meal itself.

It is ill to turn for even the merest moment or two from so refined and beautiful a scene to the squalor of a boarding kennel. But such things must be.

TWO miles from home, Chips lay sulkily in the corner of his kennel coop and dreamed of his wonted evening romp with Junior. For two dreary days he had been in this loathly place. Experience told him he must expect two weeks more of it.

Chips sighed, and prepared to doze. Just then, the inclosure's door opened. The attendant was bringing him his evening rations. Spurred by a new access of homesickness, Chips went into vehement action. In one diving leap he had sprung between the attendant's slightly bowed legs and was streaking for the inclosure door which had been left ajar.

Chips' short legs spurned the frozen earth in his frenzied two-mile gallop for home. In record speed he made the trip. Presently he had reached the Grays' house and was circling it at a hand gallop, seeking ingress.

He butted open a swinging cellar window and plunged down upon a heap of coal just beneath. He coasted and rolled to the bottom of the coal hill, found his legs again and scampered up the cellar stairs. At the top, he headed toward the distant drawing-room whence issued all those happy voices. Chips dearly loved a crowd.

Unseen he reached the doorway between the drawing-room and the library.

Projecting over the top of a chaise longue, the back of which was toward him, he caught sight of a mass of snow-white fur.

PAST all doubt it was the collar of his dear white coat! Now for one mighty rush—to grab it and to get safely away to his own kennel with it, before any human could forbid or could snatch it beyond his reach! Once more Chips went into vehement action.

"Yes, perhaps I am just a little tired," Miss Ginevra Garrod was saying, in answer to a solicitious question from Judge Zabriskie. "I suppose you mean I look sallow."

"You know I don't!" declared the old judge in ponderous gallantry. "Not being blind, I couldn't think that. I should say, rather—if I may—that I thought you might be weary, because you seem tonight like a star seen through the mist. I ——"

A screech interrupted his compliment.

Across the room, from behind the chaise longue, a creature of some kind had whizzed toward them. As it came into the radius of lamplight it resolved itself briefly into a fast-galloping little mongrel dog.

Scarce a twentieth of a second did Chips pause behind the chaise longue—barely long enough to seize between his teeth a bounteous mouthful of stately Miss Ginevra Garrod's high-piled white hair.

Giving the hair a tremendous tug, Chips bolted into the front hall, bearing proudly what he deemed to be part of his beloved white ermine coat.

It was not the coat. It was a three-hundred-dollar white wig, marvelously artistic and convincing in structure.

The screech emanated from Miss Garrod. Clapping both thin hands to her all but bald head, the old lady rushed from the room.

IT WAS at the end of the same terrible evening, and in the sanctity of their own bedroom, that Ethel Gray said to her thunderstruck husband:

"That is the dog you've been promising me solemnly you'd get rid of, for the past two years."

As I have hinted, at the outset of this story, there was no reply. Ethel herself was not able to say more. Both husband and wife knew what must be the result of the evening's happening.

Yes, everything was not only so bad as possibly it could be but fiftyfold worse. The great Miss Ginevra Garrod had—literally—been "snatched baldheaded," in the sight of the multitude. And by a dog. By the one creature above all others she hated and feared. Truly, Chips had justified to infinity his nickname of "The Scourge."

Cheerily dawned the January morning. With no cheer at all the Gray family gathered mutely at the breakfast table.

Across the dining room and out onto the back porch and thence down the long and steep back-porch steps, frisked Chips on his way to his kennel for a snooze. The sight loosed the vials of wrath in Ethel's brain. Curtly she ordered the children from the room. Then she whirled toward her husband.

"PAUL GRAY!" she declaimed. "There is one thing you can do—one thing that must be done, now. Go upstairs and get your shotgun and bring it down into the yard and shoot that horrible Scourge. Do it this instant! Never mind the Tredways! It's too late to trouble about them. If anything can soften Aunt Ginevra's heart it will be to know we've made what amends we can by killing the miserable brute that humiliated her so. There's only one chance in a thousand. But it is the only chance. Do as I say!"

With feet dragging and with a queerly sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, Paul slouched upstairs toward the attic wherein was the trunk that held his shooting outfit. Up to the attic he made his inch-at-a-time way.

Ethel turned toward the window. Something white in the back-garden yard had caught her strained gaze. There, up and down the frosty paths, crowned as of yore by her wig, Miss Ginevra Garrod was stumping along with her cane, taking the after-breakfast constitutional which she never omitted under any pretext.

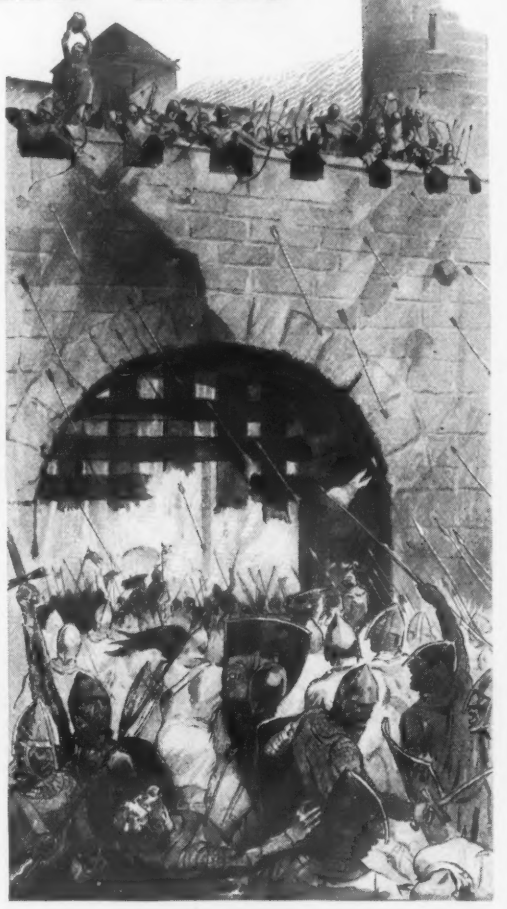
The sight galvanized Ethel into life. She rang for a maid and told her to run upstairs for little Ginevra's ermine coat. Then she called Ginevra.

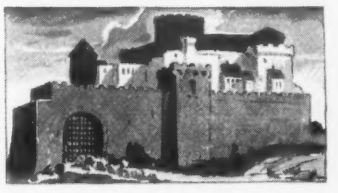
An inspiration had come upon Ethel. Miss Garrod loved Ginevra better than all else. Should the chubby child be sent out to her, clad in the gift coat, it might help to soothe the humiliation-steeled visitor for a later interview with Ethel herself.

"Listen, darling," she bade the flustered child. "Run out to the garden, just as quickly as you can. Aunt Ginevra is out there. Run out and go straight over to her and hold up your face to be kissed—like this—and say, 'Good morning, Godmother dearest!'—just like that. And

A Thousand Tons of Stone

but not one ounce of protection





WALLS bristle with armaments. Every buttressed salient speaks of mighty strength . . . protection . . . security!

But grim stone resounds with hollow mockery to the tread of the conquerors who swarm through the broken gate—the one vulnerable point that renders the ponderous barriers utterly useless. One would be as safe in the open! The impressive height of the sheer wall is without avail . . . it is protection that does not protect.

When the choice of a grave vault is being made, there is one consideration that outbalances all others . . . *protection* from water. Any vault that fails to give this protection is like a fortress with the gate open to the enemy! Impressive beauty means nothing at all if, because of unsuitable material or weakness in construction, there is one single spot through which it is possible for water to enter.

The Clark Vault has attained its nation-wide leadership by providing complete and dependable protection. To this end it is constructed of the finest grade of 12 gauge Keystone Copper Steel or Armco Ingot Iron, especially processed for Clark. Metal alone is impervious to water.

To this end, also, it is designed on the principle of the diving bell so as to be entirely independent of man-made seals or locks. Further, it is double-welded into one inseparable unit. Water *cannot* get into the Clark Grave Vault. Each Clark carries a 50-year guaranty.

Solid copper, 10 gauge in thickness, is used in making the beautiful Clark de luxe model. It is guaranteed perpetually.

In material, design, and workmanship the Clark Vault adds to absolute protection a degree of beauty and dignity that is in keeping with today's taste and standards. It is a gracious tribute to memories . . . a fitting symbol of love and reverence that passing years cannot dim.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all

Clark Vaults can be obtained through better funeral directors everywhere, in the following models:
Gray and White Lacquer Finish
Silver Tone and Copper Finish, Cadmium Plated by Udylite Process
De Luxe, 10 Gauge Solid Copper

An inverted glass tumbler placed in water will not fill. That is the diving bell principle, an immutable law of nature employed in Clark Vault designing. No man-made seals or locks . . . the Clark Vault *needs* none. It never fails to give complete protection.

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark the vault is not a Clark

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FREE TO MOTHERS

▲▲ Liberal Size Cake of this CERTIFIED Soap Creation for Your Baby

A Scientific Creation That Throws an Entirely New Light on Bathing Babies

FOR your baby's sake, and your own, please accept a liberal size cake of the first scientifically CERTIFIED *Soap*. Mail coupon and it will be sent you free. This creation brings to baby's soap the *safety* that *Certified* brings to milk. What it brings in comfort to your baby will amaze you.

Developed to Overcome a Grave Injustice

It comes from a soap laboratory of international importance. Its name is STORK Soap. It is one of the few soaps in the world that is made from virgin olive and vegetable oils, then super-fatted—and that is CERTIFIED as such. Thus it is gentle beyond words.

It was developed largely on the request of doctors to protect mothers from a grave injustice practiced in calling alkaline soaps "non-irritating" and "safe." *For soaps were called gentle that were not;* harsh soaps, caustic soaps, soaps irritant to baby skins.

To meet that situation this CERTIFIED Baby Soap was developed—so that mothers could be protected in their buying. *Virtually every noted baby doctor in America endorses it.* Leading hospitals employ it.

Beauty experts also recommend it as a facial soap because of its unique mildness. For shampooing it has no superior.

Accept Free Cake

To place it now in the hands of every mother, a liberal size cake will be sent postpaid to try. Just mail the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

LIBERAL SIZE CAKE *and* BOOK FREE
"How Best to Bathe Baby"

LUXOR LIMITED, Dept. H.J.-1
1355 West 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me free one liberal size cake of Stork Soap and the booklet "How Best to Bathe Baby."

STORK SOAP
Certified
Super-Fatted

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

say, 'See my wonderful new coat you gave me.' And say ——"

"But I don't want to kiss her!" pleaded Ginevra. "Her teeth are so big and they're so bony and ——"

"Do as mother says!" commanded Ethel in sudden fierce authority. "Go, this minute! Quick, now!"

Seldom did Ethel Gray speak thus to one of her children. But when she did, they knew better than to cavil.

Sniffling under her breath at the sharpness in her mother's tone, and with her big violet eyes blurred with tears, Ginevra trotted onto the high back porch. As she advanced toward its edge, she sniveled out what she could recall of the words her mother had told her to say.

"G'morning, Godmother dearest," she mumbled tearfully. "G'morning—see my—see the coat—you ——"

It was then that something gripped Ethel Gray's heart and twisted it inside out. From behind the window curtain she had been watching the child's unwilling forward trot. Now she saw Ginevra was toddling blindly toward the abrupt edge of the porch, not toward the narrow steps at one side.

She saw, too, that the low collapsible guardrail, usually fastened across the edge, was gone. It had needed painting and she had sent it to be freshened for Miss Garrod's visit. The painters had forgotten to return it in time. No obstruction stood between the dully advancing child and a sheer seven-foot drop onto the frozen earth and the stacked flowerpots below.

ETHEL rushed for the back door. Subconsciously she could hear Paul clumping slowly down the upper stairs with his gun. She screamed, and ran on. Miss Garrod, in the garden beneath, had heard Ginevra's muttered greeting and had looked up.

Shouting hoarsely to the baby to go back, Miss Garrod stumbled toward her as fast as her shaky old legs would bear her, in wild hope of reaching the bottom of the porch in time to catch the downflying little body before its skull should crack or its neck break against the flinty ground.

Ethel Gray was struggling with the back door's suddenly jammed catch, insane with eagerness to get to the porch and to check the tragedy.

Both she and Miss Garrod were too far away and too variously impeded to have reached their goal in time.

Out from the kennel in the corner of the yard flashed a nondescript shape, traveling at wind speed, hurling itself at the steps and flowing up them rather than climbing them.

Now, Chips had not the remotest idea of Ginevra's mortal peril; nor, if he had had any idea of it, would he have been likely to dash to the rescue. He did not care for Ginevra. She had a bothersome way of squeezing him and of pulling his sensitive ears and of sticking pebbles into his mouth—all of which he had borne, because she was young and helpless. He kept out of her way whenever he could.

BUT his idle glance narrowed and his idle body went into motion the instant he saw she was actually daring to wear his idolized and often-lost ermine coat. There could be no mistake by this clear daylight, as there had been in the dazzle of the lights last evening. This was the coat—not a doubt as to that—Chips' coat. And that unlovable little human was wearing it!

Up the steps he swept and at Ginevra. One of the baby's pudgy-toed shoes had just stepped blindly out into space when a furious tug at the rear of her stout ermine coat jerked her backward from the brink.

But already she was off-balance, toppling forward to her fall. Chips was energetic and Chips was strong, but Chips was small and weighed little. Tug as he would, he could not counteract that outward urge far enough to drag the coat—and the child, too, if must be—back onto the porch.

His nails slipped and his pads slid on the smooth boards as he fought madly for a footing. Backward and forward he and Ginevra lurched.

For what seemed like a century to gasping old Miss Garrod, just below, they reeled thus. Then Ethel Gray conquered the stubborn door latch and charged out onto the porch.

Chips' claws had slipped to the very edge. Ginevra was swinging far over the brink. Ethel lurched forward and seized the child by her white-fox coat collar, drawing her back to safety in one great muscle-wrenching heave.

UP THE steep flight staggered Miss Garrod, galvanized into sudden new life. As she climbed, she was gurgling in a high-pitched monotone, ludicrously different from her majestic voice of ordinary times.

"She's alive! Oh, she's alive! He saved her. If it hadn't been for the splendid glorious magnificent hero dog ——"

She shuddered, then the wavery old voice scaled half an octave as she panted:

"And I hated dogs—wicked and blind that I was! All the stories I ever read about their heroism were true. I see that now. I used to sneer at those stories. Oh, he is wonderful! I can't forgive myself for ——"

Out onto the porch barged Paul Gray, shotgun in hand. He came on the scene to find Ethel on the floor, hugging Ginevra and weeping. His aunt was mounting the last of the steps and was orating disjointedly in a voice not her own. Chips was hauling and jerking viciously at the hem of the white coat. Apparently Miss Garrod was on the rampage. Paul guessed at the cause from the word "dog," which he could catch in her otherwise indistinguishable tirade.

Not content with disgracing her last night Chips was now tearing the expensive coat she had given Ginevra. No wonder the old lady seemed in a hysterical rage. One thing alone could stem that wrath of hers—the instant destruction of its cause. Paul Gray set his teeth, drew a deep breath and leveled the gun at the head of the coat-yanking Chips.

TO HIS stark astonishment, Miss Garrod's crutch stick knocked high the gun barrel before Paul could pull trigger. Then, dropping the stick, Miss Garrod flung herself on her rheumatic knees beside Chips, gathering the dog into her bony arms and straining him to her breast.

"If you shoot him, you'll shoot me first!" she shrilled. "He is a shining hero. He risked his life for her! It was the—the grandest thing I ever saw. He ——"

"Huh?" grunted Paul, his jaw adroop.

"This is my dog!" declared Miss Garrod, challenging the whole world to dispute her claim. "He is mine! He is going home with me and he is going to live on the fat of the land."

"But, aunt, I never ——"

"Paul, you must give him to me—you and Ethel," she demanded, a fierce pleading note in her voice. "You must. No matter how dear he is to you. You'll—you'll find, some day, that I won't be unappreciative of your sacrifice in letting me have him for my own. I promise. If he outlives me, he shall come to you again—along with much else of mine. Much else, Paul! That is a promise too. Say I can have him, both of you! Say it!"

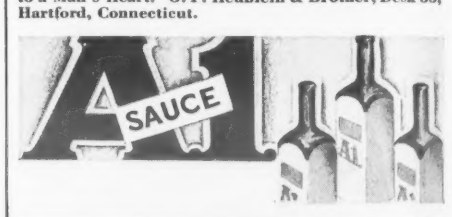
Chips twisted and squirmed in the tremblingly tight grasp of the old arms. Yet he endured the embrace. He endured it in the hope that one of his eel-like wriggles might bring him within jaw reach of that fascinating white wig.

Next to the ermine coat, Miss Garrod's luxuriant mass of shakable and teasable hair was quite the most desirable object in all the world, just now, to Chips. He promised himself many romps with it—a promise he was destined to keep.

"BAKED BEANS, YOU'RE A FINE DISH *with* SAUCE LIKE THIS"

"Don't think it's the baking alone that makes you such a treat, good beans. Not at all. It's the sauce you're with . . . the A-1 Sauce. There's nothing that flavors beans quite so deliciously as a sprinkle of this thick, savory table sauce. It makes them much more appetizing . . . why, even more digestible. Because A-1 Sauce is a perfect blend of delicate spices and seasonings . . . the flavor that makes baked beans tastier than ever before."

A-1 Sauce works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for free recipe booklet, "Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother, Desk 33, Hartford, Connecticut.



Never let a cat scratch you without applying Unguentine *at once*

FOR Unguentine not only relieves the pain quickly, but also guards against the dangerous infection that lurks so often in a cat's claws. Keep Unguentine on hand always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every burn, cut or bruise for months to come.

(See page 190)

This Abdominal Belt is included in all Charis models. It is adjustable in tension and position, from the outside, after the garment has been fastened. A patented feature, exclusive with Charis.

Charis is made in a variety of models to suit different figure types and varying personal preferences. There is a choice of net or rayon tops. Shoulder straps are detachable. Prices range from $6.75 up.

Young Lines for Old

The Charis Corporation has earned commercial leadership through unswerving devotion to certain definite business ideals . . . Its product was created and is made today, to satisfy a universal desire for physical perfection. Precise standards of manufacture have been preserved through years of tremendous growth. An unique, nation-wide sales and service organization is maintained because this company accepts entire responsibility for its customers' satisfaction . . . When a Charis Representative visits you, please consider her the personal delegate of the Charis Corporation.

For the average woman, the fitted mode brings unaccustomed problems in appearance—and in posture. She finds the new gowns designed to outline a foundation of firm, natural curves. To wear them becomingly, she must acquire a gracefully proportioned figure and an erect, youthful carriage.

Naturally, the first step towards solution of these difficulties is the purchase of an adequate foundation garment. And because of its exclusive design, which meets the individual requirements of the wearer, both from the standpoint of appearance and support, the most satisfactory selection will be CHARIS.

The woman who wears CHARIS can, literally, re-create the proportions of her figure. As it is placed on the body, this light, exquisite garment can be adjusted, quickly yet precisely, to modify and define the contours of bust, waist, hips and thighs—producing a smart, youthfully curving silhouette. And, since the degree of figure control at any point is determined by the wearer, the re-proportioning effect of CHARIS is accomplished without restricted movement or discomfort from pressure.

Another important and exclusive feature of CHARIS is the Adjustable Inner Belt. It gives the desired flat, youthful abdominal line and also supports and strengthens this delicate region. Supplemented by light but properly placed back boning, this abdominal belt induces a youthful spirit and correct posture.

CHARIS is sold exclusively by a staff of carefully selected women who are trained for this important service. A CHARIS Representative will bring the garment to your home for careful examination and to explain exactly how its adjustable features enable you to wear the smart, fitted gowns with comfort and distinction. To arrange for a private examination of CHARIS, please telephone the nearest CHARIS Office (listed under the name CHARIS) or mail the coupon below.

To make sure that you receive a genuine Charis, look for the label, bearing the name Charis, sewn on the inside of the garment.

CHARIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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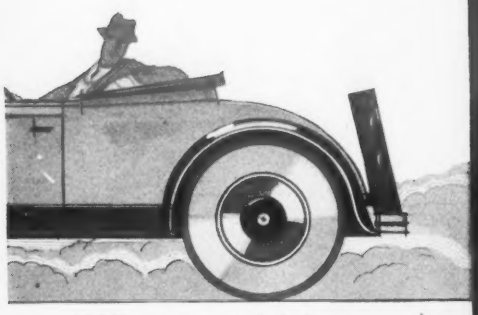
CHARIS CORPORATION, Allentown, Pa.

Please have your representative arrange with me to demonstrate Charis at my home. Also send me "The Charis Handbook of Good Form." . . . If interested in becoming a Charis Representative, write us. Dept. A-1.

Name.....

Address.....

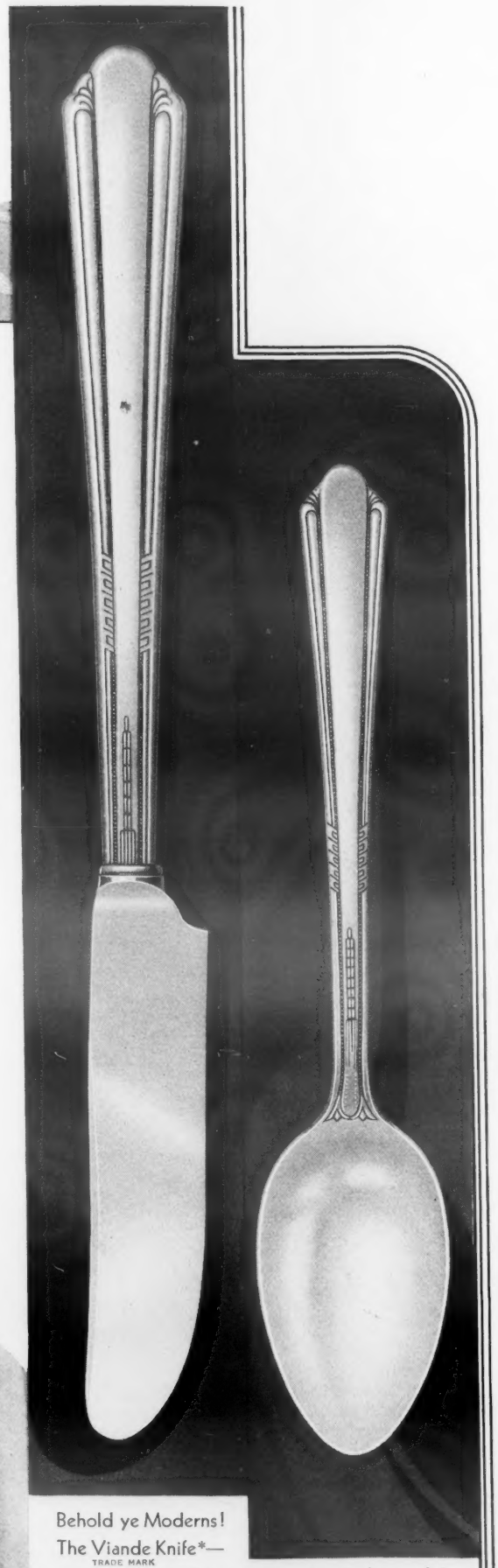
Town..... *State*.....



What would happen

If Goodrich should bring out a tire with the same weight rubber on the tread as on the sides . . . instead of putting heavy cording and more rubber at the wear points? The tire wouldn't last long, would it? There are just as distinct wear points on table silver as on tires. That's why Holmes & Edwards have inlaid pieces of solid silver . . . sterling . . . at the wear points of the most used pieces. Take a spoon for instance . . . on the back of the bowl and handle (the two wear points) pieces of solid silver have cleverly and imperceptibly been inlaid before plating . . . and thus the spoon is protected for all time. Truly, Holmes & Edwards Inlaid is more than Silverplate, yet costs you no more.

Solid Silver Inlaid at the Wear Points



Behold ye Moderns!
The Viande Knife*—
TRADE MARK
graceful—beautiful—smart, and entirely new! A long handle—why, oh why, was it not designed years ago? Accommodates the whole dainty hand when cutting. More beautiful yes—but more practical too.
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Women in Business

(Continued from Page 25)

herself out into independent work once she has adopted the notebook method of activity. This is partly true because of the unwillingness of a good lawyer to let a good stenographer slip away into law clerking or case work, since young lawyers are more readily available than expert stenographers.

Legal work is for the woman who loves to think logically, to act practically and to work on other people's behalf. Precision, imagination, analytical ability and studiousness are indispensable qualifications for the lawyer. In addition, the ability to understand and handle people is vital.

It is a great pity that there are so few women doctors. Nearly every adult woman practices medicine as an amateur in her own home. Women have been midwives from time immemorial. One hundred and forty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-four are trained nurses. Yet only 7219 women are listed under medicine in the last census.

Obstetrics, gynecology, surgery, pediatrics, psychiatry, ophthalmology, röntgenology, internal medicine, dermatology, otolaryngology and dentistry are among the branches of this profession in which women are engaged. Many women are engaged in general medicine.

A woman should become a physician because she wants to overwhelmingly, and not for any ulterior motives. She has enormous opportunities for usefulness and service. The satisfaction which a physician feels upon saving a life or curing a difficult case is not to be found in any other field. Material rewards are negligible in comparison with the real results of able practice. At the beginning it is difficult to become self-supporting. But interest and the sense of achievement are never lacking.

Small-size communities offer the best opportunities today, because the doctors are few and usually overworked. This is especially true for women, since the country doctor must take care of so much of the obstetrical and pediatric work.

Public Relations

MUCH may be accomplished by women in official posts under local or national departments. Political appointments go to women frequently now in matters of child welfare, hygiene, maternity welfare and other branches of preventive or educational work.

Unfortunately hospitals have not altogether recognized the abilities of women, and have withheld many hospital privileges from them. This condition is fast being eliminated.

Women doctors who practice have the vast advantage of being able to talk to women patients with special understanding of their problems. We cannot deny that many women distrust women as doctors. This factor is so potent that the progress of women in the profession is comparatively slow.

The new profession of counsel on public relations has already recruited many women to its ranks. Tradition has not yet been made, therefore women are sharing for the first time in formulating a major profession. They may demand as high salaries and fees for their services as men, some of them earning as much as $100,000 a year. Rarely does a beginner receive less than thirty-five dollars a week.

The counsel on public relations must constantly analyze the public to determine its relationship to her client. She must analyze the client somewhat as a doctor examines her patient before she makes a diagnosis or suggests a cure. And she must formulate policies concerning the practices, habits, and often even the output, of her clients. She must interpret the client to the public.

Scientific Research

THE work is absorbing. Its results are often extremely important, not only to the client but to the public in general. She helps to spread ideas of great significance. The work, however, is hard and the hours are long and indefinite.

The preliminary education is important. She should have more than the equivalent of a college education. If she knows literature, the arts, the sciences, economics, sociology, psychology, finance and general business practices, including selling promotion and general distribution, she can be useful in these fields.

Journalism is invaluable in learning what the broad public thinks and how it reacts to ideas. Practice in expressing ideas graphically is important. The beginner can usually secure work in a press bureau, for the theater, motion pictures or music. Many counsels on public relations have one client to whom they give all their time. Others become consultants to a number of clients with whom they work on a retainer-fee basis, somewhat as a lawyer does.

Science has no sex. Dr. Rosa E. Prigosen says women are engaged in every branch of the work.

Among the most brilliant names in the sciences are Madame Curie, who was a codiscoverer of radium, Florence Sabin, whose work in connection with the lymphatic system is of paramount importance, and Gladys Dick, famous for the Dick test in scarlet fever.

As a rule, science is not a spectacular profession. For one Madame Curie thousands of women labor without recognition in laboratories, in hospitals, in departments of health, in clinics. But the course of civilization is directed by their work in chemistry, bacteriology, serology, metallurgy, meteorology, ornithology, botany, anthropology, chemistry, pathology. Often their importance to society is as great as their modesty.

Though a college education is not essential to all branches, the women who desire prestige will need a degree.

Beginners have little difficulty in finding work in state, city, commercial or even private laboratories.

Subsidiary positions are poorly paid, receiving from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars a month. A few women average five thousand dollars a year. Scientific-research workers can attain many honors and occasionally monetary

Interior Decoration

A NEW YORK decorator gives helpful rules for using color; how to furnish a small house charmingly is told by a California department-store decorator; the JOURNAL's Interior Decoration Editor suggests some eighteenth-century reproductions—all in the

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rewards. Scientific research in industry is still in its infancy in America.

Science demands a powerful capacity for work, patience, compelling curiosity and, above all, an unquenchable enthusiasm for the work.

Dietetics, diet therapy and home economics are new branches of practical science. Their value in hospitals and medical work is recognized. Commercial enterprises, hotels and restaurants are calling for qualified workers. They are professions almost entirely in the hands of women. Opportunities are great, and the field has infinite possibilities.

Education has always been popularly associated with women. But the woman who enters it should have a real call for the profession, for her success and satisfaction will depend upon her innate desires and capabilities.

The average teacher's salary in the United States, says Charles Williams, field secretary of the National Education Association, is lower than the average salary for members of the other professions, and lower also than the salaries of other gainfully occupied persons. In 1926 the average of gainfully occupied persons was $2010. The average salary for public-school teachers, including principals, superintendents and other administrative officers, was only $1275.

In the higher institutions of learning—colleges, universities—only 4 per cent of the full professorships are held by women—that is, 190 out of 4760. But women hold nearly 25 per cent of the instructorships.

Even at the women's colleges it is often found that the women are at a disadvantage and receive lower salaries than men who occupy equal positions.

The woman who sees her task as a broad career rather than a daily stint, and who can do the work with full enthusiasm and interest, has great advantage.

Stage and Pictures

THE lure of music—the concert stage, the opera and the glittering example of great musical personages who have appeared on both of them—has drawn women for centuries. When the other professions and businesses were still not considered respectable for women, Jenny Lind, Lilli Lehmann and other great singers had all the social standing and glory that they might possibly desire. And this glamour has persisted to the present generation.

But music away from the footlights is hard and grueling. Only the fortunate few who are rarely equipped really succeed. The others are lost in a morass of hard work, little recognition and impecuniousness. To be a musician by career in this competitive world today demands outstanding talent—one might even say genius. Genius is hard to suppress.

The student can find first-class conservatories and many excellent teachers. She should choose her goal as soon as she can. If it is opera or the concert stage, foreign work is recommended, because the American public is still influenced in its recognition of a singer or instrumentalist by what foreign critics say. The choir and the radio offer opportunities.

More difficult even is the field of the composer. For practical purposes her music is unborn unless it is performed. That honor is preceded, very often, by years of hard work without audible results.

To be a conductor is nearly impossible for a woman. Ethel Leginska, the pianist, Maria Lundstrom and one or two others are exceptions.

Music, it will be seen, is a career for those only who have been endowed with this gift from the earliest age and who feel an unquenchable desire to gratify their urge. Then the rewards, honorary and financial, are commensurately important.

The stage needs no introduction. If you have decided to become an actress you must recognize the fact that there are few opportunities left in a diminishing theater, and that the public is capricious. It is a difficult career, it is far from lucrative for any individual, in the long run, and it means very hard work, with idle periods between engagements. But if you have decided to become an actress, go to a dramatic school. To the successful, it is a thrilling work.

Motion pictures offer brilliant opportunities, but the competition is keener. The fame is greater, and the actual financial returns to the popular are enormous. But it is not an excellent field for sensitive young women who are not strong enough to combat the social and personal conditions of Hollywood.

Literature

LITERATURE is one of the first professions in which women have engaged with distinction and honor. But even here their participation has been interrupted. Between Sappho and Edith Wharton there have been many George Sands and George Eliots who have assumed masculine *noms de plume* for pragmatic reasons. Today, however, no woman need hesitate from the standpoint of social position, femininity or sales policy from declaring herself candidly.

In the last census there were 3662 male authors and 3006 female authors—almost an accurate numerical equality.

The main branches of literature are biography, fiction, short stories, essays, play-writing, poetry and journalism. Any woman, regardless of her formal educational background, regardless of any geographical age or other classifications, may aspire to any branch of literature.

Literature, in its finest sense, is overwhelmingly unremunerative. But it is, in its finest sense, one of the most satisfactory of all professions to those who lead in sheer ability and love of it.

Fortunately in America today there are allied branches of writing for the novelist, the essayist, the dramatist, the poet, whereby she can earn her livelihood at writing. Work on trade magazines, house organs, publicity, and a great variety of other outlets for talent in the creative use of words, make it possible for her to pass safely through those difficult years before her talent in her chosen field is recognized.

No one needs a broad cultural background more than the writer. Her culture colors, enriches and verifies her work. Schooling, college, post-graduate work, travel—all these things are optional and desirable. Beyond the actual school and university courses in literary composition I should discourage women from taking definite courses in learning how to write for magazines and learning how to write novels for publication. Such commercial schools can only standardize and quench the originality that may be inherent in the author's talent.

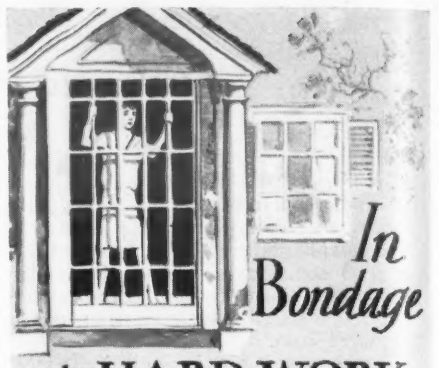
The supreme literary gift comes to few and public recognition often comes late. More writers are engaged in doing what they have to than in doing what they want to. But to the wise and persistent ones will come the opportunity to do one's best.

Publishing offers limited opportunities for women. There are few publishing organizations. Therefore there are few important executive positions open. Subsidiary positions are fairly routinized and the salaries low.

Editing of magazines is another inspiring branch of this field. Journalism and writing generally are assets in securing an opening. Routine or clerical positions are the best openings for unknown and inexperienced people. Gertrude Lane, editor of Woman's Home Companion, and numerous other successful women indicate the possibilities.

Nineteen hundred daily newspapers and 15,000 weekly newspapers are an index of the field open to women in journalism. Few women as yet occupy outstanding positions in the field, though

(Continued on Page 232)



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The moulded, pointed bodice of Poiret's 1930 frock with accented waist and moulded hips demands a perfectly fitting foundation garment.

Under the sheath-like curves of Callot's smart daytime dress, typical of the spring mode, a lightly restraining garment is essential.

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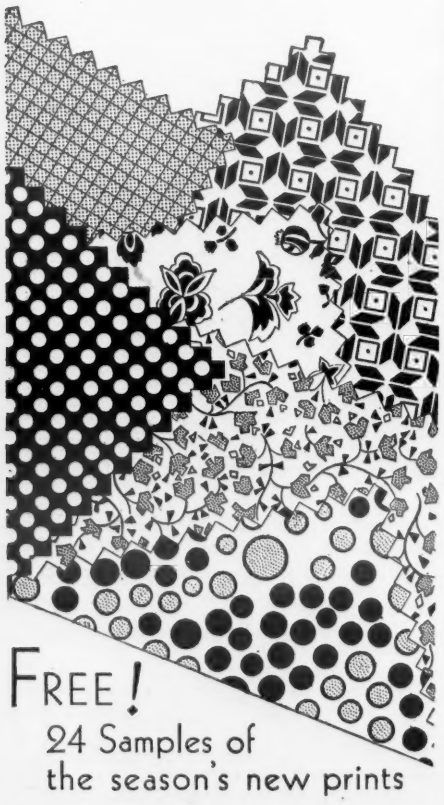

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(Continued from Page 230)

scattered about the country there are women owners and managing editors of newspapers, usually small-town publications—often weeklies. That is no reason, however, for maintaining that women may not occupy the leading administrative positions in journalism some day.

The beginner should know what niche she desires to fill. Is it to be a first-rate reporter? Or is it to be the editor of one of the many departments that make up newspaper work—cooking, dramatic, fashion, book section or one of the others. Mrs. William Brown Meloney is the editor of the Sunday magazine of the New York Herald Tribune. Mrs. Irita Van Doren, on the same paper, is head of the book section. Cora Rigby, political correspondent, is head of the Washington bureau of the Christian Science Monitor.

Salaries in the newspaper field are as varied as the opportunities. Thirty-five to fifty dollars a week is the average salary for the cub reporter on a metropolitan newspaper. Often a newspaper woman has a chance of augmenting her income in other ways. She may develop as a special writer for magazines or syndicates. At the maximum she may earn several hundreds of dollars a week.

The greatest charm of newspaper work lies in the variety of experiences it covers. No two days are alike.

Long service does not necessarily bring the cumulative rewards in newspaper work that it does in other fields. Two other disadvantages loom up. One is the high cost of maintaining appearances in newspaper work. The other is the strain on health and nerves.

With all its faults, journalism represents one of the most active careers for the twentieth-century woman. The young woman who enters the field must remember that her work usually will bring her into contact with all fields.

Librarianship is a scientific profession that may be of service to all others. It has a standardized method of work and requires intensive education and special training in library schools. General public libraries and the many specialized libraries offer numerous excellent opportunities at salaries to women who really love books and like to make them available to readers.

Social service is one of the great palliatives in a civilization that fails to provide for the care and livelihood of great masses of its people.

The Lady Bountiful who distributes baskets and kind words is fast disappearing. Instead we have disciplined groups of workers who have been trained on case work, who have been trained in executive, in organization and administrative work to care for people whose adjustment, economically, industrially, medically, psychologically and socially, needs such aid.

No one who knows of Jane Addams, Mrs. Mary Simkhovitch, Neva Deardorff and others of brilliant and inspired devotion can fail to recognize the importance of this great profession.

Salaries are not high, to be sure, and the period of study and apprenticeship is long. But the sense of satisfaction comes with the knowledge that unbearable conditions have been mitigated.

The limitations of space in our article naturally make it impossible to give exhaustive information on these professions. We shall be glad, however, to answer the queries of any readers who desire more information.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Fleischman on Women in Business. The next will appear in an early issue.

Paper Profits

(Continued from Page 35)

letters beginning "Joe Darling" and "Dearest Pin," dust-covered manuscript plays and crumpled call books. Everything was arched and carved, but the atmosphere remained risqué in spite of the ecclesiastical architecture. The fireplaces were arched, the windows were arched, the two-storied dining-room ceiling was barrel vaulted; although Mr. Pinoccio was a famous bachelor, he had apparently used enormous quantities of face powder.

Betty did her best to like it but failed miserably. She could not help feeling that their new house was not entirely respectable, and Jo Craig's caricatures of the T. Wesley Postlethwaites remained, as they had at La Casa Bianca, the only really homelike things in the place.

The firm of Cary, Rand & Willis had been dissolved by mutual consent and—as she had prophesied—Clarice, through her influence with Mr. Amory, had had no difficulty in securing a place for Larry in Corcoran, Kales & Company.

In social dignity and in outward appearance it differed somewhat from Costain, Cary & Company, or even Cary, Rand & Willis, for it occupied an entire ground floor on Wall Street instead of being one flight up on Broad Street, and most of its customers belonged to what President Eliot, of Harvard University, was wont to refer to as "The Brotherhood of Educated Men." It was, in fact, a sort of intercollegiate club.

Mr. Corcoran, the original senior member, having accumulated six millions of dollars, had died in 1899 of cirrhosis of a liver which was not worth six cents; Mr. Kales, still living, entertained royalties in a restored monastery at Uzès on the Riviera in winter, and spent his summers shooting in Scotland and entertaining royalties. The only active surviving partner, Mr. Amory, was a financier of whom the Wall Street psalmist would unquestionably have sung, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright."

Warren Winslow Amory was one of those very gentlemanly gentlemen who, feeling themselves rather too good for Boston, condescend to make their money in New York. Sixty-one years old, distinguished in appearance, ruddy and self-possessed, with a slightly arrogant manner as if he felt himself to be doing a favor to whomsoever he honored with his conversation, he knew his business and was thoroughly versed in the ways of Wall Street.

Larry was welcomed by this aristocrat with what—in an Amory—constituted an almost excessive warmth. It is true that the Great One did not get up when he shook hands, but he smiled blandly upon his new employe.

"You're a Harvard man?" he enunciated. "I thought I could tell it by your intonation. I believe I used occasionally to run into your father in Boston—musical, wasn't he? Well, I hope you'll like the work here. Let me see—what is your salary going to be? Oh, yes—five thousand. Of course the Exchange won't permit us to pay you on a commission basis, but you'll receive a substantial bonus at Christmas based on the amount of business you bring in."

The machinery behind this cathedral face consisted of ten junior partners—four being Exchange members—and half a dozen customers' men, the chief of whom was a famous ex-football player, known as Ole Bill Rynders, of the Class of '95 at New Haven, and whose business it was to make a loud noise like a Yale man and give a clubby atmosphere to the brokerage office.

By reason of their college and social affiliations Corcoran, Kales & Company did a large amount of business for banks and

(Continued on Page 235)

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few women

"Mrs. Wilkinson is such a wonderful hostess! She always seems to have everything just right."

What a delightful assurance! Yet there's no secret about it, Mrs. Wilkinson would tell you. She learned, long since, how much of cooking success is in using the best of materials . . . Skinner's Macaroni, for instance—her grocer would never think of sending *her* anything less.

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The contest is open to all—residents of the smallest towns, the farms, the largest cities. All have an equal opportunity, for photographic skill is not a consideration—only the charm of the subject. Submit as many prints as you like, but each must be the work of a *professional* photographer.

Decide now that *you* will benefit by this offer. You must act promptly, for the contest closes May 10. So see your local photographer *at once*. He can supply you with entry blanks and give you any assistance you may need in submitting prints. If you are unable to secure entry blanks in your community, fill in and mail the coupon below—don't lose out on this golden opportunity. Address Contest Department, Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to any resident of United States or Canada, except persons or members of families of persons connected in any way with photographic industry.

2. Any photograph taken by professional photographer, after Feb. 20, 1930, shall be eligible for competition. Entrant may submit as many such photographs as desired.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by entry blank, properly filled in. If more than one print is submitted by entrant, each must be accompanied by separate entry blank. Obtain entry blanks from your local photographer, or by using coupon below.

4. Combination or group pictures of mother and children are not eligible for either contest. Each entry must be single figure, mother or child.

5. Photographs of mothers may only be entered by subject herself, or with her written consent; photographs of children only by parents or guardians, or with their written consent.

6. Each prize-winning photograph becomes property of Photographers' Association of America, whose right to use it for advertising, publicity and exhibition purposes is acknowledged by entrant. All other prints will be returned if requested.

7. Any one entrant may receive only one prize. International prize winners are not eligible for sectional competition.

8. Size, style or quality of photograph shall not be given consideration. Awards made solely on appropriateness of subjects as "the loveliest mother" or "the most attractive child."

9. In event of a tie for any award, each tying contestant receives full amount of that prize. Decisions of judges shall be final.

10. All entries must be mailed to Contest Dept., Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, postmarked not later than midnight, May 10, 1930.

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INTERNATIONAL

PHOTOGRAPHERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
Contest Department, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

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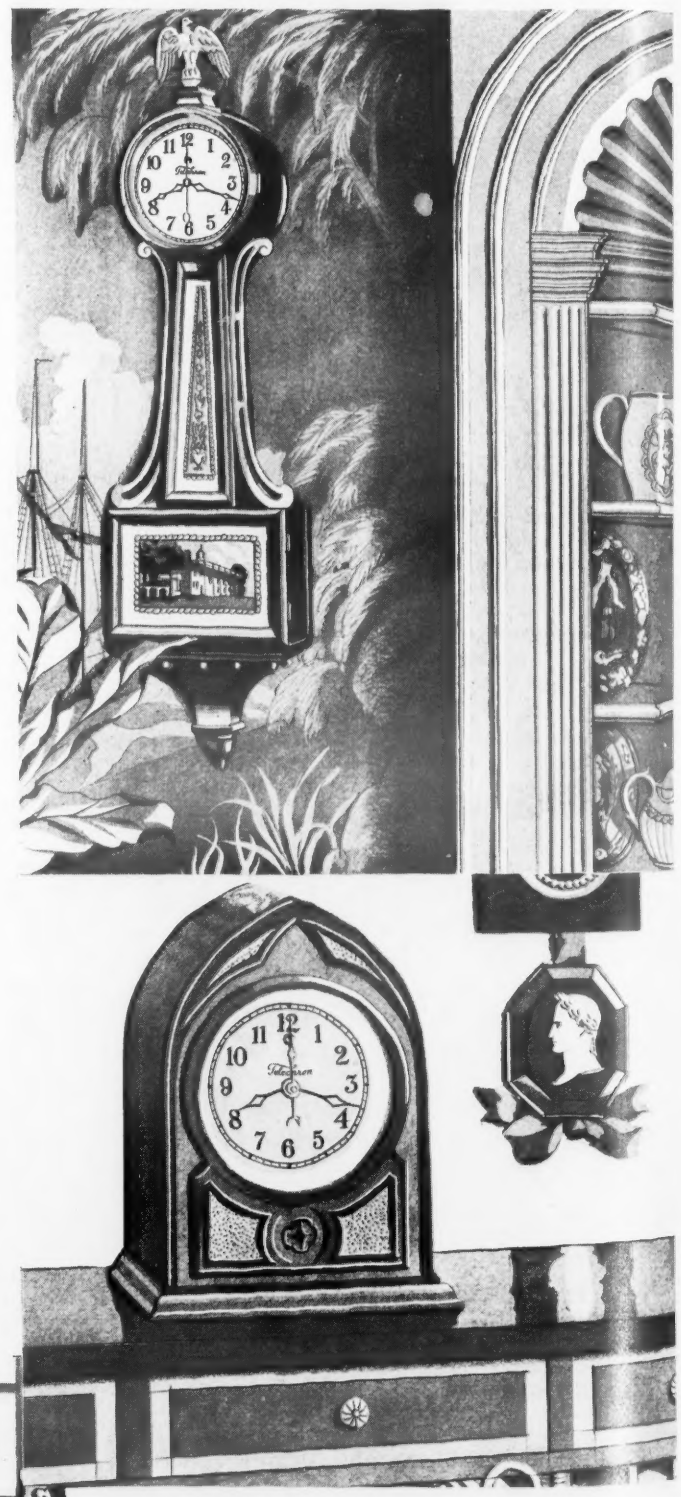

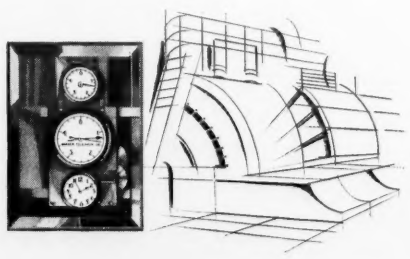

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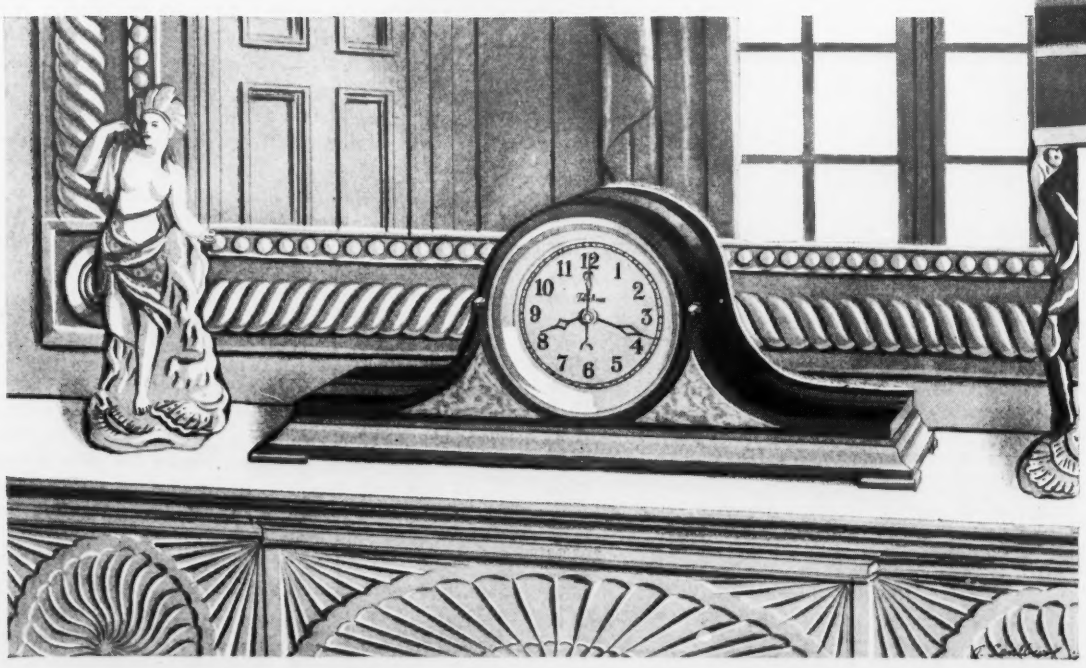

top, above: *Madison, an attractive banjo clock in early American design. Mahogany case with colored glass panels. Six-inch silvered dial. Height 32½". Price* $50.

above: *Cathedral, an inexpensive clock for desk or dressing-table. Gothic design. Bakelite case with mottled walnut finish. Three-inch silvered dial. Height 7 3/16". Price* $9.95.

left: *Beverly, a popular model for the mantelpiece. Mahogany case with Spanish high-lighted finish. Three-inch silvered dial. Width 13⅛". Price* $20.

★ The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from $40 to $1200.

(Continued from Page 232)

trust companies, of many of whose directorates Mr. Warren Winslow Amory was a member. They also dealt in the securities of corporations, underwriting them at a certain price, and selling them to their customers at an advance, which naturally inclined them to favor their own goods as against those of equally respectable houses. Part of Larry's business was to tout the bonds of Amory corporations.

Warren Winslow Amory, Ole Bill Rynders and their henchmen preferred to have their customers make money, but they really did not much care whether they did or not. They won either way, and their office harbored many polite young customers' men who were anxious to earn their share of commissions and sought to induce their clients to trade after the same manner as those employed by offices of ostensibly much lower class. It may be debated whether in reality Corcoran, Kales & Company, and Costain, Cary & Company did not belong to much the same breed of cats, the only difference being in the length of their whiskers and the depth they got them into the milk.

XXI.

THE date of the annual stockholders' meeting of the Glutex Textile Products Company was drawing near. None of the directorate, consisting of the three Schornsteins, Cary and Willis, now held more than a single share of stock in the company of which they constituted both the officers and managers, it being their intention to wait until the price had sunk to practically nothing before buying in again to maintain their control, the only real purpose of which was to continue their salaries as officers as long as possible and to provide a lucrative receivership for some relative when the corporation should be forced to go into voluntary bankruptcy. For the company had not been able to deliver a single square yard of waterproofed material since the appearance of the phage and there was no reason to suppose that Kurachi would ever succeed in finding a glutex bacillus which would be immune to it.

Apart from the factory-and-laboratory building on the waterfront, with its vats of molasses and its bolts of raw silk, there were no assets worth mentioning, except the now valueless secret of the identity of the bacillus itself. Estimating the original process at the purely hypothetical figure of $25,000 and the other assets at their full market value, the stock was perhaps worth three dollars a share and there was no apparent reason why it should not have gone there or even lower. Schornstein, Cary and Willis had therefore put in enough buying orders at three dollars a share to perpetuate their control of the corporation and confidently expected them to be executed, but, after declining to 5, Glutex began to show some slight rallying power and on moderate transactions rose to 6, at which figure it stabilized itself.

"Look here, Morris," said Cary one day to Schornstein, "if we expect to remain in control of Glutex we'll have to raise the ante. We've still a good many accounts receivable and can go on paying salaries for another couple of years. How about putting in orders at the market for about a quarter of the stock? With anything like the usual number of company proxies that will put us in the saddle."

Schornstein looked glum.

"IT'S selling for about twice what it's worth now," he answered. "I've sent out the usual request for proxies, but as yet very few have been returned. This infernal attack on our management is going to make 'em shy. We've squeezed most of the juice out of the bug. Why not call it a day and let Glutex slide?"

"I don't want to let it slide," replied Cary. "In the first place, we've made a mighty good thing out of it; and in the second, if any of the stockholders start anything, possession is nine points of the law, as in everything else. We've always been insiders and we want to stay so. We can't afford to have a hostile bunch in control of the offices and rummaging through our correspondence. Why, if they were, in the event of litigation we'd even have to pay our own lawyers' bills!"

"We can't have that," agreed Morris, whose brother, ex-Supreme Court Justice Moses Schornstein, received an annual retainer of $12,000 as the corporation's attorney. "No, by golly, we don't want a gang of outsiders looting the treasury!"

"THE stock is easily worth 7 at anything but forced prices," said Cary. "I move we buy 30,000 shares at 6½ or better and trust to luck to get in enough proxies to swing the annual meeting. We made over twice that on our short sales alone. We can afford to pay a couple of hundred thousand for a concern that has stood us in over a million apiece. But we have got to pick it up slowly and take plenty of time. We ought to start now. How about putting in an order for 500 Glutex at the market to feel it out? Maybe we'll get it for 5. We'll give it to Frankel to handle. He's a shrewd buyer."

"All right, go to it!"

Cary wrote out a memorandum and handed it to the order clerk.

"How's Kurachi getting on?"

"He isn't getting anywhere. That phage is like the smallpox. He's cooked 41,000 agar slants and all of 'em are shot full of holes as a honeycomb; that's what they look like—gray honeycomb."

"Mr. Frankel wants to talk to you," said one of the clerks through the doorway, and Cary took up the receiver.

"That you, Cary? This is Frankel. Yes, I got the order all right—that's what I want to speak to you about. There's no Glutex for sale to speak of. Somebody's been taking every share offered below 7 and on the slightest demand the stock shoots right up. I've bought you one hundred at 7⅛, but the next hundred is going to cost you at least ⅜ more, and I don't know what your last three hundred will stand you in! What do you want me to do?"

"Buy it."

"Don't say I didn't warn you!"

"That's all right. Go ahead and buy it, just as I told you."

Ten minutes later the order clerk came in with Frankel's report. His purchases ran from 100 at 7⅛, 100 at 7½, 100 at 8¼, 100 at 8⅝, to 100 at 9½.

"Mr. Frankel telephoned he'd very likely have had to pay 11 if he'd wanted another hundred shares. For some unwarranted reason the supply of the stock is very limited," said the order clerk.

XXII.

THE threatened suits against Messrs. Cary, Schornstein, *et al.*, had not materialized and none of these gentlemen was seriously disturbed by the prospect of any action on the part of the stockholders, for they knew what an uphill job it would be to prove that any of them had sold the stock, their account having been distributed throughout Wall Street in the names of various dummies.

Hence it was with entire complacency that President Schornstein looked forward to the approaching meeting. If the present board was reëlected he would continue to receive his salary for another year; if it wasn't, he wouldn't—that was all, and a lot he cared! But, anyhow, with the fair-sized collection of proxies which had been received, the chances were all in favor of his being able to swing the meeting as usual.

Nor was there anything to shake his confidence in the comparatively small group of heterogeneous persons present when he took his seat at the table on the platform and called the meeting to order. Uncle Moses Schornstein, solemn and imperturbable, sat a little on one side so as to enfilade the room; Larry, who still owned a hundred shares, was there, purely,

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"Mello-glo Face Powder bestows a natural bloom and spreads more smoothly", says attractive Gertrude Dahl, 353 W. 57 th St., N. Y. C., featured in popular "Whoopee".

"No more shiny nose with new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder", says the lovely actress, Lola de Lille, 333 E. 43rd St., N. Y. City. "It keeps ugly shine away".

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New Wonderful Face Powder Captivates Beautiful Women

MELLO-GLO stays on longer — Will not enlarge the pores — No pasty or flaky look — Does not irritate the skin — Made by a new French process — Famous for its purity.

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No face powder was ever made like it—only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula and this new process. There are no substitutes. Get MELLO-GLO and keep your complexion young. MELLO-GLO is a square gold box of loveliness for one dollar, at any toilet goods counter.

as he told himself, out of idle curiosity; and so, in a far corner, was Thornton Willis. In front, at another table, were the three inspectors of election, clerks from the office of Cary, Willis & Company—successors to Cary, Rand & Willis—already sworn and duly qualified as tellers, checking off the proxies against the lists of stockholders. The proxies presented by those in attendance, by virtue of which they had authority to act, were in several instances for large blocks of shares. To the right the younger Schornstein, treasurer of the company, prepared to act as secretary to the meeting.

The body of the room—originally designed for a laboratory but never used as such—was somewhat fuller than usual, and as Morris Schornstein's eye swept casually along the benches he could see the same types of stockholder that inevitably attend such gatherings—old ladies who having invested money in a company imagine that, because they have received a printed notice of a meeting, they have something to say about the management, seedy, middle-aged men, retired, with nothing else to do, sallow clerks with proxies in their pockets, a sharp-faced lawyer or two, as a whole producing the general effect of a city funeral attended largely by country relatives of the deceased.

Uncle Moses Schornstein pulled out a heavy silver watch and coughed. Morris, glancing at Cary, who slightly inclined his head, arose.

"THE inspectors will announce the names of those present in person or by proxy, together with the number of shares represented by each."

The chairman of the board stood up and read rapidly from the sheet before him. As he did so Morris by a sort of dead reckoning perceived that a majority of the stockholders had vested the right to vote their stock in one James L. Smith. The management had received proxies for only 11,250 shares of stock. Who was James L. Smith?

The teller finished and sat down. Morris again arose.

"The meeting will please come to order," he announced. "The first business is usually the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting ——"

"I move they be dispensed with," interrupted Cary.

"Second the motion," said the younger Schornstein.

"All those in favor of omitting the reading of the minutes please say aye, contrary minded no. The ayes have it. The next order of business is the treasurer's report. You have already received the printed statement of the financial condition of the company for the fiscal year ended. Those who have not done so will be given one on request. There is a pile of them on that table there."

"I move that pending the discussion, if any, of the treasurer's report, we proceed to the election of officers for the ensuing year," said one of the clerks from Cary, Willis & Company, reading from a slip in his hand.

"If there is no objection," said Schornstein, "we will proceed ——"

A small man in a frayed brown overcoat stood up nervously.

"I OBJECT to any change in the regular order of business," he protested. Then after pausing as if on the point of saying something more, he suddenly sat down again.

"Very well," answered Schornstein indifferently. "Are there any questions regarding the treasurer's report?"

There was a moment's silence followed by a creak on the other side of the room. A tall, hairy man who looked like an Airedale terrier arose to his feet.

"I obsarve that the report of the treasurer," he began in a pronounced English accent, referring to the printed sheet in his hand, "is for a period ending two months now past. In view of—er—the—er—great decline in the market price of the stock and the alarming reports in the daily press, I should like to ask if anything has happened since then—er—calculated to affect its value?" He remained standing, his head thrust forward, peering aggressively through his spectacles at Schornstein.

Morris scented trouble. The fool looked too much like a dog. He nodded to his brother.

"I have the figures here, sir," said the latter. "On the first of this month our bank balance amounted to $79,324.08 as contrasted with $75,661.23 on the first of the preceding month, as shown in my report. We have now bills receivable of a little more than $40,000."

"THOSE bills receivable were for goods delivered prior to the date of the report, were they not? May I inquire what bills receivable there are for merchandise delivered since that date?" asked the Airedale man.

The younger Schornstein sent an S O S to the older. Morris stepped into the breech.

"Your question, sir, precipitates a disclosure which it was my earnest desire at the time to avoid. The management hoped that this meeting would adjourn without the necessity of making public an unfortunate but, we hope, merely temporary situation in the affairs of the corporation. We have been unable to make any deliveries for the past two months, and hence have no accounts receivable for that period, owing to the fact that a defect has been developed in the Glutex process which we have as yet been unable to remedy. This may take some time, but we are bending all our energies in that direction. The fact that we could not fulfill our contracts naturally was known and caused a decline in the stock."

"Will you tell us what the defect is?"

It was almost a bark.

"The bacillus with which the glucose is infected to make it waterproof has become diseased. It has what is called the phage. Our experts are now at work trying to isolate a bacillus which may prove immune. If they succeed in doing this the stock in the company will be worth as much as it was before and doubtless continue to increase in value."

HE STOPPED, his attention momentarily distracted by the sight of a bent old man in a red-worsted scarf who was being led into the room by a little girl. They sat down near the door.

"May I ask just when you discovered this to be the case?"

"When the American Aeroplane Company returned our first lot of goods."

"When was that?"

"Some time in ——"

The doggy man gave a sort of "Woof."

The small chap in the brown overcoat on the other side of the room got up again.

"Wh-why didn't you tell us?"

"One at a time, gentlemen." Morris bowed to the Airedale. "Are you through, sir?" He turned to the other. "Tell? What was there to tell? What, for that matter, is there to tell? We had and have no reason to suppose that we shall not ultimately resume deliveries. At any moment we may find an immune strain or a cure for phage and go on with our manufacturing. Our policy has been to protect the stockholders by keeping silent about the matter in question in the hope that before the unfavorable news became public we should have favorable news to counteract it."

"What I want to know," sputtered the small man, who now began to resemble an Irish terrier, "is whether the insiders profited by this knowledge."

"Who do you mean by insiders?"

"You and your associates," drily annotated a well-dressed man with a cane. Morris hated him.

"Positively not," said Schornstein, a spot of red on either cheek bone. "The

(Continued on Page 239)

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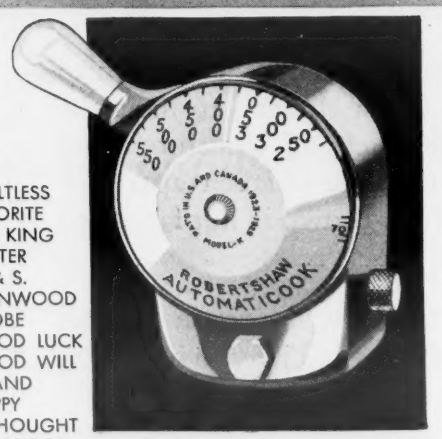

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5 Minutes—*from Package—to Pan—to Platter*

So quick—so easy—this new way to enjoy chicken—Hormel cooked and Flavor-Sealed. For all you really do is just brown it.

No plucking. No cleaning for you to do. Just warm the can to melt the juices. Pour them off. Finish opening the can. Cut the chicken apart, or just in halves. Brown in hot fat. Then it is ready to serve.

You will find new flavors in Hormel chicken—flavors and juices which cook away in steam in ordinary open cooking. Because Hormel chicken is cooked in its own package, Flavor-Sealed.

Every Hormel chicken is selected, milk fed, plucked and cleaned to perfection. *Then* inspected and certified to be healthy, wholesome and clean by U. S. Government Inspectors. *Then* each whole or half chicken is sealed in its own package and immediately cooked. Protected from all contamination—its superb juicy flavor insured by Flavor-Sealing.

At all leading food stores. Whole Chickens or Halves—2 to 4½ lbs., net weight. Sealed and U. S. Certified. Keep on hand for instant use.

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HORMEL ★ *Flavor Sealed* CHICKEN

READY COOKED—MILK FED WHOLE OR HALVES

(Continued from Page 236)

management has acted throughout to protect the stockholders."

"Do you claim that the seventy-eight-point drop in the stock occurred without unloading on the part of those in control?" asked the Airedale.

"I say that the directors were not in any way responsible for it! They did not tell the stockholders, because they hoped and still hope that everything will come out all right."

The well-dressed man leaned forward farther.

"How much stock in the Glutex Textile Products did you personally hold on to?" he asked quietly.

Uncle Moses Schornstein rolled to his feet and faced the questioner.

"This is a shareholders' meeting called to ratify the reports of the officers and elect a management for the coming year. If the gentleman intends to insinuate that the president of this company has been guilty of fraudulent acts in connection with the sale of corporation stock he should proceed according to law."

"WE WANT him to tell us how much stock was sold for his account and that of his associates after he found this thing out," returned the questioner. "My inquiry has an obvious bearing on his fitness to continue as a director. There is a wide-spread belief that the management took this occasion to unload ——"

"It's a lie!" roared Schornstein. "If any one can prove ——"

"Oh, throw 'em out," came from the back of the room. "They're a lot of crooks."

A third of those present were on their feet.

"I lost $30,000," wailed an old lady. "And that man got it!"

Uncle Moses Schornstein strode forward and pounded on the desk in front of his nephew, who had retreated to the back of the platform.

"Order! We must have order, or the meeting will be adjourned!"

"Please, may I say something?" The old man in the red scarf was tapping his way toward the front of the room, led placidly by the little girl. To Morris he looked strangely like the ghost of Otto Schmidt.

"Gentlemans! Listen please to me! You see me what I am—an old man and blind. I ask only for justice. Forty years did I work all the time at making brooms, and now ——"

"Shut him off!" hissed the younger Schornstein.

"FORTY years! Until I lost mine fingern in the machine—first one, then all the others." He held up his right hand, showing four stumps. The tears began to trickle down through the stubble on his chin. "*Ja*," he sobbed, "forty years I worked until I could no longer see and had no more fingern. In all my life at making brooms I had saved $8000. I buy dis Glutex—one hundred shares because they say it is so good and such fine peoples. I get two hundred dollars' dividend and then no more. My son is dead. I am a poor blind old man. My little granddaughter Elsa and I have no more to eat. We starve. They put us out of the house. We have nowhere to go." He choked. "Vy is it?" he screamed. "It is because dot rascal there—he did not tell us in time to do vat he did himself. Justice! Where shall we get bread, Elsa and I?"

He shook his stick threateningly in Schornstein's direction, shouting hoarsely while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Throw 'em out!" "Throw 'em out!" "Elect a new board!" "Throw out the crooks!" came from all sides. The old lady pushed past the blind man and waved a wrinkled fist before Uncle Moses Schornstein's bulbous purple nose.

"I want my money—I want my $30,000!" she shrilled.

The Airedale and the Irish terrier were barking in unison.

"QUIET please! I move we proceed to the election of the board of directors for the coming year," said the well-dressed man.

"Second the motion."

The game was up. If they could get out without suffering personal violence they could count themselves lucky.

"Nominations for the board of directors are in order," announced Morris in a sick voice.

"I renominate the present board," said one of the dummies from Cary, Willis & Company. "Mr. Redmond Cary, Mr. Thornton Willis, Mr. Morris Schornstein, Mr. Moses Schornstein, and Mr. Aaron Schornstein."

"Seconded."

"Are there any further nominations?" asked Morris with a tinge of sarcasm.

A tall young man in horn-rimmed spectacles who had been sitting on the back row walked halfway down the aisle toward the front.

"My name is James L. Smith," he stated with a curious mixture of deprecation and authority. "I hold proxies for 71,936 shares. I would like to nominate Mr. Lloyd Maitland, Mr. John Graham, Mr. Otto Wiegand, Mr. Simon Kent and Mr. James L. Smith."

"Seconded."

"Any further nominations? . . . The nominations are closed."

The tall young man in the spectacles caught Morris' eye.

"IN VIEW of the fact that the ticket I have just nominated is supported by proxies representing nearly 72,000 shares of stock, I move that the secretary be authorized to cast a single ballot for those gentlemen and that they be declared duly elected."

"Seconded."

There was no help for it.

"Messrs. Maitland, Graham, Smith, Wiegand and Kent are declared duly elected as directors in place of the present board. If there is no further business to come before the meeting it stands adjourned." He joined Uncle Moses Schornstein and started toward the door.

Instantly the Airedale, the old woman and the Irish terrier moved to intercept them.

"Don't let 'em get away!" "Hold on there!" "We want our money!"

The man with the cane ascended the platform.

"Order, please! I am informed that the gentlemen constituting the new board of directors are in attendance outside. If all others will leave the room the new board

Next Month

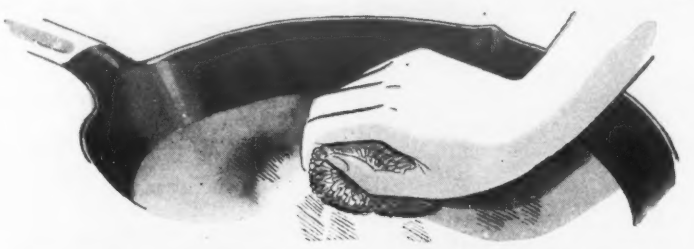
How to replant an old garden to make it beautiful and attractive is told in

Replanting the Old Peabody Place

By
Romaine B. Ware

in the
APRIL JOURNAL

SAFE



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Be kind to your hands when you scrub pots and pans. The Chore Girl cleans like lightning and will not shed sharp-pointed particles.

The Chore Girl is made from a continuous ribbon of soft copper, knitted throughout into the shape of a sponge. It is amazingly efficient, easily rinsed, and lasts a long time.

Burned surfaces and encrusted food are removed with minimum effort and time. And the Chore Girl will not injure aluminum. It merely burnishes, as copper is a softer metal than most other abrasives used for scouring pans.

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***They* DYE — *They* TINT**

Now you can have* TINTED LINENS *for just a few cents

Why pay twice the price for tinted linens when you can tint your white ones at almost no expense.

Have any fashionable shade you want . . . rose, blue, orchid, yellow, peach and pale green for sheets, pillow slips, boudoir pillows, dresser sets, towels, breakfast and bridge sets, dinner damask, etc.

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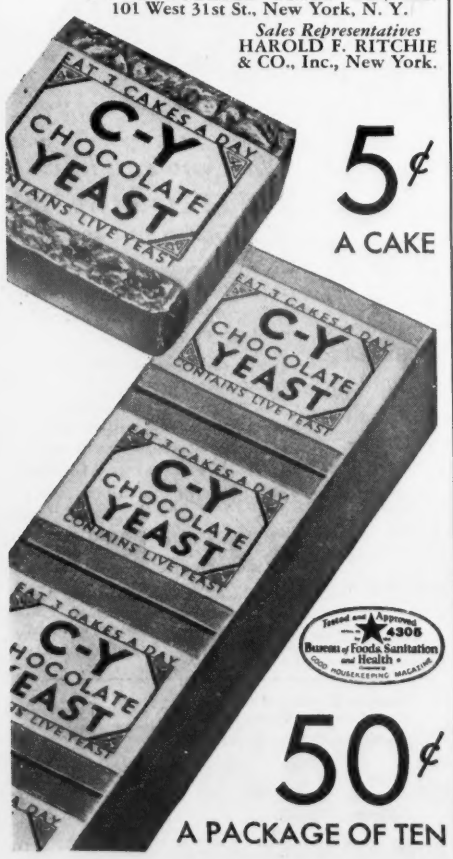


5¢ A CAKE

50¢ A PACKAGE OF TEN

will proceed to hold a meeting as provided in the by-laws."

As he spoke the door opened and a group of men entered. Under cover of this diversion Cary, Willis and the three Schornsteins attempted to make their escape. It was too late, however. Caught in the crowd they were swept out into the hall.

"Soak 'em! Give it to 'em!" came through the door, followed by the noise of a scuffle.

Larry had remained discreetly inside. After all, he had never been a director!

The sound of the altercation outside grew fainter as the participants descended the stairs. Evidently the stockholders were giving the old board of directors a merry time of it and were continuing the meeting outside in the street. Most of those in attendance had hurried from the room in order to join the party and those that were left, including Larry, now withdrew to give the new board an opportunity to organize. He knew two of them, Simon Kent and Otto Wiegand, lawyers, who had been classmates of his at Harvard. He wondered how they had got mixed up in Glutex! Lloyd Maitland of course was president of the Olympia Trust; John Graham, the active head of the great banking house of Graham & Company. Smith, he had never heard of. Well, he wished them joy of it! He wondered if he had been recognized and, if so, whether Kent or Wiegand knew of his connection with the firm which had manipulated the stock. They should worry! It had given them the chance to get control.

XXIII.

LARRY entered Corcoran, Kales & Company during the biggest bull market in history, when the whole world seemed to be buying stocks, when the transactions frequently amounted to four and five million shares in five hours, and when attention was concentrated on the new "highs" being made every day; yet many individual stocks and groups of stocks did not participate in the rise, and there were plenty of desperate speculators who had watched the steels, utilities and rails go up and up, while the oils, rubbers and numberless other stocks which they were carrying were going down and making new "lows." There was little outward evidence of the tension under which these men labored, but often, when the ticker stopped after a day of gigantic trading and three-quarters of the customers would be hilariously gay, there would be others who collapsed into out-of-the way chairs or walked grimly out of the office with their heads bowed between their shoulders, never to return.

Larry was delighted with his new surroundings and with the consideration paid him by the members of the firm. This was something like! He saw practically nothing of Mr. Amory, but Ole Bill took him to his bosom, and like his famous mentor, Herman Scaliger, gave him a few fatherly hints on how to catch and keep customers.

"Never give a tip! For tip 'oft loses both itself and friend,'" he warned him after the manner of Polonius. "Be a good fellow. Play around with the boys. And when somebody does give 'em a tip, be the one to execute their orders for 'em."

IT WAS Ole Bill, and not Mr. Amory, who—perhaps in pursuance of his own Poor Richard precepts—called on Betty, sent her flowers and invited them to dinner and a show.

"My dear lady," he assured her, "I prophesy great things for this husband of yours, even if he is a Harvard man! He has just the right approach—quite a way with him. I'm not sure we shan't have to give him a tryout up at our women's branch. Exactly the type we need there."

"I hope you won't," she answered with a vehemence not belied by her accompanying smile. She had no desire to see Larry playing the sheik to a lot of hysterical women.

Clarice seemed to have dropped them entirely. She no longer called Betty up or asked them out on the Semiramis, and her name hardly ever came up between them. Their old friends among the Ham And-ers, however, welcomed them joyously and, although Larry obviously grudged surrendering so many evenings to unproductive social endeavor, insisted on entertaining them.

"I won't get a single account out of that entire highbrow bunch," he growled. "And we'll have to have 'em all to dinner in return. What's the use? I'm after bigger game. These folks haven't any money. They're just pikers."

But he was surprisingly wrong. The intelligentzia proved as anxious to get on the financial band wagon as the rest. Instead of wrangling as previously over books and plays, censorship and the future of the theater, they now discussed the relative prospects of industrials and railroads, the rediscount rate, the unlimited possibilities of Radio. As far as could be seen they had all made money, for every artist had some patron in Wall Street who "put him next." The musicians appeared to have the craze the worst of all—temperament, Betty decided.

AND they had noticeably increased their pace. They not only gambled on the stock market, but with each other, playing cards for what three years before would have seemed to them enormous stakes. Writers and illustrators whose incomes had aforetime barely sufficed to maintain them in respectable comfort today bet hundreds of dollars upon a single hand of poker and at the end of the game, if they had lost, telephoned their brokers for a check wherewith to meet their obligations. Old Man Market would pay for everything! He had given one young violinist a Stradivarius and to a novelist half ownership in a Brooklyn theater.

Wherever Betty was asked out to lunch the women kept excusing themselves in order to call up their brokers and find out what the market was doing. They no longer thought of anything but money. They did not doubt that they would make it. Just a question of time—the right tip. As soon as they had made the requisite killing they were going to quit and devote themselves to art.

One morning, after an all-night party, the Rands with other guests had motored down to Long Beach to see the sunrise. In their company was the young virtuoso who had bought the Stradivarius. For an hour he had thrilled them with his impassioned rendering of the Second Hungarian Rhapsody, his face uplifted, his eyes closed, his whole body quivering in response to the emotions aroused by the marvelous interpretation of the soul of his people. Then they had all piled downstairs into their cars and whirled toward the yellowing east. On the front seat huddled Rosecrantz, the violinist. He had not spoken since, the rhapsody finished, he had thrown himself exhausted upon a divan, and he did not speak now. They drove down over the sand to the very edge of the purple sea over which still blazed the morning star. On the far rim of the world smoldered a golden edge of cloud from behind which the rays of the submerged sun spread upward like a fan of mauve and crimson feathers. Silently they watched the smoldering patch grow to a red melting pot of fire. Then it cracked and its blinding golden contents poured forth toward them across the waves.

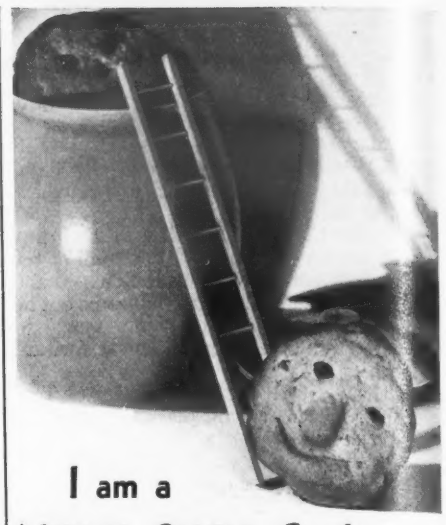
"How beautiful!" gasped Betty.

"Sure, it's beautiful!" grunted the musician, "but it won't make any money for you."

XXIV.

THE city sweltered in the July heat; in Central Park, no longer green but yellow, the rhododendrons were dust-covered, the foliage shriveled, the turf parched. Betty took down all the

(Continued on Page 243)



I am a
NONE SUCH Cooky

"My home's the family cooky jar—as the children have discovered! I'm only a little fellow, but everybody says I'm delicious and crammed full of nourishment—with the None Such Mince Meat you've known these many years!"

HAVE *you* tried these tempting cookies? There's a firm and crunchy goodness to them that will make them a steady favorite in your home — a wholesome treat for *all* the family. They're ideal, too, for bridge, and for the bite between meals.

Today's the day for a surprise! Order a tin or package from your grocer. Stir up a batch of None Such cookies and revive *your* cooky-jar. Here's your recipe—and we're holding a book of 49 other None Such treats for you. Send for it.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Inc.
350 Madison Avenue, New York

None Such Cookies

1 cup butter or other shortening; 1 1-2 cups sugar; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 1-2 tablespoons hot water; 3 1-4 cups flour; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 1 package None Such Mince Meat which has been broken up into very small pieces. Cup of chopped walnut meats may be added if desired.

Method--Cream butter; add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in hot water, and 1-2 of flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Then add nut meats and None Such and the remainder of flour. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or two apart on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 350° until golden brown. Remove from oven when still soft and cover before entirely cool.

NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

There's a New All-Wool Blanket in Your Rag-Bag!

SEND us 5 lbs. of discarded white woolens or 10 lbs. of any color woolens—old wool blankets, sweaters, dresses, golf hose, etc. We will sterilize, card, bleach, dye, spin, weave and finish the stock. It will be returned to you as a brand new beautiful blanket, 66" x 80", in anyone of six pastel shades you select—blue, rose, lavender, tan, green, peach. $4.75 covers all expense, satisfaction guaranteed.

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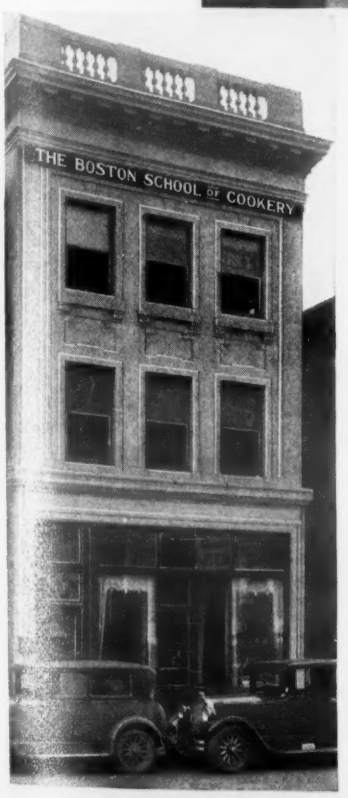
Lucy G. Allen, nationally famous cooking authority, and principal of the Boston School of Cookery and author of notable books on the art of cooking.

Students of the culinary art at the Boston School conducting test of G. Washington's for uniformity of fine flavor. Write to the G. Washington Company for a free sample tin.

One of the kitchens at Boston School of Cookery where G. Washington's Coffee, the pure coffee that is literally the coffee part of the coffee bean, was tested by domestic science experts.



Home of the well-known Boston School of Cookery. Comparative experiments prove the small G. Washington can makes as many cups as the large can of ground coffee.

"The new G. Washington's Coffee", says Lucy G. Allen, Principal, "is certainly a labor-saving product far more uniform in quality than the average 'coffee-pot Coffee'. In tests made by our staff covering an extended period of time, we found that there was no variation in strength or flavor . . . Everybody will appreciate the speed and ease with which it can be served, as well as the unvarying quality which is assured."

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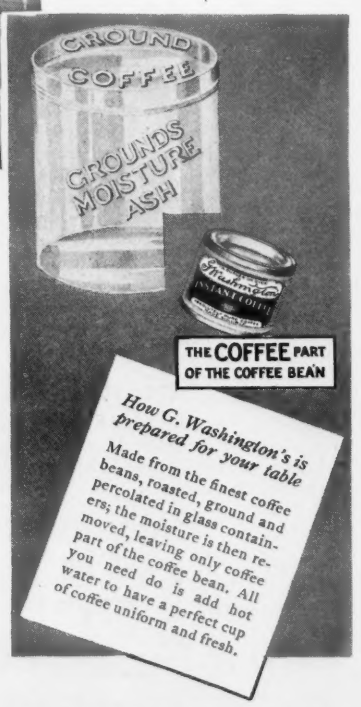
What a pleasure to know that you can rely upon the unvariable good flavor of G. Washington's, no matter what the occasion may be... This coffee, made "the new way", is remarkably convenient and economical as well as dependable. Simply add a level teaspoonful to a cup of hot water, and your favorite drink is prepared. It is the coffee that makes itself... The age of "good coffee today and poor coffee tomorrow" has passed. Pots and percolators, strainers and bothersome grounds are no longer necessary. Not with G. Washington, the 100% pure coffee with the grounds and water removed. It is all coffee, pure coffee, nothing but coffee... Send today for your free sample tin. G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 301 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, N.J.

G. Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean


GROUND
COFFEE
GROUNDS
MOISTURE
ASH
INSTANT COFFEE
THE COFFEE PART OF THE COFFEE BEAN
How G. Washington's is prepared for your table
Made from the finest coffee beans, roasted, ground and percolated in glass containers; the moisture is then removed, leaving only coffee part of the coffee bean. All you need do is add hot water to have a perfect cup of coffee uniform and fresh.

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This magnificent novel is undoubtedly one of the greatest Western stories of all times. By Owen Wister.

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A beautiful Mexican girl loves a captain of the Texas Rangers, but her love turns almost to hate until —— But enjoy this border romance for yourself. By Harry Sinclair Drago.

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LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL
678 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 240)

Pinoccio draperies, rolled up the carpets and, save when she motored them to the beaches, sheltered the children indoors until five o'clock.

"I don't think it's right to keep the kids in the city any longer, dear," she said one evening. "Phyllis is getting positively transparent and Len looks like the photograph of a famine victim. Aren't you ever going to take a vacation? You haven't had any for two years. I'm sure you need one."

"Honest, I can't—why, I've only just joined up with the firm."

"I know, but everybody takes a vacation, Larry. Do come! Think how divine it will be! You can go fishing every day. Maybe you'll catch that big bass you hooked three years ago."

"I'm after another sort of fish," he answered. "Goldfish."

"I don't see how you can bear to stay here. Think of the fun we'd have with the children. The walks and canoeing and picnics; those wonderful moonlight nights, and the big camp fire on the shore."

"AND the doughnuts like mother used to make!" He laughed. "Stop—you're breaking my heart, as the man said in the story. No, Betty, I can't afford a vacation. This is the biggest bull market on record. Take the children off somewhere if you want to. We've plenty of money. I've got to sit on the ticker."

"What good is the money if we have to stay here?"

"You don't have to stay here."

"Or if we can't be together?"

"But it's only for a few weeks. When I've made my pile I'll take a vacation for the rest of my life."

He looked at his watch, fidgeting, got up and went to the window.

"I'm sorry, but I've got to see a customer," he said. "I'm all for your taking the children away. Why don't you go abroad for a couple of months? I might come over later and join you."

"I shouldn't care to go to Europe without you, Larry," she answered. "It would take all the fun out of it."

"Maybe you could visit the Craigs in the south of France," he suggested.

"I'd rather go to Maine," she replied, keenly disappointed. "The Lees will be at their camp during August, and I could stay a week or two first with my father in Belfast. But I hate to leave you here in this heat. Won't you come, dear?"

"I can't possibly."

"Well, at least you must run up for over Sunday now and then."

"You bet—it'll be great!" He picked up his new panama. It was nine o'clock and Clarice would be getting impatient. "I'd give anything to be able to go along, too, but beggars can't be choosers."

He stooped over and kissed her, feeling like a Judas.

DEJECTEDLY but without a suspicion she watched him cross the threshold. Her only worry was as to his health.

It was with a sneaking relief that he packed them off on the Pine Tree State Express three evenings later for Rockland and walked back by himself through the shifting crowds of the Grand Central Station. There was a lot to be said in favor of remaining a bachelor if one expected to have a success in business. Success depended on a wide acquaintance. A family was a terrible handicap. One ought to get around and see people. And now he would have a much freer opportunity to see Clarice.

No more furtive telephone calls from drug stores or covert meetings at discreet "tea rooms" with low lights and highballs served in china cups—for at least six weeks. It had given him a sense of being spied upon. How did he know Betty had not spied upon them? He could take Clarice anywhere now. A chap left alone in town during the summer certainly wasn't expected to cut out feminine society. And the bigger the man the more he needed women. Look at Napoleon! He was feeling quite coltishly Napoleonic as he left the station. He had hardly crossed the street before he was joyously accosted in front of the Yale Club by Mr. William Rynders.

"You're just the bird I'm looking for!" shouted Ole Bill, slugging him between the shoulder blades. "I'm giving a little celebration for Barney Botto, of Chicago, and we need another man. Got to have you—no excuse! I know your wife's away. Hurry and put on your glad rags. A 'girl party,' you know. We've got a private room at the Palladium. Meet me there at eight-thirty."

LARRY knew that, though it was forbidden by the Exchange, certain firms made a habit of "entertaining" important customers when they happened to be in New York, camouflaging it under the guise of a private party—in the same manner that dry-goods houses "entertain" visiting buyers—but it was the first time that such an invitation had been extended to him. Associated with Corcoran, Kales & Company were a number of gilded youths, chosen by Amory and Rynders for their social connections, who came and went as they liked, camping on the trail of their heaviest customers at Palm Beach, Atlantic City or Paris, and making business and pleasure run in the same leash. They belonged to a well-known but comparatively small group of fast young brokers who with their clients constituted a society by themselves—a society having its own manners, customs and morals—in which gambling for heavy stakes at contract bridge and stud poker, wild drinking parties and chorus girls figured extensively.

The Palladium is within a stone's throw of Park Avenue, and although every sort of liquor is openly served both in the restaurant and rooms above it, there is an air of quiet respectability about the lower floor which may be the reason why revenue officers never call there. No one comes or goes through its main entrance who is not obviously both temperate and virtuous. Mr. Rynders, however, did not meet his guests downstairs, and the doorman directed Larry, who arrived promptly on the hour, to another portal which opened into a narrow hallway containing only an elevator.

"Mr. Rynders? Thirty-seven C."

A CORRIDOR paneled in French gray, hung with old prints and carpeted with thick hand-woven runners, led to the private suite where Corcoran, Kales & Company were conducting for that evening this part of their brokerage business. With its foyer, reception rooms and series of connecting salons, what went on there was as private as if in the center of a pyramid. Mr. Rynders, in a sort of pink boudoir, was supervising the preparation of cocktails.

"Hello, old top! Glad you're on time. You can help me receive our guests."

"Is Mr. Amory coming?" asked Larry.

"Amory? I'll say he isn't!"

"Who is?"

"Botto, of course. Whew—did you see what he did today? And let's see! There's Johnny Smith, Charlie Jones, Harry Robinson, and six or eight others—oh, yes, a feller named Tinker."

"Sam Tinker?"

"That's the boy. Funny cuss. To look at him you'd never guess the size of the line he carries."

"I've never seen him at the office."

"He never comes there. Does everything by telephone from his bank in Mount Vernon."

"I ought to get a percentage ——" began Larry, but just then Mr. Tinker's name was announced and Sam's familiar moon face with its bulgy forehead appeared in the doorway. The only change

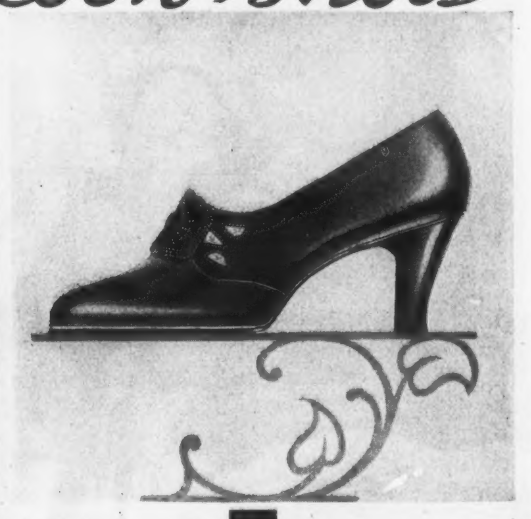
(Continued on Page 245)

Wilbur Coon Shoes

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FIVE-POINT FITTINGS

Special Measurements assure perfect fit at all five important points—length, width, instep, waist, heel. SIZES 1 to 12—AAAA to EEEEE.

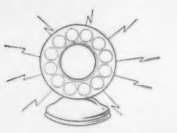


A MADE-TO-MEASURE FIT IN READY-TO-WEAR SHOES

Is your foot hard to fit? Then it needs a shoe having special measurements. Wilbur Coon Shoes, with Special Measurements already built in, fit even the unusual foot perfectly at all five important points—length, width, instep, waist, heel. And how *different* your foot feels, when fitted *right!*

At once you note their glorious comfort. Snug everywhere, they slenderize your foot. Heels don't slip, sides don't gape, arches don't wrinkle. Stylish as tomorrow's fashion-page. They hold their dainty shape—quality materials and fine shoe-making assure that. Clever styles, $8.50 to $11.00. See your Wilbur Coon dealer.

Write for free style-book, "Why Most Shoes Don't Fit."



LOVERS' SECRETS VIA RADIO

How many ways are there to say, "Will you marry me?" Listen in on

"The Eternal Question"

Wednesday evenings, at 7:45 (Eastern standard time), over WEAF & Associated Stations.

W. B. COON CO., 91 CANAL STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The new Heywood-Wakefield carriages have roomy, comfortable bodies. They are finely balanced - lift, wheel, and ride easily. Mothers will also appreciate the smart design, beautiful finishes and reasonable prices of these luxurious baby vehicles.

Look for the Red Hub Cap

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE AND BABY CARRIAGES

H-W 3012 is shown above . . . Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Co., Boston, Mass., for our new edition of "In the Life of a Baby," a booklet for new and prospective mothers.

THE "MYSTERY" VITAMIN IN ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE PRESERVES YOUTHFUL VIGOR

Take INTERNAL SUN BATHS *Daily for* Radiant Health

THE Sun is the mother of us all. It ministers to us daily. Even when you sprawl on the beach, taking a sunbath, you are being fed with "sun-food"—your body is being renewed.

And when you eat a portion of lettuce—say, half a head—you are also taking a sun-bath—an internal sun-bath. For this lettuce is grown under the smiling, sunny skies of the great Far West. Day after day the ardent sun irradiates it—shoots myriads of rays into it—fills it with the actinic elements necessary to brimming health—in short, puts up a package of sunshine for you.

This is Nature's way. And when your home skies are dull, and the sun never peeps out all day, or shows only a pale, wan face, you can still take your internal sun-bath. For Iceberg head lettuce is at your grocer's in winter as well as in summer. Every day in the year you can serve Nature's concentrated sunshine on your table.

What You Eat, You Are

Remember this! What you eat, you *are*. The radiant energy of the child, the vitality of a vigorous man, the lithe grace and lustrous beauty of a woman are but transmutations of the food they have eaten. They are the reactions of body tissues—glandular, nervous, muscular—tuned to the concert pitch of health by the right foods.

In your body millions of little workmen—known to Science as cells—transform the food you eat into teeth, hair, bones, organs, glands. Yes, and into beauty, vitality and character. If you are forcing these cells, through an unbalanced diet, to make "bricks without straw," you are growing old before your time. You are tossing into the discard years of that virility which enables men and women to attract, achieve, win in love and business as well as in war.

The "straws" with which these little workmen bind together proteins, fats and carbohydrates into the "bricks" of which your body is built, are the Vitamins and Mineral Salts. Iceberg head lettuce, grown in living sunlight, abounds in these. And as you eat lettuce raw, they are not impaired by heat or dissolved away by cooking.

The House Called Your Body

Many foods which we like and which are necessary to nutrition, produce an acid condition. This is neutralized by the alkaline ash of lettuce. Highly concentrated or refined foods are almost entirely absorbed. They leave no residue for the intestines to work upon. Lettuce supplies the necessary ballast, and helps to ward off that common but dangerous enemy—constipation, with its train of evils.

Lettuce is a delicious and wholesome food—one which has helped thousands of women to preserve or restore their youthful figure and youthful vigor. You should eat it every day. Better still, twice a day. And see that your family does the same!

Sunflower Iceberg Salad

Wash a head of Iceberg lettuce, and cut across into slices about one inch thick. Cut pineapple into wedge shaped pieces, then reverse these, and arrange around the slice of lettuce to represent petals. Mix some ground nuts with mayonnaise or cottage cheese and place on lettuce for the center of the flower.

Send for Free Booklet

Write for the booklet *Charging the Human Battery*—a finger-post on the road to a better and a longer life, with many recipes for Lettuce salad. It is FREE if you use the coupon.

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City.....*State*.....

ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE

Nature's Concentrated Sunshine
from ARIZONA *and* CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 243)

in his physiognomy was in the color of his hair, which, instead of being straw colored as formerly, was now a startling blue black which gave him a strange and medieval aspect of ferocity in keeping with the *cinquecento* environment of La Casa Bianca.

"Why, you poor old dropped egg!" he shouted, pumping Larry's forearm. "You old deserter! I'm sure glad to see you! Yep, I've been knocking 'em right along. Sure—I own the bank now."

"Mr. Botto—Mr. McNeil. Mr. Bartlett—Mr. Peck."

It was ten minutes past nine and seven rounds of cocktails had already been consumed when the "captain" entered and whispered to Ole Bill.

"They're here, fellows," called out Rynders. "Step up, Barney! You're the guest of honor. You have the pick."

"There's my baby," unhesitatingly answered Mr. Botto, singling out a simpering brunette from the dozen self-conscious, elaborately dressed beauties who entered together. "Hello, darlings."

SOME of the men present already had friends among the girls, but as there was only one for each guest, a certain good-natured rivalry took place for possession. There was no evidence that the gentlemen preferred blondes. On the whole the brunettes seemed to have it. Larry, as one of the hosts, annexed a left-over with marshmallow nose, ibis lips and a gold bicuspid who confessed herself tremulously as "frightened among all these men." Four or five rounds of drinks, however, put them all so much at their ease that by the time Ole Bill led the way into the dining room each customer had his arm about the lady of his choice.

Corcoran, Kales & Company were evidently prepared to stand any reasonable expense to give their clients a good time, for each girl had beside her plate as a place card a certificate of stock for a share of stock duly transferred to her name; the men received gold cigarette lighters marked with their initials.

"Pretty swell!" conceded Larry's partner, whose certificate was inscribed "Jessie McNulty," as she grabbed it and went through an elaborate process of concealment in the neighborhood of her knees. "Ain't Mr. Botto handsome? I do like to associate with gentlemen."

At first the gentlemen did most of the talking—to each other, while the ladies maintained a decorum almost painful in its elegance. Later their actions spoke louder than words, but by the time the meal was half over their voices rang high and nasal above the caterwaulings of the orchestra leader shouted through a megaphone.

All Larry could remember next morning about the end of the party was carrying a comatose Miss McNulty down in the elevator and dumping her in a taxi with two other girls. The stock certificate was still where she had hid it. Beside her Clarice seemed positively nunlike.

XXV.

THE earth surrendered its increase. Across the rippling fields, like army tanks along a thousand miles of Western Front, advanced the invisible line of reapers and binders. The still air trembled to the clatter of thresher blades, the whir of knives, the snort of exhaust pipes and the chug and roar of engines. Tall forests tottered and fell. Into the stockyards crowded the squealing, rearing herds. The afterglow of the Southwest was dimmed by hanging smoke, and the flare of the furnace paled the moonlight of the Alleghanies. Men swarmed by hundreds of thousands into holes in the earth. Factory chimneys were pillars of cloud by day and of fire by night. Over the sleeping continent glowed the landing fields of commercial airways. Towers of Babel rose toward heaven and frightened the wild geese with their clamor. The song of the saw, the hum of the dynamo, the rattle of the loom, the drone of the airplane, the rat-a-tat of the riveter filled the pulsating sky.

And while the sky was etched with airplanes, and interminable lines of freight cars crept across the continent, and the mountains shook with blasting, stocks sold higher and higher. Many had doubled their value in eighteen months, a few "blue chips" had quadrupled it—in all cases without reference to their yield. Over and over, when they had reached a peak inconceivable but a year before, they spurted up again—twenty, fifty, even a hundred points. The Coolidge market had become the Hoover market.

YOUNG men—hardly more than boys—were becoming millionaires almost overnight. The old, conservative bankers who along with the executive officers of those same companies had sold their General Electric, their Brooklyn Edison, their Consolidated Gas, and had let go their steels, their coppers and their industrials generally, in order to put their money into bonds, waited for the expected crash, began to suspect that they were wrong after all, and the young men right, reversed their position, sold their new holdings at a loss, and bought back their old securities at a hundred or more points higher.

"We don't know—we don't know," they said, shaking their gray heads. "It looks as if something were going on that nobody understands."

This admission of uncertainty on the part of the ancients of the Street brought a fresh army of buyers into the market, which constantly renewed itself as new millions were "educated" to the seeming fact that to buy was to become rich. For no one who sold made any money. The tide of buying might recede a little from time to time, leaving a small apparent profit to the seller, only to come sweeping on again to thunder higher and ever higher. Thousands flocked to Wall Street as they had thirty years before to the Klondike. Men lived not on their earnings but on paper profits not yet taken; and the scale of their expenditure increased in direct ratio to the rise in the stock market.

LIKE a leprosy the phage of speculation ate its way over the country, spreading to frontier villages and isolated farms, which the telephone put in direct communication with the stock exchanges. College students gambled away their allowances in branch offices opened in the university towns. Doctors hurried from the operating room to call up their brokers, and judges left the bench for the same purpose, all eager to get something for nothing. In the subways and on the elevated passengers read only the financial sections of the newspapers and threw the rest away; at dinner people talked of little except the market, and fashionable audiences at the theater were inevitably late from discussing stocks over their coffee and liqueurs; in traffic jams taxi drivers exchanged tips, which everywhere fell like the gentle dew from heaven; musical-comedy gagsters turned from the ball field and the race course to Wall Street for their lines.

Larry continued to make money. Wisely he followed Clarice's advice to "salt down" half his profits and risk only the other half, but his doing so appeared ultraconservative in the light of the fact that whatever stocks he bought immediately went up. Time and again he took profits of from thirty to fifty points only to see the stock which he had just sold move forward along with the rest of the market to a new high. There was really no use in selling! One might better save oneself the trouble of reinvesting and merely let oneself be borne along on the crest of the financial wave like an Hawaiian surf rider. In one week he took $35,000 profit in General Electric and in the next $50,000 in American Tel. & Tel. At the end of the first month his $100,000 had become

Hand Patterned and Stunning Weaves

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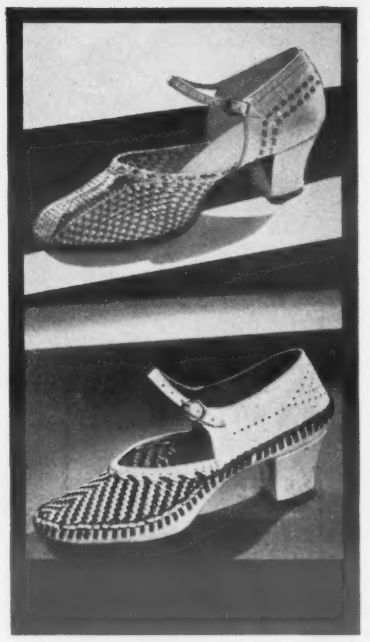
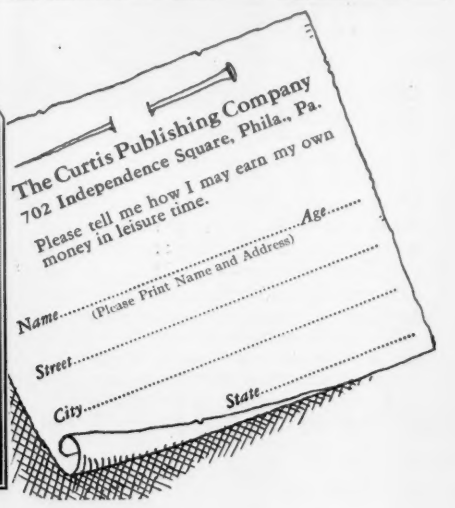


DEAUVILLE SANDALS



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Without Being "Tied to a Position"

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You can do this, through our unusual "earning plan," just as does Mrs. Slack (above), who keeps a charming home and earns from $10.00 to $35.00 a month in leisure time. Other homemakers, business girls and school girls are earning easily and happily in the same way.

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HOURS *of this..*

and this....

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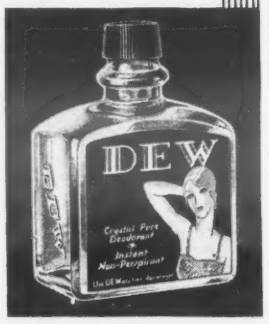
..by neglecting a minute for THIS



Often all the efforts made to attain a dainty, lovely appearance are undone by ruinous, tell-tale moisture spots on a beautiful frock.

It's so unnecessary, too, for just a minute devoted to DEW will keep excessive perspiration from accumulating and blemishing your charming ensemble.

This crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant may be used often and at *any* time of day. DEW will not irritate the most tender skin or injure the most fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. It stops perspiration instantly. It is colorless and unscented, and comes in a beautiful spill-proof flask for your dressing table.

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$200,000. He might even have refused to believe in his good fortune, so miraculous did it seem, had he not seen his success reflected all about him. Everyone was pyramiding, doubling his money. One's profits were limited only by the line one could swing, depending on one's capital. Statements of fabulous profits no longer aroused interest. One man, not even a speculator, was known to be worth over $1,200,000,000, and there were several reputed to be worth $500,000,000. Ford and Rockefeller were no longer the richest men in the world. Anyone might wake up and find himself a Monte Cristo by virtue of Electric Bond & Share, Radio, Dupont or International Nickel.

DURING the six weeks that she passed in camp with the children, Betty, although she had written to him regularly, received but three communications from Larry—all ten-word telegrams. He had never treated her like that before. Never mind—she was going to be a good sport. After all, he must be frightfully busy making all that money. Then she received a fourth wire just before Labor Day:

HIT COPPERS FOR FORTY THOUSAND. LOVE TO ALL. LARRY.

She was overwhelmed. How many thousands of dollars in all since he had joined Corcoran, Kales & Company in June? At that rate he would make his pile, as he had boasted, in a year or two. Was he right after all? Had she been too hard on him? She was even more uncertain, and quite disarmed, when the telegram was followed a week later by a box containing a lavish collection of inflatable rubber sea horses, whales and other toys for the children and an exquisite little fishing rod for herself. A touch of the old Larry, bless him!

There was small resemblance to the old Larry, however, in the suave, dandified young man nervously pacing the platform on their return to New York, and although he kissed them all affectionately he seemed preoccupied and hardly inquired about their vacation. He did not even ask after the Lees, who had spent August at the lake and, instead of conducting Betty to the taxi stand, ordered the porter to carry the bags to Vanderbilt Avenue, where a shining new coupé roadster stood panting at the curb.

"SURE, it's ours! Paid for it out of a shot at Kinnecott. I absolutely had to have a new car; a good one is the best sort of advertising. Fred!" he called to the turtle-faced chauffeur, who grudgingly touched his cap. "I want you to take Mrs. Rand home. I'll just hop in a taxi, if you'll excuse me, Betty. I've got to dash down to the office, dear. See you tonight at dinner. Come for me at four-thirty, Fred. Good-by, kids."

He tipped the porter and was gone. Had she imagined a faint aroma of whisky in his kiss?

The door of the apartment was opened by a strange butler, who had not yet removed the breakfast tray or the pair of befogged silk pajamas which lay where Larry had tossed them across the bed. The open closet disclosed a row of serge and flannel suits. This was a new note. Larry had always been economical about his clothes, ultracareful about small expenditures. A syphon and decanter stood on the table near by. Her heart was heavy as she bathed and changed her clothes after the night on the train. Entering the drawing-room, an unaccustomed sound attracted her attention. Tick-tick-tick-slump, tick-tick-tick-slump. He had had a news ticker installed!

"The general upward trend continued in foreign markets, with an increasing demand for copper.

"New York Federal Reserve Bank for the first time in more than six months was an active buyer of bills yesterday.

"Commercial paper was dull with rates unchanged at from 6 to 6½ per cent.

"Columbia Gas & Electric ——"

Betty pressed her palms to her ears, but she could not smother the rattle of the machine. Tick-tick-tick-slump, echoed her own heart.

LARRY did not come in until just before dinner and his first act, even before kissing her, was to pour himself a highball. In spite of the heat, he was stouter than when she had gone away, but his cheeks had no color and there were rings about his eyes. His voice was louder and, he spoke with a breezy confidence that at times surrendered to excitement. Obviously he desired to make up for his abruptness of the morning.

"Well, here's to the Nut-brown Maid!"

He tossed off the remains of the highball.

"Prettier than ever! I wired you about that $40,000 I made in copper? That tip came straight from Shelton. The mysterious master of the financial cosmos! Funny, I've never laid eyes on the man! Neither have you, have you? I thought not. Honestly, Betty, what a piece of luck it was running into Clarice! He sold 15,000 shares today through Corcoran, Kales & Company, and of course a percentage of the commissions go straight into my account."

"But, Larry—can we afford a new car and a chauffeur?"

"Why not? Listen—I made enough today on Shelton's order alone to pay the chauffeur's wages for a year. I'm getting a first-class lot of clients too. I'm making a lot of money on my own account. It's a cinch, Betty. You don't have to do a thing but buy a stock and let it ride. I've been a good guesser so far. I'm carrying one or two little things that may put us on Easy Street for good."

"You have got it bad!" she said drearily.

"Got what?"

"The phage."

"If I have I caught it from you," he countered.

"WELL, I'm over it. Mine was a comparatively light case. But while I had it I couldn't see any straighter than you can now. This get-rich-quick game is all right for some people, but not for us. You'll never be really happy and contented trying to get something for nothing, Larry."

"I suppose you want me to go back to reading tripe at The Smart Woman."

"I want you to go back to being yourself, dear. You're an entirely different person from the one you used to be. You never look at a book, you hardly notice

Next Month

April is the
MOST IMPORTANT
MONTH
in Your Garden Year.

How to start
your 1930 Garden and what
to plant is told in

Your Garden in April

in the
APRIL JOURNAL

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Use it on your dust cloth, too. It gathers the dust instead of spreading it, making frequent polishing unnecessary. No greasy film. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 60c size and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

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Cooking *isn't work it's* Fun *to whip, beat, mix stir with*

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"Beat until light"—reads many a recipe. What a joy to have this tiring work done for you electrically, in half the time or less—and have everything turn out "just right" because mixing is so thorough.

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the children, and sometimes I wonder whether you love me the way you used to."

"It's just because I'm busy. I've got to make good ——"

"Got to make money!" she retorted bitterly. "Oh, Larry, I wonder what will happen to us!"

"Happen to us? Look what happened to us! We're nearly three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the good. You don't realize what is going on down there. This country has only just waked up to the value of common stocks. This market has only just begun. We're on the verge of the greatest era of prosperity in the history of civilization. Only a booby wouldn't take advantage of it. That's what I'm doing."

"That new car must have cost a lot of money."

"Only $7200. It's got a special golfing body with a rumble."

"Seven thousand two hundred—heavens, Larry!"

"Less than a fifth of my profits in copper alone. The other four-fifths will keep us going all winter."

"And all those new clothes."

"THEY didn't cost anything. One hundred American Can paid for 'em in two days. What's the use having it if you don't spend it? Money makes money! I play with the swells now—not bums like Cary and Willis! The thing to do is to get in with the big men. The real tips come over the bridge table and on the golf course. That's why I bought the car—to get down to the National—and Mr. Amory has put me up for the Metropolitan Club. Some day I'll make the Links and maybe the Knickerbocker. Little Larry isn't running so bad!"

He looked at his watch, a thin circle of gold not larger than a half dollar. She had never seen it before.

"Eight-thirty. What do you say to taking in a play?"

"You've got a new timepiece?"

"Like it? I'll give you a bracelet watch no bigger than a dime. It's made like a dog collar. Clarice has one."

"I don't want it, thank you!" Had he given it to Clarice? "Have you been seeing much of her?"

"Oh, Lord! You're not going to start in on that all over again, are you?" he groaned.

"I don't want to compete with any other woman," she flashed. "You can't buy my good will with pieces of jewelry."

"I haven't given her any watch. She doesn't need any. Just forget her, will you?"

"When you do."

He clenched his teeth, then forced a smile.

"Come on—let's go to the theater! There's a new revue they say is a wallop."

"Can you get seats at this hour?"

"I can always get 'em. Just leave it to me. I'll telephone while you put on your things."

He returned with the news that he had two seats in the third row center.

"What did they cost you?"

"IT DOESN'T matter. I'm tired. I've got to be diverted. It's just as necessary for me as exercise—more so!"

"Have you ordered the car?"

"No. I told Fred he might go. That's all right. I'll telephone down to the doorman to get us a taxi."

They were half an hour late for the revue, and although Larry left her between the acts to smoke he grew restless before the end and suggested that they go somewhere to dance.

"I know a swell joint—the Congo. You can get anything there," he whispered suddenly. "This show is rotten. Come along."

She was tired, disappointed, dejected, but she was afraid to cross him. This sick man needed nursing.

So they went to the Congo, where Larry insisted on ordering champagne against

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You can keep in close touch with them by telephone . . . give them the advice and encouragement they need . . . the cost is surprisingly low.

PERHAPS they're a bit homesick. Possibly some problem is worrying them that you could straighten out in a jiffy. Maybe there's a little school triumph they're just dying to tell you about.

Why not telephone them today, and have a little heart to heart chat just as you do at home? And then make it a practice to call them regularly in the future.

There's something intimate and personal about a telephone conversation. And, of course, every telephone conversation is a round trip.

Women more and more are using the telephone to keep up their out of town friendships, just as their husbands do at the office. It's quick . . . you get most places in the space of seconds. It's clear . . . you can hear across the continent as plainly as you can across the street. It's easy . . . all you have to do is give the operator the number, or the name and address, of the person you want.

There's someone, somewhere, who would appreciate a telephone call from you right now!

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Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

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her wishes, and when he tired of it they went on to another night club—and then another. It was half after two before, exhausted and miserable, she crept into bed beside him.

"Dear God," she whispered, pressing her tear-damp face against the pillow, "save my Larry. Make him what he used to be—kind and loyal and sweet and honest. I know I'm to blame. But don't make the punishment too great for me to bear! Please save him. Amen!"

XXVI. BUT her prayer remained unanswered; one day followed another and one night certified to another that Lawrence Rand had reached what was, in effect, the stage of delirium. He had made a marked success with the theatrical crowd, numbers of whom he knew already as president of the Ham And, and many a famous producer and musical-comedy star about whose neck he had once hung a plaster medal was glad at his suggestion to open an account with Corcoran, Kales & Company. Even the great Warren Winslow Amory showed appreciation when Larry landed Adolph Reisenfeld, the head of Peerless Pictures, and Lola Fernandez, his leading lady. Betty could not imagine where he managed to meet such people as he constantly introduced to her in theater lobbies and at night clubs.

"It's part of the game," he explained. "I've got to know everybody."

"It looks as if you did," she retorted.

"Well, their money is just as good as anybody's. Some of 'em have made millions in this market. Take Jake Kessler, for instance. Four years ago he was a fireman on a Hudson River steamer. He came on deck for a breath of air one night, and happened to overhear some guy telling another one to buy Radio. He'd saved a couple of thousand dollars and he put it all up as margin and made a killing. Today he's worth at least five millions and carries a line almost as big as Shelton. He trades now with a dozen different houses, but I'm going after his account."

"So long as you don't bring him home to dinner!"

"That's not necessary. All you need do is to go to one of his parties occasionally. He's giving one next week. I'll do the rest."

SO BETTY reluctantly allowed Larry to drag her to the ex-fireman's, who had recently made a quick turn in Bethlehem Steel, and now proposed as a matter of merest decency to devote a tithe of this $100,000 pin money to pouring a trifling libation to the Goddess of Fortune.

"It's going to be a red-hot wow—a regular lallapaloosa," Jake had promised everybody. "Sure, bring anyone you like. The gong rings at ten, but I guess the heavy trading will be after midnight."

It was only half-past eleven when they arrived at the Kessler apartment house on Riverside Drive, but already the line of waiting motors stretched two full blocks. An athletic young policeman in uniform stood in the middle of the roadway directing the traffic, accosting each chauffeur as he drove up with "Make it snappy, buddy. There's a lot behind you!"

From the canvas tunnel of the awning poured a torrent of warm air tinctured with musk, gardenias and alcohol. Inside the foyer a small but constantly augmented crowd awaited the descent of the passenger elevator, while two men in caps and jumpers loaded the service lift with wooden cases which they carried in from a truck standing just around the corner, a happy coincidence of arrival which was the subject of much mutual congratulation and merriment among the guests.

"Hello, Larry," cried a crinkly-haired blonde in an ermine cloak, clasping his arm with both her hands. "What did G. E. do today?"

"Went off a couple of points. It's nothing," he added hastily, noting the shadow that crossed her pretty, insipid face. "It'll make it up all right tomorrow!"

"I wish I'd bought DuPont," she said peevishly to the short swarthy man beside her. "Why did you tell me to buy G. E., Mose?"

"G. E., nothing!" called out someone from across the car. "G. E.'s been top-heavy for three weeks! Now's the time to buy air stocks."

"Air stocks, nothing," commented an older woman wearing a necklace of pearls the size of gumdrops. "I wouldn't touch a lousy air stock if you paid me."

"Listen here ——" began somebody; but the swarthy man hastened to defend himself.

"You're in too much of a hurry! Give it a chance. You can't expect to make money every day!"

"Yes, I can," retorted the blond girl. "I'm going to make a grand a week. And if I don't it'll be 'Ta-ta, papa.' And back on the big time for me!"

At this point the conversation, which was tending to become personal if not intimate, was drowned in the braying of a jazz band outside Mr. Kessler's apartment as the elevator came to a stop.

"Gents this way! Ladies to the front!"

JAKE, his red jowls gleaming above a dress shirt embroidered with birds and flowers, greeted them boisterously.

"The stuff is in there," he bawled, waving toward a reception room at his left, where four waiters were serving drinks to the crowd surging before a twenty-foot bar. "There's plenty of it—fifty cases, straight from Canada. Hop to it, folks!"

Larry and Betty joined the throng pouring through the doorway leading into what had been a Gothic chapel, from which proceeded a bewildering uproar. It was a chapel no longer. The entire place had been decorated to resemble a brokerage office. In the small chancel above the altar hung a quotation board divided into panels, each bearing the name of some market favorite; higher up, underneath the stained-glass windows, traveled an illuminated tape, in imitation of the "Lux." The center of the room had been left clear for dancing, the limits marked by rows of tickers imported for the occasion, but tables lined the walls and there were groups of leather chairs in front of the altar quotation board.

Already the floor was packed with dancers, and waiters dressed in the uniforms of pages of the Stock Exchange were carrying drinks to those at the tables. Over the doors leading to the adjacent rooms, to suggest the "posts" in the Exchange, were signs reading, Radio, Gen'l Motors, U. S. Steel, Mack Truck, and the like. Here private bridge and slightly more private booze parties were in progress.

HERE the aristocracy of the Billboard and Society jogged elbows with that of the Social Register. Here the luminaries of the musical revues and of the screen mingled with visiting royalties, with the smart intelligentzia, with the more bohemian of the Long Islanders, corporation lawyers and vice presidents of trust companies, with tap dancers and comedians, novelists and newspapermen, with famous nightclub hostesses and racketeers—all in fact who seek the glitter if not the gold; all came to Jake Kessler's, whether they knew him or not, because the word had flown over the wires into green room and boudoir, club and cabaret, that Jake, whoever he was or might have been, had made a million dollars and was going to throw a tremendous party.

Betty had never been before to a really "rough" party and it seemed to her as though once the guests had stepped across Jake Kessler's threshold all the customary standards of taste, morals and conduct had been left behind. Couples were openly kissing each other as they danced, and most of the tables exhibited at least one pair in a strangle hold. She would have liked to go

(Continued on Page 250)

What modern womankind owes to feminine hygiene

BETTER health, better poise, greater daintiness—these represent the debt that women of today owe to feminine hygiene. For this is the antiseptic era, with a standard of cleanliness never reached before.

The only question is: *Which* antiseptic shall it be?

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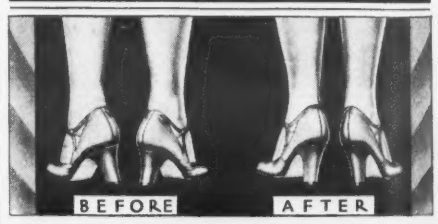

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Crooked Heels

It is the way you walk that makes your shoes spread and heels wear down on one side. The weight of your body is off balance. It looks slovenly—besides, this constant strain of the ligaments thickens the ankles.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads overcome this fault. They equalize the body's weight, take off strain on the ankles, keep your shoes smart and trim. Easily attached inside any shoe. Sizes for men and women. At Shoe, Dept. and Drug stores—35¢ pair.

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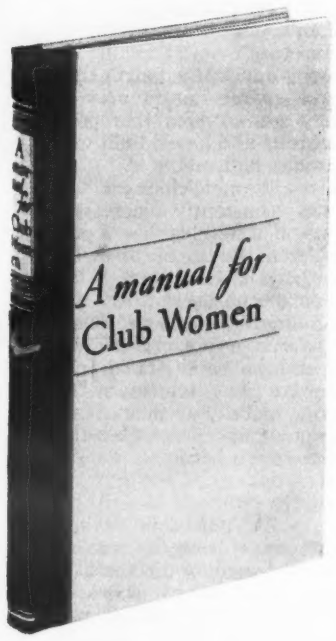

LET us explain why we asked Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson to write this remarkable book. We have known for some time that club women were using a great many Coronas. So we made quite a study of club work. The range and complexities of that work astounded us. The activities of an average club would baffle highly trained business executives. But we also learned that, generally speaking, the directors of club work had no business training and lacked modern business equipment. As a result, the work is often inefficient.

This amazing book tells literally everything a woman needs to know about the conduct of club affairs: How to organize and finance a club; constitution and by-laws; committee work; bookkeeping; proper form for reports, motions, amendments, resolutions; the conduct of a meeting; how to get publicity; keeping records and lists; etiquette; raising money. We shall be delighted to send you one copy of "A Manual for Club Women" for the nominal sum of twenty cents.

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ZO is the vitamin breakfast food. It is rich in food essentials lacking in average meals. If freely used, one may dismiss anxiety about food salts and vitamins. ZO contains three times as much Food Iron *for rosy cheeks* as does spinach . . . . nine times as much Vitamin B *for growth* as do tomatoes . . . . and is rich in Food Lime for *strong, white teeth and sturdy bones.*

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(Continued from Page 248)

home at once, but Larry, having dumped her with the Craigs, had captured the crinkly blonde and was no longer to be seen. Jo Craig, rather the worse for wear, proposed a fox trot and Betty, who loved dancing, acceded. No one cut in on them and after half an hour of acute discomfort she rejoined Susette.

Finally, having annexed a fourth they organized a bridge game, but the noise at adjoining tables was so great that presently they gave it up and forced their way back into the dance hall.

It was now nearly one o'clock and the congestion was constantly increasing through the arrival of new batches of professionals fresh from the Broadway dressing rooms. The band had come in from the landing and was alternating with the one inside to make the music continuous. There was a curious tension, as if everyone were waiting for something to happen but did not know exactly what. The beauties at the tables sat glaring stolidly at their rivals without opening their lips except when the waiter uncorked a fresh bottle.

FROM time to time roars of laughter came from the smaller rooms and the mob surged toward the door to see what was going on. It was said that a famous producer was being roughhoused, but no one could get near enough to find out. There were a couple of fights, stopped by the young policeman, who was hurriedly summoned to keep order, and one guest was ejected. A fragile pearl-pale beauty staggered up the chancel steps.

"Ain't this a lovely party?" she screamed, "I'm so happy! I'm so happy!" Tearfully protesting that she was "allight" she was carried out by the arms and legs to Jake's room, where she was flung bodily on the bed and left there.

The sight sickened poor Betty. If only she could find Larry and get him to take her home! But she was afraid to look for him. Unexpectedly he stood swaying before her, the disheveled blonde clinging heavily to his arm.

"Thank goodness, you've turned up!" she cried with relief, distressed as she was at his condition. "Please take me home!"

"Home? What do you want to go home for? I'm having a good time! Lemme introduce my partner. 'Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Flower of Dumblaine'—meet the wife!"

"Please, Larry!"

"Gotta dance this dance. Anyway, I don't want to go home. Party's only just started! Come along, Bessie."

They were engulfed in the crowd. Betty was left alone, for the Craigs were dancing together. She knew no one else there. Why had she come? Why should she stay to be embarrassed and humiliated by such vulgarity? The pert maid in the cloakroom obviously wondered why madam was going home so soon and what might have happened to her, but the young traffic policeman, who had made several trips to the bar, was more than polite and assisted her gallantly into a taxi. Larry had not returned to the apartment at three o'clock when she fell asleep.

XXVII.

TO BETTY it seemed the world had gone mad. Of all her old friends whom she now saw the only one who appeared to have retained her sanity was Susette Craig.

"Bah! They are what you call 'damn fools'! I tell Jo: 'Don't you go and make a gambler of yourself, for if you do you will go to pot.' That young Rosecrantz—he is ruined already. He thinks no more of his art."

They were lunching at a little restaurant on West Forty-seventh Street before going to the movies and as they had three-quarters of an hour to spare Susette suggested spending the time at her husband's studio, which was in the next street.

"Jo, he go away this afternoon to Hoboken—he is painting a back drop for

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FOUR hours of steady, pleasant playing—yet comfort makes them pass unheeded!

"BTC Hostess" sets give you this comfort. The chairs and table are designed for each other—with correct heights and lines. The chairs are generously-proportioned and well-padded. You sit at ease.

A "BTC Hostess" set is essential to the undisturbed charm of any fine living-room—for bridge and for every extra-table or extra-chair need. Eleven color creations provide a wide selection, certain to fit into your home decoration.

Made of pressed steel, and with all edges rolled under for safety, your "BTC Hostess" set will last a life-time. It is light in weight, easily and quickly put up and taken down, and stores in a few spare inches of any closet.

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MILTON C. WORK, now broadcasting bridge lessons over WEAF under the sponsorship of the manufacturers of Bridge and Congress Playing Cards, says:

"Without physical comfort the mental concentration needed for bridge is impossible. Thoughtful hostesses realize that a steady table and comfortable chairs are essentials. The "BTC Hostess" sets meet the demands of the most exacting."

Milton C. Work

Chris Morley—but he always leave the key behind the fire bucket on the shelf in the hall."

They climbed the four flights of dark and uneven stairs and, when at last they reached the top and stood breathless before the door under the grimy skylight, there was—as they had anticipated—no response to Susette's knock. She had no difficulty in finding the key, however, and, having unlocked the door, preceded Betty through a small dark passage across the end of which hung a portière. Drawing this aside the two women entered.

"*Par bleu!*" exclaimed Susette. "So she did sit for him!"

FACING them upon a huge easel in the center of the studio directly under a skylight, stood—or rather lay—the figure of a woman in scarlet—Clarice.

Betty could feel the blood creeping up over her neck and shoulders to her face—her forehead. The picture was shamelessness personified! Clad only in the one-piece bathing suit she had worn upon the Semiramis, Clarice was portrayed reclining at full length upon the sand just beyond a line of waves, half smiling as she smoked a cigarette, her arms behind her head, one white leg crossed over the other. The artist had omitted no voluptuous detail. And as the exposure of the body was complete so also was that of the naked soul. Lust and avarice glinted in the sloping eyes, cruelty in the small wanton lips. It was the beauty of Lilith—of Astarte—of Cleopatra—and of Mona Lisa all in one. And as if to advertise her cupidity, if not her frailty, just above the knee shone a ribbon of diamonds inscribed "Glutex 86½." On a scrap of paper thrust into the frame Jo had scribbled a proposed title: High Water Mark.

The color faded from Betty's cheeks as aversion took the place of shame.

"He better call it The Phage!" she said.

Then she became suddenly aware of the faint but insidious smell of a cigarette, and her eyes caught a thin, gray spiral rising from a brazier in the corner. Somebody must have been in the studio recently—within a few moments before their arrival!

"Did you say Jo had gone away?" she asked.

"He said so—to be gone all day," answered Susette.

"He must have come back again!"

BETTY walked over and looked into the brazier at the half-extinguished cigarette, recognizing it as an Astoroth, one of the oval, gold-tipped variety favored by Clarice. Another of the same sort lay beside it, with four or five Chattertons. Larry always smoked Chattertons. A feeling as if death were with her in the room came over Betty. She looked quickly around. To her left was a closed door.

Grasping the handle she mustered her courage, turned it quickly and threw it open. Larry stood apparently looking out of the window, his back toward her. Clarice was sitting in a wicker chair dressed as in the picture, even to the diamond garter above her knee. There was a second's silence, a silence like the vacuum between the worlds. Then Clarice spoke:

"Well," she said, attempting a smile, "how do you like it?"

Larry turned slowly round. His face was a mottled gray.

"Hello, Betty," he said in a flat voice. "Anybody with you?"

She made no answer, but stood there looking at them.

"I thought it was Jo," explained Clarice lightly. "He stepped out for a minute. I asked Larry to come to the last sitting to see if he could make any suggestions. Clever, isn't it?"

Her eyes had a mocking gleam. As if she had stumbled into the contagious ward of a hospital Betty quickly shut the door.

(To be Concluded)

She didn't think she could have

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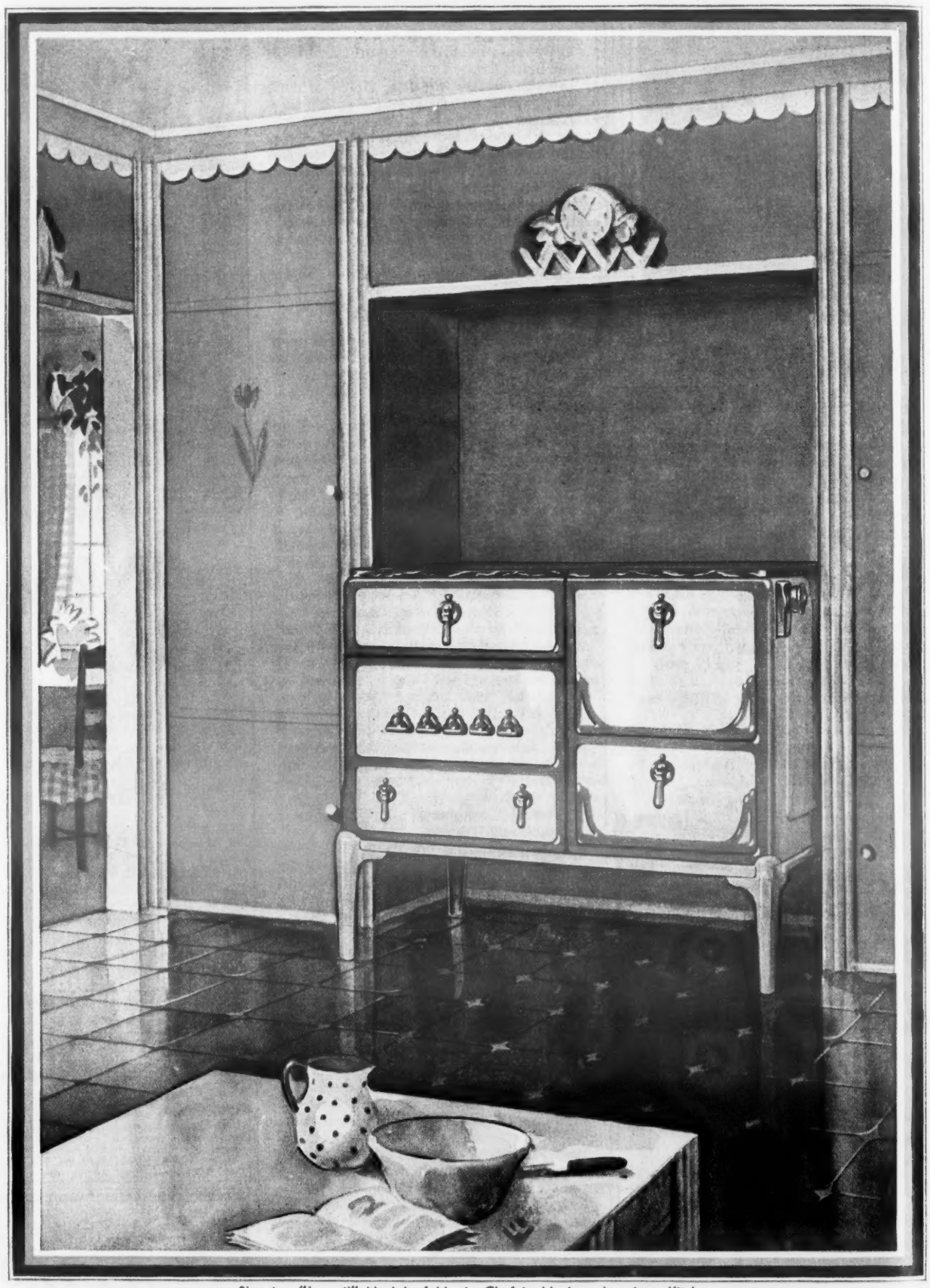

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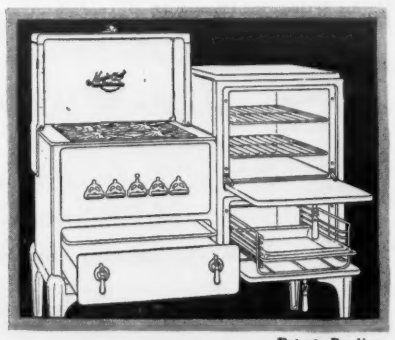

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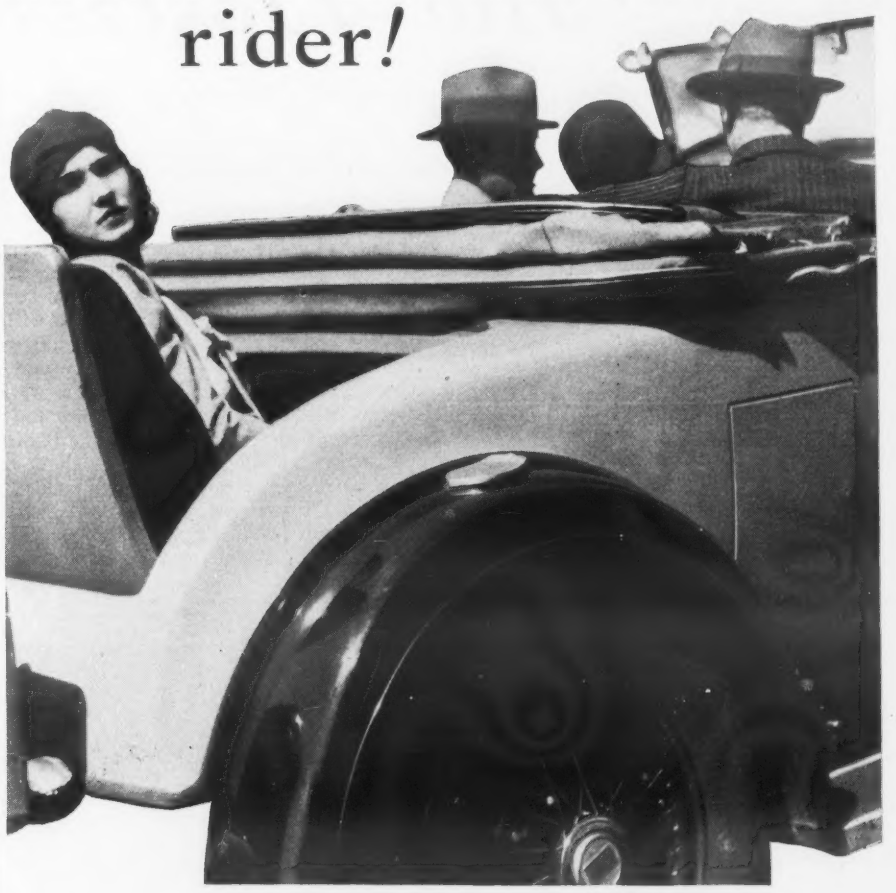
don't be a rumble-seat rider!



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The Hostess

Conducted by **NANCY OAKLEY**

Photographs by Charles Garner

MARCH, bringing as it does this year the beginning of the Lenten season, means in reality only a fairly abrupt change in the day's routine of the average hostess, rather than the actual lessening of social activity one associates with the thought of Lent.

True, there will probably be little formal entertaining, but, as every woman knows, there is substituted for this a long procession of charity bridges, bazaars, and similar forms of entertainment. Of course they are for all sorts of worthy causes, and usually do, in the end, rouse interest and raise funds where both are urgently and honestly needed. Yet it cannot be denied, either, that the various committees of volunteer workers, upon whose shoulders their success rests, do not find in them any relief from the strain of their more personal social demands of the past winter.

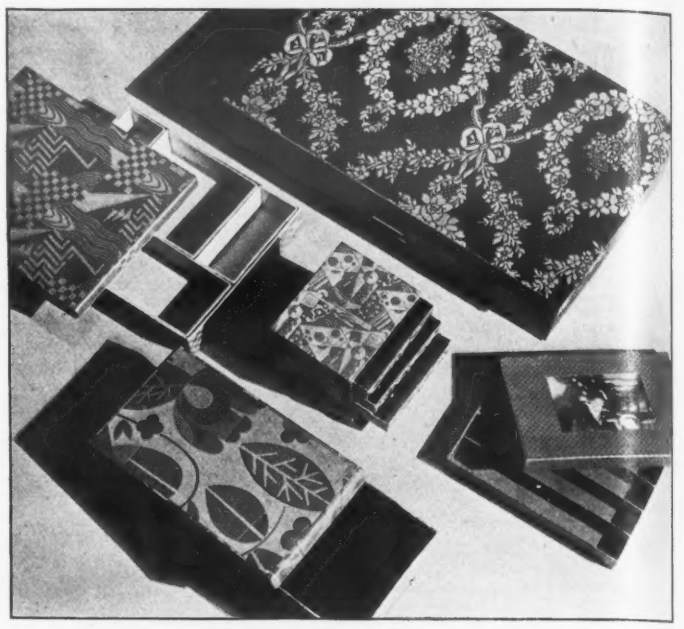
As a matter of fact, a good many women of all ages actually work far harder at this time than at any other season of the year. And judging not only by past experience, but by the letters which come flocking to the Hostess Editor's desk, it isn't the fatigue, hard work and numberless petty worries inevitably connected with committee-directed affairs which are the most wearing. It's more apt to be the yearly recurring need for smart new ideas, when these bridges and bazaars come up for heated discussion of ways and means, that turns peaceful committees into raging storm centers and strains old-established friendships to the danger point.

Quite often, alas, it is upon the sorely tried ingenuity and capacity for planning of one or two women in community or club that the duty of providing this "something different" eventually devolves. Sometimes it is a Junior League activity, when it is the keen young brains of the debutante and her newly married older sister which are called upon to sharpen themselves over the problem of providing novelty, change, smartness—and financial success. Or it may be the debutante's mother and her group who are organizing for some pet charity or civic need requiring special financing.

IN EITHER case, they are eagerly on the alert for original and unusual suggestions for the particular type of entertainment to be selected, the decorations, prizes, menu, and so on, which must each be weighed and considered. And for all these needs we believe your Hostess page this month has some timely and—we trust—helpful ideas that are practical, a thought frivolous, too, as all successful entertaining must be, and new.

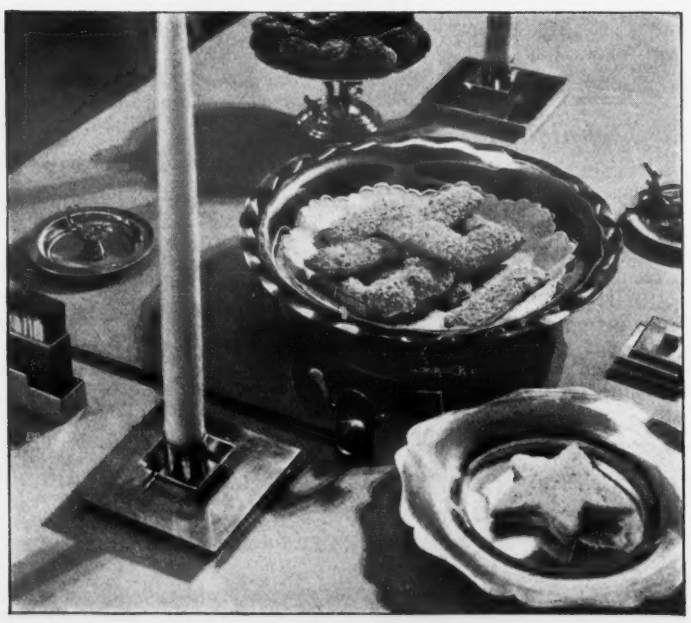
The idea originally grew out of the wide and colorful assortment of boxes one sees in the shops at the moment, covered with the enchanting new decorative papers, imported or domestic, now available for the purpose. We are showing on the page a few of these boxes, with a brief enumeration of their many uses. But we admit that, in the scant space allotted to us, we simply can't do this decidedly intriguing subject justice. Which is when, of course, another small booklet is imperatively indicated.

However, before we describe the booklet, let us first get on with our suggestions to the waiting committee on entertainment. Our excuse for suggesting that old familiar stand-by, the Charity Bridge, is that most women do—jokes and wisecracking males to the contrary—like a game of cards. It may be auction, the at-present-very-popular contract, or the jollier, more conversational game of hearts, which thousands of people still play and enjoy no matter how many new bridge conventions may come and go by the mouths of experts.



Damask or paper-covered boxes are smart and useful for many purposes. Courtesy Gimbel Brothers.

Two flower vases for spring bridge prizes. Courtesy The Roseville Pottery Company.



Plymouth pewter cake plate, individual sandwich plate, and compote—also amusing ash trays for men's bridge prizes. Courtesy Marshall Field & Company, Wholesale. Modernistic pewter candlesticks, matchbox holder, snuffer and buzzer for desk. Courtesy Stern Brothers.

So, by all means, if you are on a committee for raising funds this month, suggest a Charity Bridge—of an agreeably different sort. Begin by calling it a Box Bridge, and when the other members of your committee have become sufficiently curious, explain the new rules and see whether they don't want to try them.

For your Box Bridge, then, each card table must represent a chintz, or modernistic-patterned box cover. This is done by fitting a large square of blotting paper over the top of the card table with small thumb tacks, and covering this blotting paper with decorative paper, pasted on very smoothly and finished with a coat of shellac, and one of a good spar varnish. This will make a firm, glazed surface which will be excellent for playing on. In the same way the sides of the table top are covered with slips of either blotting paper or thin cardboard to which the decorative paper is pasted, and the surface treated to a coat of shellac and varnish each.

All the tables should be different in design, but should be grouped so that there is no unpleasant clashing of colors. The effect will be well worth the extra trouble of covering the tables, and the small cost of the materials.

Choose, if possible, plain-backed cards in a solid color harmonizing with the dominant color of the design at each table. An ordinary score pad can be made distinctive and smart by covering its cardboard back with the same paper as that used on the table top, and matching this in a colored pencil.

A set of three boxes, also covered in this paper, should be assigned to each table, from which the winner picks her choice as prize. These sets may consist of three large, flat boxes for storing extra blankets on a guest-room shelf, or may be one blanket box, a hat box and a double-compartment shoe or slipper box—all, of course, having conveniently hinged fronts which enable one to get at their contents on a high shelf without lifting down the boxes themselves.

The array of boxes, each ticketed with a price, should be arranged around the room in which the bridge is held, so that the players can see and discuss them between hands. The winner at each table, as we remarked a paragraph back, is entitled to a choice of one of the three boxes matching her table; the chances, of course, being—if the boxes are reasonably priced—that she will want the whole set and buy the two others. Also, the luckless three at her table, who won nothing, will doubtless be tempted to acquire either single boxes or entire sets.

THE boxes can be bought ready-made in the stores, or if a committee can be assembled whose fingers are ordinarily deft at this kind of work, they can be covered at home for a very small cost, and thus realize a greater profit.

If you would care to see our little booklet of directions for covering these boxes and for the various types, shapes and sizes that can be utilized, send a two-cent stamp to The Hostess, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for Boxes for Many Purposes.

As many of these boxes will be used for storing winter blankets or clothing—March makes us think about that necessity, doesn't it?—we have also added to this booklet a few simple, practical suggestions for properly preparing blankets and articles of clothing before putting them away.

At the end of the afternoon, any boxes not bought at the originally marked prices can be auctioned off.

A pretty final gesture is to have tea served at the various card tables by a group of volunteer waitresses, debutantes and sub-debs dressed as demure milliners' assistants, each carrying a gaudy bandbox over her arm by a broad, colorful ribbon.

These boxes, of varying sizes, of course, each lined with waxed paper, hold sandwiches, cakes, homemade candies, nuts and glacé fruits, which are passed to the guests in the same way a more conventional tray or platter would be used.

If you care to sell quarter or half pound packages of some special brand of tea, the tin boxes can be covered with gay decorative papers, shellacked and filled with the tea and the pretty package tied with ribbon. Similar boxes of home-made candies, mints and salted nuts can be sold also.

Two Hostess booklets, offered several months ago on this page, but still available for a two-cent stamp, may provide helpful suggestions both for additional articles to sell and for the refreshments to be served at the end of the afternoon. These are, respectively, Last-Minute Gifts and Prizes, and After-Bridge Surprises.

The delightful pewter accessories for bridge refreshments, illustrated here, were photographed with still other suggestions for our Box Bridge party. The cake plate with the charming old-time scalloped edges holds almond biscuit fingers; the matching compote offers you luscious prunes, sugar-coated and stuffed; and the maple-leaf sandwiches on the individual sandwich plates have a special filling. These recipes will be sent you for two-cents postage, if you write us, asking for the Afternoon-Tea Accessories leaflet.

FIRST

—the cream that washes away

First—in 30 seconds—your complete scientific "facial"—For in this one silken Cream, Pinaud has compounded elements that set to work like a whole corps of deft experts the instant you smooth it on. Melting deep, deep into the millions of tiny pores . . . gently freeing the close-packed dirt and "floating" it to the surface . . . then feeding into starved tissues these delicate, swiftly absorbed oils which so exactly resemble the precious oils of the skin itself! And then—still more amazing!—as you WASH Pinaud's Cream away . . . with all its load of aging accumulations from deep in your skin . . . it combines with the clear water to form one of the most wonderful astringents known! New Youth—new, visible beauty—on 30 seconds a day!

Pinaud

Presents two of the greatest achievements in the history of beauty

THEN

—the invisible powder . . . individually—blended for you!

Now—without additional powder-base—that almost incredible new Powder by Pinaud—either Type 1 or Type 2, depending on whether your skin inclines to be oily or dry. You will find to your astonishment that it becomes literally a part of you . . . not just an obvious powder-coating, but an exquisite invisible film! A film so clinging, so enchantingly smooth, you will almost doubt the story your mirror tells! And—because for the first time you are using a powder adjusted with scientific accuracy to the needs of your particular type of skin—this radiant new loveliness will last and last—indoors, outdoors, incredibly, indefinitely. Each Type is made in six flattering shades, enchantingly perfumed. You should find both Pinaud's Cream and Pinaud's Powder at your favorite drug or department store.

FREE—Check either offer below, and you will receive in addition a special free packet of Pinaud's New Powder:

☐ Send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 Treatments.

☐ For 25c enclosed send 2 weeks' supply of Pinaud's Cream.

Your Name:

(Underline your *type* of skin and the *color* of Powder you wish —NORMAL: OILY: DRY: WHITE: FLESH: FLESH-RACHEL: RACHEL: INDIAN TAN: MOORISH TAN:—and mail this entire coupon to PINAUD, Dept. L-3, 220 East 21st Street, New York, or in Canada to 560 King Street W., Toronto, Ontario.)

Your Address:

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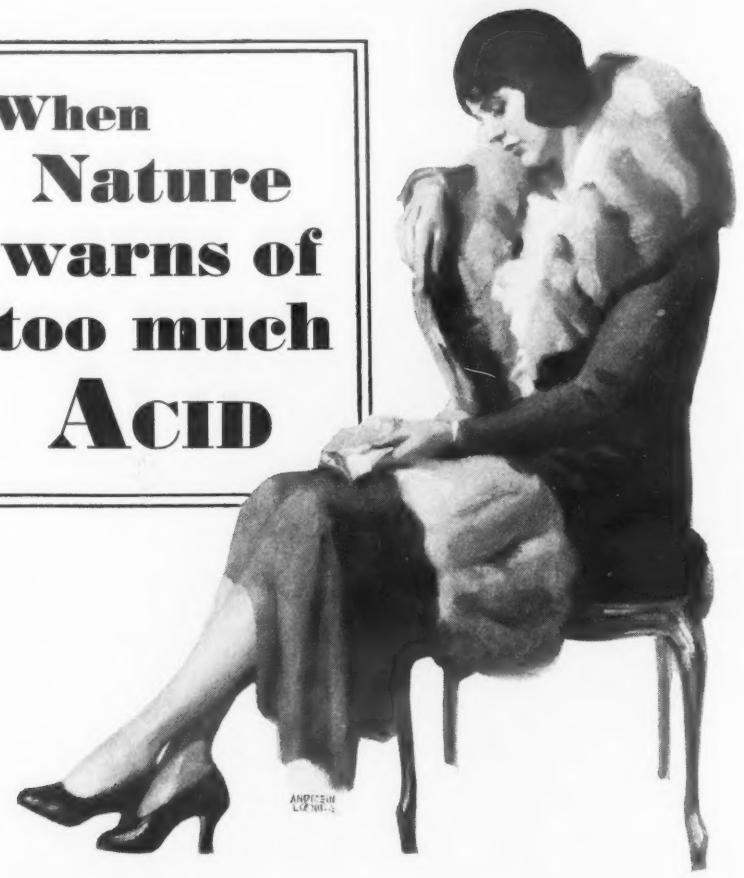
PINAUD, PARIS, NEW YORK: MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PRODUCTS FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS, INCLUDING PINAUD'S CREAM PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL · PINAUD'S EAU DE COLOGNE · PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE · PINAUD'S SHAMPOO · PINAUD'S POWDERS.

When Nature warns of too much ACID



AUTHORITIES have warned us so often that nowadays almost all people know the dangers of a diet too rich in acid-producing foods. Dietary experts say the ideal menu would consist of about three-fourths fruits and vegetables—the alkaline producers—to one-fourth of those which produce acids: the meats, sweets, cereals. But knowing this, how many can avoid an occasional touch of over-acidity?

Of course, when pain and sourness about two hours after eating, heartburn, headaches, gas or nausea, warn of too much acid, we can diet our way out of the trouble. But that takes time. And there's no use of suffering when Nature has provided in magnesia a quick, harmless means of relief. Doctors the world over are united in favor of just one form of magnesia. For fifty years, they have prescribed Phillips Milk of Magnesia. It's a practically tasteless, milky-white liquid; magnesia *in perfect suspension.* It is in the form pronounced most effective by the U. S. Dispensatory. Just a spoonful in a glass of water and every trace of any over-acidity soon disappears. In five minutes you are smiling, happy again. Its action is thorough, yet nothing could be more soothing to an ailing stomach.

This perfect anti-acid has also gentle laxative properties. It cleanses and sweetens the entire digestive tract without any of the disturbance common to stronger cathartics. It has many important uses in any household. Complete directions worth your reading come with every package.

All druggists have the 25c and 50c bottles. The genuine prescriptional product, with 50 years' experience behind it, is always marked with the name *Phillips.* In conjunction with this ideal anti-acid, dentists persuade many to use only Phillips Dental Magnesia; a magnesia toothpaste that guards against acid mouth.

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Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.
(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after March, 1931

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto, 8

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

Abolish "pink tooth brush" from your household!

IF YOUR tooth brush "shows pink"—even if ever so seldom—you can't go on neglecting that sign day after day and expect to escape scot-free from more serious troubles!

For, as your dentist will tell you, unhealthy gums are responsible for the loss of thousands of outwardly strong, sound teeth. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even the dreaded but less frequent pyorrhea, nearly always start with a slight bleeding, a tenderness and a softness of the gums.

Fight "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage

The trouble lies with the soft foods we eat. They deprive the gums of exercise. Circulation lags. Wastes clog the millions of tiny gum cells.

But in Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage you have potent aid in checking gum disorders. Thousands of dentists are spreading the new doctrine of gum massage—how it rouses the gums and speeds the rich, fresh blood through their walls. And thousands, too, urge the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana has the power to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. Many dentists specify it as the agent for massage, for it contains ziratol, a stimulating hemostatic and antiseptic used by gum specialists for many years.

A good tooth paste and a good dentist are not *luxuries*

Do not be misled by a few cents' difference between the cost of Ipana and other tooth pastes that you can buy. Ipana is doubly good, for it protects your gums as well as your teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-day sample if you wish, but—better still—get a large-size tube from your druggist. Tonight, begin the full month's test! Your teeth will gleam with new brilliance. And before 30 days are up your gums will be pinker, harder and healthier!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S30
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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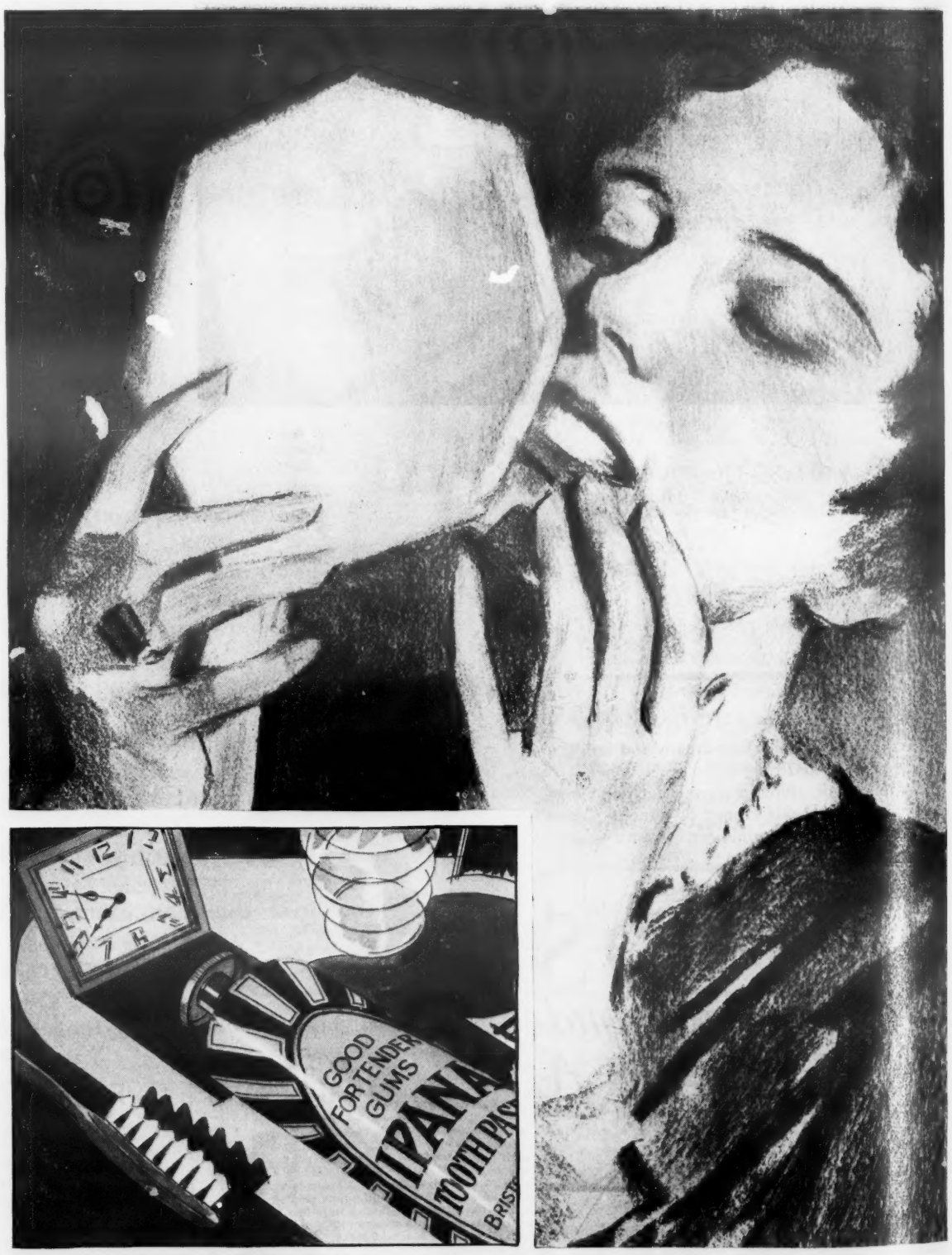
Address.....

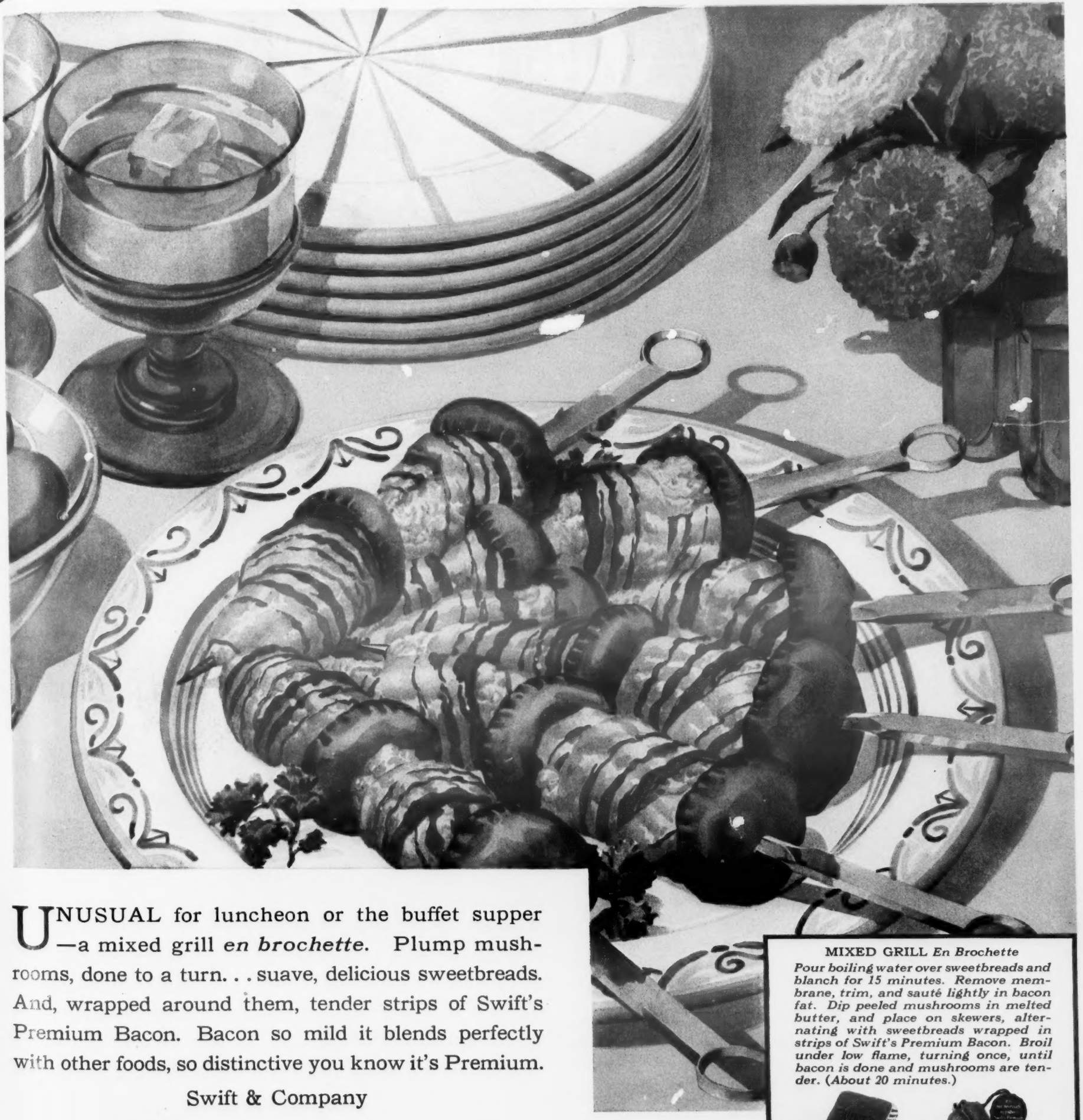
City.....*State*.....

Ipana and massage bring healthy gums . . . flashing teeth



IPANA Tooth Paste

Savory Premium Flavor, Delightfully Mild

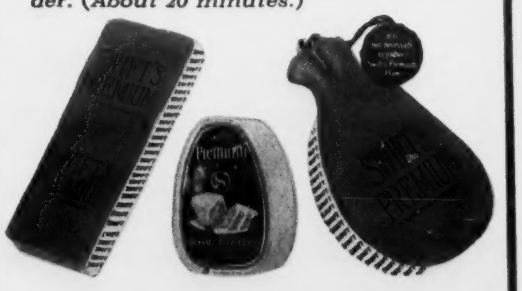


UNUSUAL for luncheon or the buffet supper—a mixed grill *en brochette*. Plump mushrooms, done to a turn. . . suave, delicious sweetbreads. And, wrapped around them, tender strips of Swift's Premium Bacon. Bacon so mild it blends perfectly with other foods, so distinctive you know it's Premium.

Swift & Company

MIXED GRILL *En Brochette*

Pour boiling water over sweetbreads and blanch for 15 minutes. Remove membrane, trim, and sauté lightly in bacon fat. Dip peeled mushrooms in melted butter, and place on skewers, alternating with sweetbreads wrapped in strips of Swift's Premium Bacon. Broil under low flame, turning once, until bacon is done and mushrooms are tender. (About 20 minutes.)



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Healthful Cleanliness

1905
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Through progress and development the uses for Old Dutch Cleanser have steadily increased with the ever-growing demand for a higher standard of cleanliness and safety in cleaning. Today Old Dutch is recognized as the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency and the sprightly Dutch matron chasing dirt is everywhere accepted as the symbol of Healthful Cleanliness.

Modern household equipment is beautiful. To retain its beauty it must be cleaned safely. Use Old Dutch, the safe, modern way. There is nothing else like it for gayly colored and snowy white porcelain and enamel, tile, kitchen utensils, pantries, floors, refrigerators, marble, woodenware, crockery, metal fixtures, glassware, windows, painted walls, woodwork, etc. It is your big help in housecleaning.

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Old Dutch Cleanser Homes are Healthful Homes

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